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TRAVELS

THROUGH

ITALY,

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1785,

BY THE ABBE *DUPATY*.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY M. MILLS, NO. 36, DORSET-STREET,

FOR

MESSRS. C. BURNET, P. BYRNE, AND J. MOORE.

M DCC LXXXIX.

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BY THE

TRANSLATOR.

THE following letters are evidently the work of a writer of ſenſibility and accurate obſervation; they are far from being written in the dull ſtile of methodical compilation, and bear every mark of being immediately dictated by the objects they deſcribe.

They are not to be conſidered merely as letters written in the cloſet, or remarks on what may be found in other authors, but as obſervations made in the country itſelf, during actual travels through it, as indeed the original manner of the whole work ſufficiently evinces.

The ſtile may, perhaps, be deemed ſomewhat novel and ſingular; but it will be found to be the novelty and ſingularity of genius. In the following tranſlation, therefore, all poſſible attention has been paid to preſerve the manner as well as the matter. The tranſlator has endeavoured to

render his original as faithfully, and even literally, as was allowable, conſiſtent with the difference in the genius of the two languages; he has ſcarcely ever indulged himſelf in the liberty of curtailing or correcting his author, leſt he ſhould only be found to damp the generous glow of a warm imagination by the frigidity of too cautious circumſpection.

At the ſame time it is preſumed that where the novelty of the manner, or the boldneſs of the metaphor, were too unuſual to be tolerated by an Engliſh ear, theſe have either been ſoftened or changed, without any great injury either to the meaning or ſpirit of the author.

To ſay more concerning the tranſlation would be impertinent, and to add any thing in recommendation of the work itſelf unneceſſary; if ſome of its too licentious flights ſhall be judged faults, the moſt auſtere critic, ſurely, cannot refuſe to acknowledge that it has many beauties.

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LETTERS

ON

ITALY, IN 1785.

LETTER I.

Avignon, April.

I ARRIVED yeſterday at Avignon.—Deſpair not of the ſpring at Paris; I met it on my entrance into the *Comtat* *.

My firſt anxiety was to viſit the fountain of Vaucluſe. I went to ſee it yeſterday. I know not why I ſay *yeſterday*, for it ſeems ſtill preſent to my eyes.

I think I ſtill ſee eſcaping from the midſt of a chain of mountains, as from the depth of a vaſt

* The delightful province of Avignon, ſo called.

tube,

tube, a river which riſes, ruſhes up, and inſtantly overflows, with an impetuoſity, a thunder, a boiling, a foam, with falls which never can be deſcribed either by the pen of the poet or the pencil of the painter. Such is the fountain of Vaucluſe. In an inſtant this river becomes calm, like a happy diſpoſition, moderated by its native goodneſs, after the firſt tranſports of vivacity. It now changes its ſilver waves into waves of azure, and pours, and rolls, and diffuſes them on a bed of emerald; but it ſoon divides itſelf into a multitude of little ſtreams to meander through a charming valley. On quitting the valley, theſe rivulets unite, and all together take their courſe, by a hundred different ways, to water, fertilize and embelliſh, under the name of the *Sorgue*, the delightful county of Avignon.

The deſcription of this beautiful abode, as traced by the Abbé Delille, is very accurate: I have verified every verſe. They are true as proſe, a circumſtance not very uſual either in travellers or poets; yet theſe verſes can give no idea of this ſpot; they only aid the memory. The ſame is true reſpecting the portraits and deſcriptions of each particular object. In his poetry, I could neither diſcover that foam, that din, nor all thoſe murmurs proceeding from the fountain. I behold not thoſe rocks ſo black, which form ſo admirable a contraſt with the foaming waves

that

that dash and break upon them. The poet, in short, has not displayed that brilliant carpetting of emerald which is the couch of the Naiad.

Vaucluse presents at once the most delightful scene and the most singular phænomenon. But I shall say with the poet:

Mais ces eaux, ce beau ciel, ce vallon enchanteur,
Moins que Pétrarque et Laure, intéressoient mon cœur.

Those streams, that sky, and yon enchanting vale,
Touch not my heart like Petrarch's piteous tale.

The memory of Petrarch and of Laura animates every object, it embellishes and renders enchanting the landscape. I sought for traces of these lovers on every rock. Here then, said I, they used to sit together; here Petrarch gave way to his passion, and shed so many tears; here he vented all those immortal sighs, still living to our ears. I seated myself on the declivity of a rock, and, for an hour, was absorbed in listening to the noise of these waterfalls, contemplating the verdure of that turf, the azure of yon beauteous sky, the youth of the year, and thinking on Laura. There I summoned, in imagination, and assembled round me all the objects most dear to my heart. I figured to myself all my children sporting on those spots of turf, running on that bank, and striving

ſtriving who ſhould beſt ſtrike the echoes and my heart with a thouſand playful ſhouts of happineſs and joy.

Before I departed, I wiſhed to know whether, as the Abbé Delille aſſures us, Echo had not forgotten the gentle Laura's name. Begging the poet's pardon, the ingrate had forgotten half.

Adieu, charming fountain of Vaucluſe. Scarcely do we know the places where Alexander gained his battles; but thoſe where Laura and Petrarch loved will be eternally remembered. The murmurs of thy waters, O Vaucluſe! and the verſes of the poet who ſung of Gardens, and of the Months *, will proclaim them to all ages.

* See the Poem *des Jardins*, by the Abbé Delille, Canto III. and *des Mois*, Canto VII.

LETTER II.

Avignon.

I HAVE little to ſay to you of Avignon: I have been here only three days: you will anſwer me, perhaps, that Mr. ..... made the tour of Italy without ever quitting France.

The following are a few particulars that have appeared to me moſt to deſerve notice.

The vice-legate judges criminal caſes without appeal; civil matters in the firſt inſtance. This practice, *it is* ſaid, is common in Italy. Why ſhould it be ſo? Civil juſtice principally threatens the rich; criminal juſtice the wretched.

The vice-legate has the right of pardoning: Strange alienation of the ſovereign power! It is true, that the tribunals in France have frequently the right of preventing the king from exerciſing it; which is a ſtill more extraordinary alienation.

The pope is ſo well pleaſed with his vice-legate, that he has juſt created him *candle-bearer* of his chapel. In the court of Rome this is a promotion.

I ſaw a man yeſterday who has come out of the gallies, to which this candle-bearer had very unjuſtly and very ridicuouſly condemned him for five years, *as convicted of murder.*

This unhappy man, named Lorenzo, has suffered his punishment, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the Intendant of Toulon to procure his release, and every remonstrance in his favour.

His innocence appeared in the following extraordinary manner *:

As he was going along, one day, in the arsenal of Toulon, another galley slave said to one of his comrades—There is a wretch I cannot bear the sight of.—Why so? replied the other.—That man is here for having murdered such a one, and it was I who committed the crime.—Lorenzo overheard him: What must he not have felt! He went up to the galley slave, entreating and conjuring him to reveal, and properly attest, as soon as possible, the secret of his innocence. But the soul of the wretch was already shut to pity, and awake only to terror. Lorenzo, with the permission of his superiors, had the patience and resolution to attach himself, for two years successively, to this man, from whom he hoped the proofs of his innocence. He obtained leave to be fastened to the same chain. He accompanied him to the hospital. What persuasions did he not use to move him, both night and day, and every day? But all without effect. At length, at the end of two years, by dint of prayers and tears, he succeeded

* I had these particulars from Monsieur M . . . , the Intendant of Toulon, a man of great sense and humanity.

ceeded so far as to soften once more the villain's heart, and, by awakening remorse, draw from him a second time the important secret. Witnesses were stationed for the purpose. A narrative was drawn up and carried to the Intendant, who instantly threw the criminal into a dungeon. A severity highly imprudent, as the guilty man immediately retracted.

The five years are at length expired, and Lorenzo is released.

On what ground, then, had he been condemned? On a circumstance—On the very slightest circumstance! The murdered man had nine louis in his pocket; three men, of which number was Lorenzo, were taken up; on each of whom were found three louis. Here, said the judge, are nine louis, and consequently three murderers: And those three men were sentenced to the gallies. Two of them died there——It is the history of l'Anglade; the history of circumstantial proof; the history of all criminal tribunals, except those of England. The laws in England are cautious of condemning; the laws in France fearful of acquitting.

This unhappy man is going to Rome to throw himself at the feet of the pope, to obtain a revision of his trial. The pope is said to be humane.

I have remarked that humane men, that is to say, *men* are more difficult in their belief of

crimes, and are leſs frequently deceived. Humanity is the ſureſt guide in the diſcovering of truth.

LETTER III.

Toulon.

SINCE my road has brought me to Toulon, I cannot omit to ſay ſomething concerning that place.

It is a tolerably handſome and regular town. A great number of ſtreams deſcend from the rocks and mountains againſt which it is built, and enter it on every ſide. Theſe are collected and diſtributed by a multitude of fountains, inſomuch that Toulon itſelf might be taken for one great fountain. This profuſion of water renders the winter ſomething colder, but it refreſhes the ſummer.

The harbour is admirable. I have ſeen the *Hero*, M. de Suffrein's ſhip. This veſſel has well deſerved its name.

I paid particular attention to the adminiſtration of the gallies.

The galley ſlaves are not ill-treated at Toulon; they work and are paid for it. How affecting the reflection!

reflection! there are ten millions of men, perhaps, in France who would be happy to be at the gallies, were they not condemned to them.

Formerly, the term of the galley ſlaves was ſcarcely expired before they returned; but of late, the tribunals that furniſh Toulon, inſtead of ſending back thoſe who relapſe, hang them.

The number of galley ſlaves is nearly the ſame every year, that is to ſay, nearly the ſame number of crimes are committed yearly. The ſame quantity of water enters in like manner daily into a ſhip, and the labour of the pump is equal; but were the veſſel better, were the planks more cloſely joined, and more carefully attended to, the veſſel would daily make much leſs water.

I looked over the regiſter of the gallies. Liſten.—Children of *thirteen years of age* ſentenced to the gallies *for having been found with their fathers convicted of ſmuggling!!* Yes, thus I read—*For having been found with their fathers!* If they had *not* been found with them, they would have been ſent to the houſe of correction. *(Bicêtre.)* Such is the fiſcal code; ſuch the indulgence to the financial ſyſtem: Innocent blood is ſold to it by government and the nation is ſilent!

I ſaw many of theſe children, and tears guſhed into my eyes, and my breaſt burnt with indignation; nor could I appeaſe my feelings, but with the hope of not dying before I had expoſed all the

crimes of our criminal legiſlation. Alas! may I but be able to contribute to deliver theſe young and innocent hands from thoſe abominable chains! —I hope I ſhall—.

I read alſo in the regiſter—*for the crime of cheating, and vehemently ſuſpected of murder; to the gallies for life.*

I read alſo—*for knavery, and cheating a number of honeſt people,* (the very words) *to the gallies for one hundred years.* This is a ſentence of the tribunal of Deux Ponts (*not* in France.) France lends her puniſhments to ſeveral of the German ſovereigns.

I alſo read—*vehemently ſuſpected of a murder and burglary; to the gallies for life.*

I would give a conſiderable ſum for a duplicate of the regiſters of the gallies. What information they contain! They would enable us to aſcertain the numbers annually ſacrificed in France, by the exterminating hand of criminal juſtice, in the different tribunals.

A ſingular event plunged the galley ſlaves, ſome time ago, into the moſt profound deſpair. The Intendant of the marine received orders to ſeparate the deſerters, the ſmugglers and malefactors into three claſſes. One would have imagined ſmugglers and deſerters ſhould have bleſſed this ſeparation. But their deſpair was extreme.

All

All the galley ſlaves, in fact, look on each other in the ſame light; for misfortune, like death reduces all men to a level. They are all equally ſo many wretched beings, ſo many of the weak vanquiſhed by the ſtrong. Far from bluſhing at the atrocity of their crimes, they make a boaſt of them. One has done more harm to the enemy, or has been more adroit or courageous than the other. The deſerters and ſmugglers therefore by no means deſpiſe the criminals; and, by the ſeparation then ordered, they loſt ſeveral advantages. One was deprived of a robuſt companion; another, of the comrade whoſe voice he was accuſtomed to hear, and whoſe looks he was familiarized to meet; while this, again, loſt the man who ſympathized with him in wretchedneſs. Many bitter tears, tears of the heart, flowed in abundance at the thought of this ſeparation. The Intendant of the marine however has granted many of theſe galley ſlaves the favour of living together at the ſame chain.

What a ſubject for Meditation! How wonderful are the yet unexplored receſſes of the human heart!

LETTER IV.

Nice.

NICE is ſeated on an amphitheatre of rocks, projecting a little into the ſea. It is ſurrounded by hills, the gentle declivities of which preſent to the traveller delightful habitations environed with olives, mulberries, fruit trees of every kind, and, above all, with citron, lemon and orange trees. The latter conſtitute the wealth, at leaſt the greateſt wealth of the country. There are individuals who gather upwards of three hundred thouſand oranges, and one hundred and fifty thouſand lemons yearly. The country, in ſhort, (to uſe an expreſſion of the country) is very abundant *en aigrure*.

En aigrure! In ſourneſs! What does this *ſour* and barbarous word mean? It is the name which intereſt, in whoſe eye the beautiful is nothing, and habit, before which every thing ceaſes to be beautiful, beſtow on thoſe charming apples of the garden of the Heſperides, that gave the victory to Atalanta.

The houſes in the environs of Nice are inhabited by Engliſh, French and Germans; each of them forms a colony: Theſe delightful places

are

are reſorted to in the winter from all parts of the world. Nice, during that ſeaſon, is a ſort of hot-houſe for delicate conſtitutions.

The winter here laſts only about two months, and never is too ſevere. In the courſe of the year, indeed, a north wind blows, at intervals, from the ſummits of the mountains, and incommodes the ſpring and autumn, and even the ſummer.

Mr. Thomas gains here daily four or five hours of life, that is, of thought and ſtudy. He is too induſtrious in the purſuit of fame; for thirty years paſt he has worked night and day at his ſtatue.

I have ſeen ſome pleaſing and even charming Engliſh women: On their arrival they were dying; but they have recovered their bloom in the air of Nice. *Winkelman*, ſo ſevere and ſo unjuſt reſpecting the faces of the Engliſh women; would ſurely have ſhewn ſome indulgence to that of Mrs. B.....; for in Mrs. B..... we find united all the roſes of *France*, and the lillies of *England*; all the amiable qualities of the women of her own country, and all the charms of ours. She makes a man almoſt forget the ſex—She has made me forget Nice.

LETTER V.

Nice.

I WAS conducted yeſterday into the obſcureſt ſtreet; I entered the pooreſt houſe, and had to mount the fifth ſtory, where, at length, I diſcovered a little man, indifferently dreſſed, in grey, with a bag wig, who by his countenance appeared to be fifty, but was very lively, light, and full of geſticulations: This was the firſt preſident of the ſenate of Nice.

The firſt preſident, who is called the *Comte de ....*, is neither deficient in underſtanding or information. He admires Monteſquieu, and really thinks the legiſlation of his country bad. Are there many magiſtrates, in certain countries of Europe, ready to make this avowal?

The police is in the hands of the military; which the conſul of France thinks very right, and the vice-conſul very wrong. The firſt is conſul the ſecond vice-conſul.

The archbiſhop has the cenſure of books—you may therefore judge how free the preſs is.

The works of Boileau are not ſold publickly.

At Nice, we find no morals, and little religion, but much devotion, that is to ſay, hypocriſy.

We

We ſhould have ſailed this morning for Genoa, but as ſnow fell in the night, and the wind became contrary, we were obliged to ſtay. We were however conſoled for this delay by the pleaſure of dining with Mr. Thomas, and of paſſing the day with him.

Our dinner was too ſoon over; Mr. Thomas was very amiable. We began by analizing all our beaux eſprits, all our reputed wits, and all who think, or imagine that they think. At the deſert we diſcuſſed Italy, women, and the weather. For a moment, Mr. Thomas forgot poſterity. He apologized to us for the ſnow that had fallen in the morning. It was an accident, he ſaid, in the climate of Nice, to which it is not ſubject. We laughed, drank, and chatted, and quitted each other with regret.

We dined too with a certain M. de R...., who paſſes all his winters at Nice, and the remainder of the year in other parts of Europe. He is afflicted with a dreadful aſthma, mitigated however by this benign climate. I had really a pain in *his* breaſt, *mal à ſa poitrine*, (as Madame de Sevigné ſays). Mankind have not ſufficiently reflected on theſe ſympathetic, or antipathetic affections, which attract or repel ſenſible beings, communicating pain or pleaſure. *Smith* has opened the mine, but he has not worked it; for he never felt, like me, the aſthma of M. de R....

M. de

M. de R . . . . at firſt did not ſtrike me as a man of parts; but in the courſe of the converſation he grew warm, and diſplayed his powers of mind. Thus, frequently, at ſea, when there is no wind upon the coaſt, we find it at a certain latitude.

LETTER VI.

Monaco,

HERE we are at ſea, and following the coaſt, that is to ſay, yon hills and rocks which ſo awfully ſhut in magnificent Italy.

We have reached the principality of Monaco, As we ſhould deſpiſe nobody, we cannot do leſs than pay it a viſit. We landed in the harbour, which was filled with three fiſhing boats and a Dutch veſſel.

Two or three ſtreets on perpendicular rocks; eight hundred wretches dying of hunger; a decayed caſtle; a battalion of French troops; a few orange, olive, and mulberry trees, ſcattered over a few acres of land, themſelves ſcattered over rocks; ſuch is, pretty nearly, the picture of Monaco.

All

All here is poverty and wretchedneſs in the extreme. The officer who commands the French battalion, and who has been here twenty months, almoſt cried for joy on ſeeing us. He told us, that if he had been maſter of a chicken to offer us, he would have gone upon his knees to invite us to eat it with him.

The ſovereign of Monaco has a court; he has twenty guards, who are twenty peaſants; and four gentlemen of his chamber, who are four of the inhabitants. As often as he comes to Monaco, before he ſets his foot in the caſtle, he goes, preceded by his court and his ſubjects, to a little chapel, to return thanks to God for his ſafe arrival.

There are inſcriptions in the caſtle. Take the following as a ſpecimen. Over a gate, which reſembles the gateway of an inn, we read;

Crypto porticum hanc, etſi tot regum imperatorum & ſummorum pontificum ingreſſu decoratam, tamen tantæ molis vaſtitate anguſtam, ampliavit, illuſtravit, exornavit. Anno ſalutis, 1623.

What more could be inſcribed on the gate of the capitol?

On entering Monaco, we were obliged to give our names to a man we found in a ſhop, ſoaling an old ſhoe: This was the commandant of the port.

But the Prince of Monaco is juſt, humane, and is beloved. If his ſtate be a ſmall one it is not his fault.

LETTER VII.

Genoa.

I HAVE juſt left the palaces *Brignolet*, *Sera* and *Kiagera*. I am dazzled, confounded, enchanted, and ſcarcely know who or where I am. My eyes ſtill ſeem to behold nothing but gold, marble, chryſtal, porphyry, baſaltes, and alabaſter formed into columns, pilaſters, capitals, and ornaments of every kind, and of every order, ionic, doric, corinthian. A thouſand detached parts of pictures float before my imagination. I ſee nothing but heads, feet, hands, and bodies; old men and girls, Venuſes and virgins. Obſerve the affecting tears which ſtream from the eyes of that venerable old man. Behold the charming ſmile burſting from the lips of that young and beauteous maiden: it is certainly her firſt ſmile.

Yet, amid ſo many fragments, ſome intire paintings ſtill remain imprinted in my memory.

Firſt, a picture by Paul Veroneze. Judith has juſt cut off the head of Holophernes. Her attendant is a negreſs, who forms an admirable contraſt to the beauty of her miſtreſs. Nature is ſtruggling with religious zeal in the countenance

and

and whole attitude of Judith: ſhe dares not look at the head, which ſhe holds in her trembling hand. Her waiting-maid, wanting the ſupport of fanaticiſm, while viewing the head and the crime, ſhudders with horror. The ſhades of death envelop Holophernes.

But we ſhall do better to turn our attention to an Aſſumption, by Guido Rheni. What a virgin! What angels! This is indeed to aſcend to heaven! A choir of Angels, each more beautiful, more charming than the other, join hands in the midſt of air, and without difficulty, without the ſmalleſt effort, follow the virgin towards heaven, as we mortals ſhould fall to earth. What purity on that divine brow! Already her eyes have penetrated heaven, and repoſe in the boſom of God, who waits for her: they are humid with celeſtial happineſs. Among thoſe angels, of every degree of youth, ſome are ſeen ſo little that the others hold out their hands to them to aſſiſt in following. Theſe are ſmiling at the virgin; thoſe, at one another; and what a conqueſt for them! They will love ſtill more. The imagination that conceived this picture was angelical!

But who is that woman ſtretched upon a bed, with no other veil but death? Death is already in her feet, her legs; and is gaining along her arms. The faint remains of beauty, love and grief are vaniſhing from that pale brow. This

is

is Cleopatra! Thoſe celebrated charms that ſo long captivated Anthony, and had nearly ſeduced Cæſar, which occaſioned almoſt as much noiſe and ravage in the world as the Roman arms, are ſinking in death, and preſently we ſhall no longer call them Cleopatra, but a corpſe.

I ſhall not ſoon forget ſeveral other paintings. A *Chriſt* calling Thomas to thruſt his hand into his ſide. A reſurrection of Lazarus. The bloody coat of Joſeph brought to Jacob. To deſcribe theſe no language affords words adequate.

I ſtand in need of ſleep to cloſe my eyes; they are weary of admiring.

LETTER VIII.

Genoa.

IT is ſix in the morning, and my imagination has awakened in the ſaloon of the palace of *Sera*, or rather in the palace of the Sun. I dare not yet lift up my eyelids. It is impoſſible to give an idea of the magnificence of this ſaloon. What the face of Nature is when viewed through a priſm, ſuch is the ſaloon of the palace of *Sera*. What glaſſes! What a pavement! What columns! What gold! What azure! What porphyry! What marble! No other name can ſuit it but *magnificence*.

Whoever would behold the handſomeſt ſtreet in the whole world muſt ſee the new ſtreet at Genoa. A number of palaces built in two long lines, and on a pavement of lava, rival each other in richneſs, loftineſs and ſolidity, and diſplay their fronts, porticoes, and periſtyles ſhining with ſtucco of white, black, and a thouſand different colours. The beautiful external appearance of theſe palaces is indeſcribable.

The houſes of Genoa are very lofty, and the ſtreets extremely narrow; the ſun can never ſhine upon the pavement. You would be tempted

to imagine that Genoa was built merely for one of the ſeaſons; and intended to be inhabited only during ſummer.

The proprietors of theſe beautiful palaces, chiefly nobles and ſenators, are either ignorant of the beauties they poſſeſs, or learn it only from the admiration of ſtrangers, and the voice of fame. By the ſide of theſe ſaloons, nay, into the very ſaloons, which the pencils of the Titians, the Vandykes, the Rubenſes, and the Veroneſe have adorned; the noble Genoeſe every day admit the clumſieſt productions of the moſt ignorant daubers. Inſtead of inhabiting theſe ſuperb apartments, they live in garrets, and ſeem only to be the keepers of their palaces. Thoſe marble porticoes and periſtyles are thronged every day with a crowd of beggars, who come upon the pavements of granite, and prophyry, perfected by all the arts, and ſmooth as poliſhed mirrors, to deſtroy the vermin by which they are devoured.

I have juſt ſeen the palace of the Doge, where the Senate hold their aſſemblies, and whence they diſpenſe to five hundred thouſand ſubjects; the ſpirit of their government, their laws, and their policy, that is to ſay, their avarice. The eye, on entering the court, is aſtoniſhed. Nothing can be imagined more ſtriking on a firſt view than the facade, decorated with marble columns and ſtatues. Thence we proceed into the hall

hall of the Leſſer Council, which is of the moſt elegant architecture; and afterwards paſs into the hall of the Grand Council, which is indeed moſt magnificent. At different diſtances, between a multitude of columns, the ſtatues of the great men of the Republic receive from all who paſs, as the recompence of their merit, or their fortune, the debt paid them by poſterity, a recollection and a look. The Marechal de Richelieu is among thoſe great men.

Theſe monuments were deſtroyed by fire in 1773, with a multitude of paintings of the firſt maſters; the edifices have been reſtored, but not the paintings. Architects and ſtatuaries are ſtill to be found, but not painters.

On leaving the palace of the Doge, I entered into another extremely ſuperb, I traverſed a long colonnade; walked over marbles of every colour, a door of prodigious ſize flew open, and I found myſelf in an hoſpital.

This hoſpital contains twelve hundred patients, diſtributed in different apartments: here lay the men, there the women; here the wounds, there the fevers. I thought I beheld death ſtalking amid theſe twelve hundred ſick, and ſtriking at random on all ſides, with his inviſible dart. One wretch expired before me. The beds of the patients are ſurrounded by their afflicted relations, who endeavour to conſole and comfort them. The

mother attends her daughter; the husband his wife. The hands of affectionate friends are here allowed to close the eyes of the dying.

We find here likewise the greatest regularity, cleanliness, and care. In this hospital, at least, many recover.

The statues of all who have been benefactors are to be seen in the halls. Grateful convalescents are enabled, by returning strength, to go and bathe with tears, unquestionably delicious, these images of their tutelary gods.

A secret and indescribable pleasure detained me a considerable time in this house of sorrow.

LETTER IX.

Genoa.

I HAVE been to visit what is called the Free Port at Genoa. It is an emporium where all the merchandize is lodged that arrives at Genoa, by sea. You there see goods of every kind, lying by each other; heaps of verdigrease, and casks of sugar; marble and coffee; woods and linens; the productions of Asia, and the produce

duce of the north. It is a ſcene of motion, activity, and affluence not to be imagined. The public revenue, ſucceſſively applies two large pumps, if I may uſe the figure, to each article, to each bale: one of which draws forth ten per cent. from the merchandize which remains at Genoa; the other, three per cent. on commodities intended for exportation. The removal and carriage of all this merchandize is performed by the natives of Bergamos, who carry on among the Genoeſe the lucrative profeſſion of bodily ſtrength and unimpeached honeſty.

On leaving the Free Port, I went to viſit the bank of St. George. Here is kept ſhut up and ſecured under a hundred keys, the ſolution of that great and terrible enigma, whether the bank really poſſeſſes, or owes millions. This enigma conſtitutes the ſafety of the ſtate, and in part, its riches.

What! Is there but one bake-houſe, and one public tavern at Genoa, and thoſe adminiſtered and regulated under the authority of the ſenate? Even ſo; the republic ſuffers no one but herſelf to ſell bread, wine, wood and oil.—But theſe articles ſhe ſells undoubtedly at a lower price, and of the beſt quality, to prevent murmurs?—The republic ſells at the higheſt price, and of the very worſt quality, without troubling herſelf about murmurs.—How can the ſubjects then endure ſuch a

monopoly?—They beg, they steal, they have hospitals, they assassinate, they suffer.—But, notwithstanding, how is it possible for them to support this oppression?—The measure of the oppression they can support is not yet known. The people do not revolt till forced by necessity, the water which fills a vessel does not yet overflow: there must be a *drop too much*. All that the nobles therefore have to look to, is to prevent this *drop too much*. Accordingly they sacrifice a part of their authority to avarice; they leave the greatest part of the laws unenforced, three-fourths of crimes unpunished, and purchase the silence of the clamorous. The *drop too much* however is thought to be inevitable; the patience of the people is wearied out. But what care the noble Genoese, the great point with them, is to amass wealth. They are frequently seen therefore to refuse a place in the senate, when offered them by fortune; and intriguing, on the contrary, to obtain the most inconsiderable post in the administration of the bank or hospitals, if difficult to obtain. The nobles are destitute of the most powerful motive for well governing a country: they have no country. They are in fact merchants.

I have been to see the public bake-house. It is a prodigious edifice. Here is the bread of the rich, there the bread of the poor; and the poor are the most numerous. The poor are every where a middle

middle species between the rich and animals; they are very near the latter.

I desired to taste this bread of the poor.—Animals are happy.

On coming out of this place, I carried with me, I know not what impression, which rendered me insensible to all the beauties, and all the riches I beheld a moment after, in the palace of *Durazzo*.

Ah! How painful to the eye are luxury and magnificence when we have just left the scenes of misery.

LETTER X.

Genoa.

I RETURNED to the palace of *Durazzo*. Among the multitude of pictures it contains; admired by connoisseurs, four only remain imprinted in my imagination.

The first is an old man by Rembrandt. A piece admirable for its truth, effect, and the knowledge it displays of the clare-obscure: I had almost spoken to it.

Did

Did Paul Veroneſe ſee the Magdalen, throw herſelf at the feet of Jeſus?—The Saviour of the world muſt have had that attitude, that noble, that indulgent, that compaſſionate air. How lovely is the Magdalen! How affecting, and how much herſelf affected! What expreſſion in the features of each figure! How is the light concentered to a point, whence it diſtributes its rays to every part of the ſubject that demands it. On the ſuperficies of that canvas there is air.

Painters in general are verſifiers, and not poets.

Taſſo was a poet, when he exhibited Olindus and Sophronia faſtened at the ſame ſtake, and waiting till the pile took fire. But where is the painter who has attempted to copy Taſſo? I do not hear the lamentations of Olindus; I ſee nothing of the reſignation of Sophronia; that populace is not melted; yon tyrant is not furious. I have juſt recurred to Taſſo. Theſe are they! This is the genuine Sophronia! She it is who ſays to Olindus, *Why lamenteſt thou, O my friend! Behold the ſky how beautiful it is! Look at the ſun: he ſeems as if he were ſummoning us to him: He conſoles us.*

I hear nothing of all this in the picture. It is mute.

LETTER XI.

Genoa.

I MAY truly ſay that I have been preſent at the death of Seneca, while contemplating a picture of his dying. Seneca is the principal figure. He is half naked, like a man who no longer need defend his body againſt the elements, into which he is ready to return. His feet are in the bath, and his blood is flowing. At ſome diſtance from the philoſopher, and below him, we perceive on the right, a ſecretary who has been writing but no longer writes, on the left two other ſecretaries who alſo have been writing and on longer write. On the ſame line, and in a level with Seneca, in a corner and in the ſhade, the man I get a glimpſe of is a ſoldier. In the oppoſite corner, but in a full light, that other man is an aged ſenator. Now take a view of the ſcene. Seneca, in expectation of his death, is employed in dictating the ideas which are paſſing in his imagination. Death cuts them ſhort. The arm is frozen, blood no longer iſſues from the feet, the body ſtiffens, the head totters, and that look which was fixing a thought, ſtruggles in vain to ſeize it: He expires. The three ſecretaries, with different ſhades of intereſt,

tereſt, attention, and anxiety, each with his pen in hand, keep their eyes fixed on the lips of the philoſopher, which are ſtill attempting another word. They hope that one moment more is about to finiſh it; but death has put his ſeal on him. In the mean time, the centurion near the door, with his foot already lifted, is impatiently counting the laſt ſighs of the philoſopher; for Nero is waiting.—And the old ſenator, how is he employed? He is thinking of Nero, and ſtudying the death of Seneca.

LETTER XII.

Genoa.

THIS morning I have been to viſit the gallies. Five ſorts of wretches are faſtened indiſcriminately to the chain; malefactors, ſmugglers, deſerters, Turks taken by the Corſairs, and voluntary galley ſlaves.

Voluntary galley ſlaves!—Yes—Theſe are poor men whom government get hold of between hunger and death. It is in this narrow paſſage that they wait, and watch for them. Theſe wretched

wretched beings, dazzled with a little money, do not perceive the gallies; and are enlisted. Poverty and guilt are bound in the same chain! The citizen who serves the republic, suffers the same punishment with him who has betrayed it!

The Genoese carry their barbarity still farther; when the term of their enlistment is near expiring, they propose to lend a little money to these miserable creatures. Unhappy men are eager for enjoyment; the present moment alone exists for them; they accept; but, at a week's end, nothing remains to them but regret and slavery: insomuch that at the expiration of that time, they are compelled to enlist again, to discharge their debt, and sell eight years more of their existence. Thus do the greatest part of them consume, from enlistments to loans, and from loans to enlistments, their whole lives at the gallies, in the last degree of wretchedness and infamy: There they expire.

We saw among them a Frenchman, a young man. In relating to us his misfortune, he shed tears. We made him a trifling present, and his tears flowed still more abundantly. Let us escape from these sorrowful abodes, where we are unable to alleviate the miseries we lament. What abodes must those be where pity is of no avail!

But, what is that kind of prison in the corner, said I to the man who conducted me? How low, dark, and damp it is! It consists too of two stories,

ſtories. What are theſe animals ſtretched out on the ground, and on the upper floor? They can ſcarcely crawl. Thoſe hideous heads, which peep out from beneath the blankets, are covered with long hair. Their looks are ſtupid and ferocious. Do they eat nothing but this hard black bread?—Certainly not.—Have they no drink but this dirty water?—Certainly not.—Do they always continue lying?—Yes.—How long have they been here?—Twenty years.—How old are they?—Seventy.—How do you call them?—Turks.

Theſe miſerable Turks are totally degraded from humanity: They are ſtrangers to every thing but bodily wants. They have worn out, in this ſort of tomb, the ſmall number of ideas and recollections they brought with them from nature and their country.

The other Turks, who are not yet ſixty years old, are chained under little niches opened at the diſtance of every ſix feet in a long wall, where they can ſcarcely ſit or lye. There they reſpire the little air that is allowed them, or rather that they can ſteal.

The Genoeſe, however, have given an example of toleration, but little to be expected from them. They allow theſe Turks a moſque. The proteſtants in France have no temples!!

Let us add one more trait to this picture of the gallies. I ſaw the wretches felling from bench to bench,

bench, coveting, diſputing, ſtealing even the fragments of aliments, which the dogs in the ſtreets refuſed.

Genoa, thy palaces are not ſufficiently lofty, ſpacious, numerous, nor brilliant: we ſtill perceive thy gallies.

LETTER XIII.

Genoa.

I CANNOT refrain from ſaying a word concerning the ex-doge, L.....

M. L.... is an amiable and reſpectable old man. He is intimately acquainted with ſo many countries and books; and, in the different poſts which he has filled in the republic, has had ſo much experience of the various characters, paſſions, and weakneſſes of different men; of the whole human heart, that he is no longer merely a noble, an ex-doge, a ſenator, nor a Genoeſe: He is a man.

Every moment that M. L.... can ſteal from occupations that muſt beſtow on him the moſt deſerved fame he devotes to nature, in his delightful

lightful gardens of *the Poggi*. His life there glides gently on, like the waters that ſtream through them, and murmur night and day from his cryſtal fountains.

M. L.... receives, with the moſt hoſpitable politeneſs, all ſtrangers who come to viſit him at the Poggi, even thoſe who pay their viſit only to the place. His heart, his mind, his gardens, all are open. His manners are ſimple and noble; they are the habits of a man who, though raiſed by merit, has not been lifted up by arrogance. Nothing can be more affable and courteous than his whole behaviour. His viſitor forgets that he is with a great man, and is freed from all reſtraint from the firſt moment.

The converſation of M. L.... is often ſuch as you would wiſh it, and always ſuited to his company; for no body knows how to forget himſelf ſo much in converſation, and to think more of others. He prefers, however, talking of arts, ſciences, and literature, which he has cultivated all his life, and which, after contributing to his glory, are now the amuſement of his retreat. His imagination and memory are ſtill ſtored with the moſt beautiful paintings, and the fineſt lines that poetry has produced in every language. Quotations, but which naturally ariſe from the ſubject, ſallies of wit, and reflections which ſeem ingenious, but are in fact profound, ſparkle inceſſantly

ceſſantly in his diſcourſe, among the thoughts incident to age.

You may contradict M. L....; you run the riſque indeed of ſhocking his opinion; but never his ſelf-love. He knows not what it is to deſpiſe; for when he doubts no longer of his own, he ſtill doubts of human judgment. You may boldly interrogate him. He has not forgotten that he learnt every thing he knows; he anſwers without reſerve: the truth he beſtows liberally to all, but without preſumption.

M. L.... is invariably the ſame in town or in the country; in the ſenate, when framing a law, and in his gardens when planting a tree.

The gardens of the Poggi are delightful. They are very far from reſembling thoſe, the heavy regularity of which is planned by oſtentation and executed in all the dulneſs of art; thoſe, where, under the rigid and monotonous empire of the ſheers, the rake, and the ſtraight line, each border preſents but one flower, each alley but one tree, each ſpace but one large walk, and where the whole forms only one cumbrous maſs; thoſe whoſe waters held captive in baſons, are condemned to eternal ſleep and ſilence; thoſe in a word, which, however vaſt, ſeem to have been formed only for a firſt glance, and the amuſement of an hour.

Every

Every thing, on the contrary, that the knowledge and love of beauteous nature can execute, at once to charm the eye, the imagination, and the heart, with turf, earth, water, flowers, with all the ſhades of verdure and the diſpoſition of light, has been executed by M. L.....

Theſe delightful gardens preſent, or rather conceal an encloſure of no great extent, but which yet ſufficiently affords ſpace for excurſion, objects to the eyes, and meditation to the mind. Within their confines there is not a flower but ſhines, not a drop of water which does not murmur, and which does not flow; not a tree but is ſufficiently ſeen, though not a ſingle one that obtrudes itſelf. There is a cottage, here a grotto, further on a flock. A thouſand objects placed by deſign appear to meet the eye by chance. Though in a garden, we inceſſantly imagine ourſelves only contemplating the natural beauties of the country; beauties, with the enjoyment of which we are never tired.

It is true, the verdure of theſe gardens conſiſts, in a great meaſure, of thoſe ſerious and gloomy trees which other ſeaſons ſeem to have rejected and bequeathed to winter; the pine, the cypreſs, the larch and the green oak. But theſe winter trees are ſo happily blended with the gayeſt ſhrubs of ſpring, the richeſt plants of autumn, the moſt ſplendid trees of ſummer, with the lilac, the lime,

lime, and the plane, that their melancholy verdure, exhilarated by the vicinity and alliance of theſe more amiable trees, ceaſes to afflict the mind, and to repulſe the eye. The verdure of theſe gardens reſembles the converſation of the owner. The thoughts and ſentiments of age prevail, but the well choſen recollections of earlier times break forth at intervals and render it ſtill more agreeable.

M. L.... is the creator of theſe gardens. It is there, in that charming retreat, that he at length poſſeſſes and enjoys himſelf.

He has had the rare courage, on arriving at old age, to diſmiſs all his paſſions, even the love of glory: He has retained only the love of humanity.

Sometimes he is ſurrounded in his palaces by the neighbouring peaſants, who enter his gates unfortunate, and return happy. Sometimes, ſtraying over his fields, amid the concerts of his birds, or through the ſilence of his woods, to the murmurs of his fountains, he enjoys a fine morning of the ſpring, the calm of a ſummer evening, or ſeizes one of the pleaſant hours of winter.

Often too, from amidſt a thicket, ſeated alone and retired in a little marble temple, he contemplates at a diſtance, through the foliage and the columns, the ſea agitated by the tempeſt, and the ſenate of Genoa by ambition. This is the evening of a ſage's life.

LETTER XIV.

Geneva.

WHAT an object of meditation to the philoſopher and the man of ſenſibility, is the magnificent hoſpital of incurables!

What! ſhall not one of the nine hundred wretches, ſtretched out, or rather chained, on theſe beds of ſorrow, ever regain his health!

Shall thoſe old men ſtill continue to live, and thoſe children muſt they always ſuffer!

I was unable to traverſe the extent and ſilence of this palace of affliction without ſhuddering.

From one end of the hall to the other, I could hear the leaſt motion, and diſtinguiſh every ſigh.

It is not poſſible for the eye to view this multitude of incurables under every diſorder, of every age, and every ſex, without dropping ſome tears on theſe unhappy victims of life.

By the ſide of thoſe unfortunate beings who have loſt their health, you ſee, in an adjoining hall, the wretches who have loſt their reaſon. Thus do you behold in the ſame place, all the unhappy outcaſts of the human ſpecies.

This hoſpital is ſaid to be worſe regulated than the others: No doubt, becauſe calamity here

here is perpetual, and pity is inconſiſtant. Pity too is fond of novelty; the whole human heart is inceſſantly mutable.

But what have I juſt heard and ſeen? The doge and the ſenate are to viſit this hoſpital next Sunday. Already they are buſied in decking out the beds, perfuming all the apartments, and ornamenting all the walls! What a horrible falſehood are they preparing! But thus are kings, who travel, ever ſhewn their own dominions.

LETTER XV.

Genoa.

HOW charming the ſcene!

In the midſt of a valley crowned by rocks, and covered with various kinds of ſhrubs, we ſee, by the brink of a fountain, ſeated at the foot of a willow, (it is ſummer and in the evening) a ſhepherd and two ſhepherdeſſes. The ſhepherd is playing on his flute; one of the ſhepherdeſſes, holding in her hand a roſe, looks at the ſhepherd, and is liſtening: her hand is already ſtretched out to preſent him with the flower. Impatience

for the ſhepherd to finiſh, that ſhe may give him the roſe, and deſire for him to continue, that ſhe may ſtill hear the pleaſing ſounds, are ſtruggling in her looks. In the mean time, her companion, ſomething younger than herſelf, neither looks at nor liſtens to the ſhepherd, but is wrapt in thought with her eyes fixed upon the fountain.—At the diſtance of a hundred paces, a number of little children are playing with ſome lambs, and entwining them with flowers.

Is not this an idyl of Geſner?

The temple of Gnidos, and not a palace of Genoa, ſhould have been ornamented with this picture. Monteſquieu ſhould have copied it. It is by Albani.

LETTER XVI.

Genoa.

THE inhabitants of Genoa may be divided into three claſſes; the nobles, to the number of about two thouſand; the citizens, merchants, artizans, lawyers, and prieſts, who compoſe the bulk of the people, and the poor of every ſort who conſtitute its dregs.

Formerly the nobles at Genoa were diſtinguiſhed by different orders; but this diſtinction is wearing out.

Nobility, that is to ſay, its privileges, may be purchaſed. The name is inſcribed in a regiſter, called The Golden Book, for about ten thouſand livres (about 400ol.) The ancient nobility are obliged to make this ſacrifice to their ſafety. They prefer attracting into their order, where they may continue to deſpiſe, and ceaſe to fear them, ſuch citizens as have acquired a fortune, rather than let them remain in the claſs of the people, where it is no longer poſſible to deſpiſe, and where they muſt begin to fear them.

The Genoeſe love, eſteem, and ſtand in ſuch awe of money, that they will not grant nobility, even to their ſecretaries of ſtate, as a recom-

pence for their ſervices, until they have made a fortune.

Secretaries of ſtate have been known, at Genoa, virtuous enough to retire in poverty. Virtue is of every country.

The nobles poſſeſs enormous riches; ſome are reckoned worth between forty and fifty thouſand pounds a year. Servants, horſes, and monks, conſtitute their pageantry. Some of them beſtow conſiderable alms on the poor; but it is on beggars. They are ſo well verſed in the art of beſtowing injudiciouſly, that the ſtate is impoveriſhed by their donations.—They make mendicity a thriving trade.

Not a beggar at Genoa but is ſure of eating and drinking every day; the artizan is not ſo ſure of it.

The ſovereign power is almoſt impotent. The pecuniary force, or impoſts do not exceed two millions eight hundred thouſand livres, (or one hundred and twenty thouſand pounds.) What remains of that ſum applicable to the neceſſities of the ſtate, after paſſing through a multitude of hands, and tumbling from fall to fall into the treaſury of the republic, is very inconſiderable indeed.

The military force is ſhort of two thouſand men. We cannot bring into account either the fortifications or the gallies.

The

The public opinion, that inviſible power, frequently a ſubſtitute for every other, and which ſooner or later triumphs over every thing, has abſolutely no exiſtence at Genoa. The heart has ceaſed to obey.

What a legiſlation! The nobles have enacted the greater part of the laws.

The whole code is very little more than a liſt of privileges.

All the forces we have mentioned are as ill regulated and governed as they are feeble.

The military power remains but three months in the hands of the ſame general, who commands in *flowing locks*, a *ſhort cloak*, and a *black coat*.

The legiſlative power is too much divided; it remains too ſhort a time in the ſame hands; the concurrence of the conſent of too many is neceſſary to exerciſe it. The ſtate has too many heads to poſſeſs one.

The laws are framed, in the ſenate, almoſt always prematurely; never ſcarcely are they the fruit of that calm deliberation which alone can give them perfection; the rude ſketches of them are thrown into an urn; whence they are drawn forth by the hand of chance. Chance is in fact the legiſlator.

The only diſtinctive power of the doge is that of laying before the ſenate ſuch propoſitions as he thinks proper for diſcuſſion: a power of ſufficient magnitude,

magnitude, if he be a man of abilities; but too great, ſhould he not happen to be an honeſt man; for the doge has it in his power to take advantage of every moment that the ſenate is aſleep; and that aged body almoſt always ſleeps.

The doge holds his office two years, in which time he cannot go out of his palace, but by a decree. The chief of the republic is treated as its priſoner.

At the expiration of the two years, he is obliged to return to his own houſe, and remain there ten days, under a ſtrict guard. During this time, every citizen has the right of accuſing him; and the *council of the ſupreme* examine his conduct. The tenth day *he is acquitted;* a tolerably wiſe inſtitution, but which has degenerated into a form.

I forgot to remark the loſs of time ariſing from the formalities obſerved at the opening of each aſſembly of the ſenate. A ſecretary of ſtate begins by reading an oath; after which one of the clerks keeps crying, for upwards of two hours, *Veniant jurare, Come and ſwear.*

The nobles are ſo indifferent about public affairs, that, to procure the number neceſſary to render their reſolutions valid, their appearance is compelled by fines: They are conſtrained by force to the work of legiſlation.

LETTER XVII.

Genoa.

THE judicial power is as ill adminiſtered as all the reſt. Appeals are multiplied to infinity.

One regulation of the tribunals is truly whimſical. The judges in the firſt inſtance are foreigners; the ſovereign judges Genoeſe.

The deciſions of the ſenate are removed to a tribunal called the *Council of the Supreme.*

The hall, in which the leſſer council aſſemble, and where the audiences are public, cannot contain two hundred perſons. The hall of the great council, which always deliberates in ſecret, will contain two thouſand.

The advocates in any cauſe have all the books they think they may want carried into court in baſkets, and read what they wiſh to refer to. This parade is ridiculous, and only ſerves to lengthen the pleadings, which are ſtill longer here than in other countries, in a profeſſion that is neceſſarily loquacious, and a language remarkable for its fluency.

The advocates plead ſeated; a poſition highly unfavourable to the agitations of eloquence. Accordingly theſe gentlemen do not pique themſelves

ſelves much on their oratory. One of the advocates I heard, ſpoke tolerably good Italian; the other with a provincial dialect.

Five judges are ſeated round a table; the preſident is in the middle. At noon they riſe up, the audience fall upon their knees, and even the lawyers are ſilent, till the *Angelus* is ſaid. Some of the judges then go out for a moment; the lawyers continue their harangues; and it is no more poſſible to ſtop them than to ſtop the flight of time.

The opinions of the judges are given with black and white balls, a form which prodigiouſly prolongs the deciſions, and covers many acts of injuſtice.

I have ſaid that the civil laws are very imperfect. Take the following example. Neither the parties nor the witneſſes ſubſcribe the acts they execute before a notary; ſo that the notaries have every convention in their power. Exchange brokers have all bargains ſtill more in their power; they are not even required to produce witneſſes; their word is a contract.

LETTER XVIII.

Genoa.

THE motives for criminal judgments are assigned *. The senate have the right of pardoning, which they seldom fail to exercise, to please the people, who call impunity, liberty; as the nobles bestow that sacred name upon oppression. By these two modes of enjoying freedom the people and the nobles balance the account.

The pardon is pleaded by lawyers, as, in general, are all criminal affairs.

Sentences of death are very rare.

For the last six years there have been only two; nor would the second have taken place, but for the outcry of the populace. The senate made the people compel them to it; they were assaulted with libels and placards for the space of two months. As it was, the criminal had nearly escaped: the persons who conducted him to execution suffered him to get off; but the people pursued him, and obliged the officers of

* Until very lately, this was not the case in *France*. Our author, the *President Dupaty*, has contributed more than any individual to produce this wise and humane change in the criminal jurisprudence of his country, as expressed in the edicts of May, 1788, T.

justice

juſtice to take him back into cuſtody. He had committed *ten murders*.

At the entrance of the city are ſeen ſeveral defamatory inſcriptions on the wall. Theſe ſtones contain the condemnation of certain criminals, and devote them to the public execration. With defamatory ſtones and ſtatues, it were poſſible to create many virtues, and to annihilate many vices: We ſhould have public morals.

The Genoeſe are vindictive. But this ſpirit of vengeance is connected with the difficulty of obtaining juſtice, whether againſt the nobles, on account of their power, or againſt equals, from the protection of the nobles. This accounts for the number of aſſaſſinations, and juſtifies the motive, as well as the general impunity. The greater part of aſſaſſinations are not crimes, but juſtice; which certainly muſt be done in one mode or another.

All nations have begun with this kind of criminal juſtice: of this duels are at once a remnant and a proof.

LETTER XIX.

Genoa.

THE power of the adminiſtration paſſes through ſo many hands, and ſo rapidly, that you know not to whom you ſhould addreſs yourſelf: orders of ever kind croſs, run counter to, and deſtroy each other. And what an adminiſtration! It is cuſtomary for the ſenate to requeſt permiſſion of the eccleſiaſtical power to eat meat in time of lent. This year, as the nobles on whom that requeſt depends, had a great deal of *ſalt fiſh to ſell*, the ſenate did not apply for the indulgence, and the ſtate has kept ſtrict lent: But the nobles have ſold their ſalt fiſh.

An infinity of ſimilar traits have inſpired the people with ſuch a deteſtation of the nobility, that, but the other day, they openly uttered imprecations againſt the republic, that is, againſt the nobles.

The decline of morals, arts and knowledge cannot be doubted. There is no longer an academy; nor a ſculptor, or a painter. Twelve thouſand looms, inſtead of thirty thouſand. Every thing is going to ruin.

There are ſtill, well informed men, however, among the people. I have ſeen *The Adminiſtration*

of

of the Finances in many hands. Every man who can read, has read that work; every man who thinks, values it; every man who feels, is enthuſiaſtic in its favour. And, in fact, how important are its principles! How deep its reflections! How juſt its ideas! Its ſtyle is truly the ſtyle of the maſterly writer. It breathes too a ſacred love for the happineſs of mankind, which is the ſoul, I had almoſt ſaid, the divine principle which animates the whole work. This book ſhall reform the governments of Europe. Envy in vain muſt gnaw the ſtatue of M. NECKER—it is of braſs.

LETTER XX.

Genoa.

CICISBÉISM merits a particular attention.

It is ſaid to be no where more in vogue than at Genoa.

What is a *ciciſbéo* in appearance? What is he in reality? How can a man wiſh to be one? How can a huſband ſuffer it? Is he the *locum tenens* of the huſband? How far does he repreſent him? What is the origin of this cuſtom? What cauſes operate to maintain or deminiſh it? What influence has it on morals? Are any traces of it, or approaches towards it, to be found in the manners of other nations? Theſe are queſtions difficult to anſwer. In two words, the *ciciſbéo* repreſents, very nearly, at Genoa, the *ami dela maiſon* at Paris.

The women have no domeſtic authority. The huſband orders and pays. In the houſes of many nobles, and rich men, a prieſt has the management. I have ſeen one ſettle the account of a breakfaſt that was carrying to a lady.

The women at Genoa are exceedingly ill dreſſed; they confound what is rich and what is fine with what is truly becoming; they have no idea of adapting their head-dreſs to their features, colours

colours to the complexion, or ſtuffs to the ſhape. Not one of them knows how to amend a defect, to ſet off a beauty, or to conceal the ravages of time. All of them daub on white, even the faireſt. White is the faſhion at Genoa, as rouge is at Paris; rouge is in diſrepute at Genoa, as the white is with us; a contraſt that appears whimſical to thoſe who have not travelled.

The women have adopted a certain veil they call *mezzarro*. With this veil they may go every where without incurring any cenſure. Their veil however does not hide them; it hides only a multitude of intrigues.

The manners of Genoa are deprived of all thoſe natural affections, which in other countries conſtitute their ornament, their happineſs, and virtues. Here there is no mother, no child, no brother; the Genoeſe have only heirs and kindred. There is no ſuch thing even as a lover; they are only men or women.

Games of chance are publicly allowed at Genoa; nor is it aſtoniſhing that ſovereigns, who gamble in the public funds all the morning on the Exchange, ſhould play the whole evening at cards in their aſſemblies. They are nevertheleſs at a loſs to ſpend their time. They never meet to dine or ſup together; in their aſſemblies they give refreſhments, they illuminate, they win or loſe,

loſe, and ciciſbeiſm offers its aid for their amuſement.

Superſtition is exceſſive at Genoa. The ſtreets appear black and gloomy with prieſts and monks, but are ſufficiently lighted by *madonas*.

This city preſents the moſt extraordinary contraſts. Libertiniſm is at ſuch a height at Genoa, that there are no proſtitutes by profeſſion. There are ſo many prieſts, that there is no religion; ſo many governors, that there is no government; and ſuch an abundance of alms, that it ſwarms with beggars.

LETTER XXI.

Genoa.

WHAT is that ſuperb building? Its ſolidity, loftineſs, and ſize aſtoniſh me. It is an hoſpital! They call it *Albergho de Poveri, the Aſylum of the Poor*. It ſhould be named the palace of the poor. But how am I offended at theſe marble columns, theſe pilaſters of marble, and all theſe magnificent ornaments! Each of theſe columns occupies the place of ſeveral men. Was it in-

tended then to reſtore to the poor, in a ſingle palace, the ſhare that belongs to them in each of thoſe proud edifices?

The poor are collected here in an aſylum, and not ſhut up in a priſon. They may all go out to-morrow, if they chuſe; the girls with a dowry, the men with a trade. Theſe benefactions are not chains.

Care has been taken to diſperſe over this immenſe building the ſtatues of its founders, and all the benefactors by whom it has been ſupported. The former are repreſented ſeated, the latter ſtanding: a happy and affecting emblem, and a diſtinction truly ingenious.

I rejoice for the ſake of thoſe ſouls of ſenſibility, who lie concealed here under miſery, that they have it in their power to attach their gratitude to ſomething leſs fleeting than a name; to images, to marble.

This hoſpital and its revenues have their origin in various motives; in vanity, religion and pity.

Its revenues are immenſe, and would ſuffice to maintain four times as many poor: But it has adminiſtrators.

In the chapel I ſaw a marble madallion repreſenting *Jeſus dead in the arms of his mother*: It is indeed the Saviour, death, maternal tenderneſs, and the genius of Michael Angelo.

How

How admirable are thoſe ſtatues repreſenting an Aſſumption; they are from the chiſel of Puget, who, in figuring a miracle, has performed one.

LETTER XXII.

Genoa.

THE churches here reſemble play-houſes.

It is difficult to heap together more gilding, painting, and marble; but how miſplaced is all this luxury and oſtentation! In a temple, the heart ſhould find nothing but God to occupy it. All theſe pictures, theſe ſtatues, theſe ornaments only lead it aſtray from the great object of adoration. Nothing ſhould be placed between God and man but what may leſſen the immenſity that ſeparates them.

The depth of a vaſt and profound foreſt would, in my opinion, be the moſt grand of temples, and a gloomy day, the moſt proper and awful ornament. In ſuch the old Gauls believed and adored a God, and in ſuch lively imaginations feel his exiſtence.

It argues therefore great ignorance of the architecture proper for churches to build them reſembling the halls of palaces, or public theatres, as at Genoa.

The cathedral, however, muſt be excepted, which is not without majeſty; and ſome indulgence alſo is due to the church of Cavignan, in favour of the ſtatue of Saint Sebaſtian, animated by the chiſel of Puget.

The expreſſion of the countenance is admirable. Pain is ſeen combating with Faith, and the very marble appears to ſuffer! What barbarity to pierce with arrows ſo beautiful a body! What cruelty thus to torment ſo divine a ſoul! It ſeems waiting the moment when it ſhall eſcape from ſuffering, and return to heaven.

There is another ſtatue by Puget, repreſenting I know not what biſhop, which has its beauties too; but it is near Sebaſtian: you admire it, but you have juſt been deeply affected.

LETTER XXIII.

Lucca.

I AWAKE in a town where, about two thouſand years ago, Pompey, Cæſar and Craſſus diſmembered the Roman world, and divided it between them.

Surely, after executing this contract in the preſence of four hundred thouſand men, they did not ſleep ſo well as I have ſlept.

Inſtead of the Roman ſenate, I find here the ſenate of Lucca!

The whole territories of Lucca contain eight ſquare leagues, in which a hundred and twenty thouſand inhabitants endeavour, by not eating during one half the year, to live out the remainder.

This tree planted in a fertile, but not extenſive ſoil, has the misfortune too, to have two hundred devouring branches, or two hundred noble families.

The privilege of oppreſſing on the one hand, and the neceſſity of ſuffering oppreſſion on the other, is what is called here, as in all ariſtocracies, or hundred-headed tyrannies, *Liberty*.

The word *Libertas* is inſcribed in golden letters on the gates of the city, and at all the corners

of the ſtreets; till by continually reading the word, the people have at length imagined they poſſeſs the thing.

The nobles take care annually to celebrate a high feſtival in honour of *Liberty*. But how is it poſſible for the people to believe in Liberty?—How!—Why they believe that the wooden crucifix, called *Volto Santo*, on which they put ſlippers of crimſon velvet on working days, and ſlippers of gold brocade on Sundays, took its flight one day from the church of Saint Ferdina, to which place it had no doubt conceived ſome diſguſt, to come and take up its reſidence in a chapel, in the middle of the cathedral.

For many important particulars reſpecting Lucca, I am indebted to the Comte de R...., one of the principal tyrants of this little city.

The Comte de R... reſided long in France. He ſpeaks exceedingly good French, particularly to *Thereſa M*...., who thinks like an Engliſh woman, but converſes in French. She told me, that when you are once acquainted with French literature, that of Italy is no longer ſupportable.—Ah! Madam! What ſay you to Taſſo and Arioſto? anſwered I.—Arioſto and Taſſo, replied ſhe, are poets of every country, and their language is that of the whole world.—And Metaſtaſio? added I, for ſurely you have ſenſibility (I meant beauty.) She underſtood me very well, and ſmiled.—Metaſtaſio

taſtaſio is not amiſs: but he merely ſketches. Racine, on the contrary, paints and finiſhes; Metaſtaſio ſlightly touches the heart; Racine penetrates it.—Such are the remarks of Thereſa M . . ., and Thereſa M . . . . is handſome.

The count introduced me, the ſame evening, into one of the principal *converſazioni* of the noble Luccheſe—at which inſipidity preſided.

The women told me ſo in confidence, but that was unneceſſary. A barbarous law which has dared to attempt to leſſen the effect of their charms, by depriving them of the ornament of dreſs, condemns them to wear mourning the whole year. During the carnival, it is true, they wear coloured dreſſes, and may change them every day. Strange indeed are ſuch ſumptuary laws!

It was with great difficulty I procured the criminal laws of the ſtate of Lucca; they are not to be met with at the bookſellers: an advocate ſold me a copy, and pretends to have made me a preſent of them.

I repreſented to the noble Luccheſe, how extraordinary it was not to be able to obtain a ſight of the criminal laws in a republic.—Men are ſuppoſed to know them, was the anſwer. —In a republic, gentlemen, men ſhould not be ſuppoſed to know the laws; they ſhould really be acquainted with them; in certain monarchies

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it is a different affair, where the laws are uncertain and over-ruled.

Explain to me, Monſieur le Comte, how it happens that the law forbids the citizens to be judges, and intruſts that important office to foreigners?—That the judges, having no particular connexion with the citizens, may be more impartial.—But, ſuppoſing theſe ſtrangers bring with them no immediate relation with the citizens, can you prevent them ſooner or later from forming ſuch connexions? Beſides, is not the public opinion the beſt guardian of the integrity of a judge? Now the public opinion has infinitely leſs influence on foreigners, whoſe ſtay may not be permanent, than on citizens who remain. Every man's honour is in his native country.—What would you have me ſay? It is the cuſtom in Italy.—It is a cuſtom then that does no credit to Italy.

Inform me, pray, why an appeal is allowed in civil caſes, and not in criminal?—This practice is very ancient. It was eſtabliſhed in times of trouble, in conſequence of the civil wars. It was then neceſſary to awe the people, and to ſuſpend the ſword immediately over their heads.—I ſuſpected that this law, like many others, was made not for the people, but againſt the people. Three-fourths of the laws are only weapons to oppreſs them, and the mildeſt are but chains. But theſe times are paſt; why then do

you

you retain the cuſtom?—We have been long uſed to it. It is dangerous to innovate in a republic.—You are in the right; in a ſtate where the ſummit over-hangs the baſe, the leaſt motion at the bottom is always fatal to the upper parts.

Allow me one more queſtion. In conſequence of your unlimited entails, and your rights of elder brothers, which cut off every ſuitable eſtabliſhment for the younger ones, the number of individual nobles, and even of noble families, is inſenſibly diminiſhing.—That is true.—This inconvenience obliges you, in order to fill up the different departments of government, to have recourſe to the young nobility as ſoon as they are of age—That too is true.—But why do you not reform ſo dangerous an abuſe?—For this you can have no excuſe; your intereſt only is concerned.—The intereſt of the moment, you know, almoſt always prevails over that of futurity. We are men before we are citizens.—Your reflections are juſt; they have been already made; it is certain that the order of nobles is greatly reduced, inſomuch that we can hardly find the number of one hundred and twenty, neceſſary for the legal adminiſtration of public affairs.—But why do the younger brothers, who have votes in the ſenate, ſuffer ſuch oppreſſive laws?—Brothers of the ſame family have only one vote among them in the ſenate, and the eldeſt always attend.—Aye,

now

now I conceive why you have ſo divided the adminiſtration of the ſovereign power, and abridged it, at the ſame time, ſo much, that, in the courſe of two months, there no longer remains any portion of it in any of the ſame hands, and that within two years, it paſſes through all; you are afraid of yourſelves, perhaps too much ſo, and leſs than you ought to be, on the contrary, of foreigners and the people. You have planned your form of government as if you were always to be at war among yourſelves, and at peace with all your neighbours.—That may be, but we have no fears.—So much the worſe. A republic never has ſo much to fear as when it has no fears. But whence ariſes your ſecurity? —The grand duke has confirmed our privileges— And you are not afraid of a man who can confirm your privileges? As for the people, indeed, I allow that you ſeem to me to have leſs to apprehend from them: they are poor; you ſell them their bread; you give them feſtivals; they believe in the *Volto Santo*, and even in liberty; and as for you, nobles, you believe in very little.—It is true, the nobles have a great deal of philoſophy.—Yes, of the philoſophy of Machiavel: you too therefore put out the eyes of your ſlaves? with you too, the throne is erected on the altar?—If it can but maintain

itſelf,

itſelf, no matter whether its foundation be on the ſand or a rock.

Monſieur le Comte, you might accuſe me not only of indiſcretion but impertinence, were I to pry into your conſtitution any further: at preſent let us talk of pictures.—With all my heart, ſaid he, we ſhall agree better, poſſibly, on that ſubject. Will you come and ſee mine? We will afterwards go and take a look at thoſe of the comte de B.....

The comte de R... has ſeveral fine paintings; but thoſe of the comte de B.... are ſuperior. He poſſeſſes the rough draught of the beautiful ſcene of Paul Veroneſe, the original of which is at Genoa.

Ah! there is Corregio; for there is grace. It is a little child careſſing a lamb. He ſcarcely touches it, you would ſay that his little hands are kiſſing it.

The Graces would never pardon me were I to ſpeak of other pictures after mentioning a picture of Corregio.

What elſe is there, then, to ſay of Lucca?

At Lucca you muſt enter the palace of the ſenate; were it only to ſay that you have ſeen the palace of the ſenate of Lucca.

At Lucca I ſaw, in a bookſeller's ſhop, a book entitled, *The Advantages and Holineſs of Virginity proved by Scripture and the Life of children:* and

and, on the table of the ſenate, a book entitled, *On the Wealth of Nations*, by ADAM SMITH.

At Lucca, you may viſit the library of the Dominican Friars, to ſee books that nobody will ever read.

At Lucca, whatever M. de ..... may ſay of it, you are beſieged by beggars, and the people are not ferocious.

Are the people happy then at Lucca? for with this we ſhould finiſh all our reſearches and queſtions concerning a nation.

But how difficult of ſolution is this queſtion! How difficult is it to define the happineſs and miſery of a people! And indeed by what muſt they be meaſured?—By the ſcale of population, ſaid the comte de R.... to me. Now by this ſtandard, added he, the people of Lucca are happy, for the number of inhabitants here is ſuch, that the country cannot maintain them.

You believe then, Monſieur le Comte, in the happineſs of fathers who are unable to maintain their children, of children who are obliged to fly their mothers, of citizens expoſed by their country?——But, you know, however, that population is the thermometer of the proſperity of a country.—I know that it is ſo pretended, that it is ſo ſaid and written; but perhaps in this, as well as in other things, the medium is the beſt. I am of opinion, that either below or above

above a certain degree of population, the wretchedneſs of a nation commences. Population ſhould be conſidered in different points of view; as the cauſe and the effect of public proſperity; in great and in ſmall ſtates; in certain political ſituations; at different periods of civilization: and this ſtill remains to be done.

One fact, however, is indiſputable; that the Luccheſe are not content. What ſayeſt thou of liberty, ſaid I to one of the people?—"It is good for the nobles, ſir, but not for us."—Another anſwered; "fear is here more powerful than love." Another; "the nobles pay no duties of entry; nobody dares ſearch their carriages."

The nobles here pay much greater attention to affairs of ſtate than at Genoa. They have not indeed ſo many other objects to prevent them; they are not engaged in commerce: beſides that, the inſignificance of their ſtate is at once a ſafeguard and a continual cauſe of alarm to them.

Yeſterday the ſenate of Lucca remained aſſembled from five in the afternoon till four in the morning. What was the matter in diſcuſſion? To grant a penſion to an old ſerjeant.

There are not ſix hundred men in garriſon at Lucca; and M. de .... reckons ſix thouſand.

The Luccheſe peaſants kill each other on the ſlighteſt quarrel. Daggers are drawn for an abuſive word. Diſputes are not tedious with ſuch arguments.

arguments. The vicinity of the mountains, the little diſtance of the neighbouring ſtates, and the want of a proper adminiſtration of juſtice, maintain, among the people, this ſpirit of duelling and aſſaſſination.

Adieu Lucca; adieu M. R...; adieu *Libertas*; but, above all, adieu *Thereſa M*....; for in truth, it is you alone, *Thereſa M*...., we quit, in quitting Lucca.

LETTER XXIV.

Piſa.

BEFORE you arrive at Piſa, you meet with ſome mineral waters.

The grand duke has been there three weeks with the grand ducheſs, and ſome of their children under inoculation.

I have viſited the baths. The water is moſt clear, and flows in the handſomeſt marble, conveying, as they tell us, health in its cryſtal ſtreams.

Piſa is built on each ſide of the Arno, it is now almoſt deſerted; one hundred and twenty thouſand citizens, which it contained under the conſuls and the firſt medici, are inſenſibly reduced to fifteen thouſand inhabitants under kings. The commerce of India, it is true, paſſes no longer through Italy.

The cathedral of Piſa, called the *Dome*, merits the attention of the traveller. The tower directly ſtrikes the eye; it even frightens you; it inclines ſo much, that you think it on the point of falling; but you again take courage when informed that for many centuries it has been falling, like the Roman empire under the Cæſars.

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This phænomenon is the ſubject of a profound problem. Is it an accidental giving way of the ground, or the caprice of the architect that has inclined this tower? To diſcuſs this queſtion here would be a charming opportunity of being ridiculous and tireſome: we muſt endeavour to avoid it.

Our time will be better beſtowed in conſidering the braſs gates of the cathedral, which ſerved doubtleſs for a model to this half verſe of Virgil: *Spirantia mollius æra.* This braſs really breathes.

The cathedral is large and majeſtic: the gothic taſte which collected, has not been able to diſfigure two rows of antique columns of granite, in number about ſeventy, and which are the remains of ancient temples.

The *Baptiſtery* or Rotunda has alſo its merit.

But nothing can ſurpaſs the aſtoniſhment and admiration with which you muſt be ſtruck on entering the *Campo Santo*, the ancient burying-ground of the Piſans; a ſuperb and immenſe cloiſter, filled with marble tombs and mauſolea, many of which are admirable. One of theſe mauſolea was erected by the king of Pruſſia to the memory of Algarotti. *Ovidi Æmulo, Newtonii Diſcipulo, Fredericus Magnus.* The names of Ovid, Algarotti, Newton, and Frederic on one tomb!

The middle of the cloiſter is a garden, the ground of which conſiſts of earth brought from the

the Holy Land by the Piſans, at the time of the cruſades, to inter their dead in. This earth, they pretended, has a remarkable property: it deſtroys the body in an hour. My imagination will return more than once to the *Campo Santo*. All thoſe marbles, thoſe epitaphs, that length of cloiſter, that ſilence, that ſolitude, that ground, thoſe great names, thoſe ages paſt: how is the heart moved and agitated amidſt all theſe!

LETTER XXV.*

Florence.

THE fineſt gallery in the world is at Florence; but I will not now ſpeak to you of paintings, ſtatues and images; I have ſeen Leopold and his people.

Leopold loves his people, and has ſuppreſſed all ſuch impoſts as were not neceſſary; he has diſbanded almoſt all his troops, retaining only ſufficient to preſerve the art of military diſcipline.

* This letter was addreſſed to the Marquis de Marneſia, and inſerted in his intereſting poem, *On Rural Nature*.

He has deſtroyed the fortifications of Piſa, the maintenance of which was very expenſive; he has overthrown the ſtones which devoured mankind.

He found that his court concealed from him his people: he has no longer any court. He has eſtabliſhed manufactures. He has every where opened ſuperb roads, and at his own expence. He has founded hoſpitals.—You would imagine the hoſpitals in Tuſcany were palaces of the grand duke. I have viſited them, and found in them all, cleanlineſs, good order, and the moſt humane and attentive care. I have ſeen ſick old men, who ſeemed as if waited on by their children. I have ſeen ſick children, who ſeemed as if nurſed by their mothers. I could not, without ſhedding tears, behold this luxury of compaſſion and humanity. In the inſcriptions on the front of theſe hoſpitals, they have beſtowed on Leopold the title of *Father of the Poor*. The hoſpitals themſelves give him this title. Theſe are monuments which ſtand in no need of inſcriptions. The grand duke comes frequently to viſit his poor and ſick; he does not neglect the good he has done; he poſſeſſes not only the ſudden feelings of humanity, he has a humane ſoul. He never makes his appearance in this abode of anguiſh and ſorrow without cauſing tears of joy; he never leaves it without being followed with benedictions which are

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the gratitude of a happy people: and theſe ſongs of thankſgiving are ſent up from an hoſpital!

You may be preſented to the grand duke without having four hundred years nobility, without deſcending from thoſe who diſputed the crown with his anceſtors. His palace, like the temples, is open to all his ſubjects without exception. Three days only in the week are more particularly conſecrated to a certain claſs of men; neither to the great nor the rich, neither to painters, poets, nor muſicians; but to the wretched.

In other countries, commerce and induſtry, like the lands, are become the patrimony of a ſmall number of individuals; with Leopold, every thing you can do, you may do it; you have a living, if you poſſeſs any peculiar talent; and there is no excluſive privilege but genius.

The prayers offered up to God for harveſts no longer bring down famine on the country. This prince has enriched the year with a great number of working days, which he has recovered from ſuperſtition, to reſtore them to agriculture, to the arts, and to good morals. He is occupied in a total reform of his legiſlation. He has diſcovered a new light in ſome of the French publications, and is haſtening to communicate it to the laws of Florence. He has begun by ſimplifying the civil, and mitigating the criminal code. Blood has not been ſhed on a ſcaffold in Tuſcany for theſe ten

years. Liberty alone is baniſhed from the priſons; which the grand duke has filled with juſtice and humanity.

This mitigation of the laws has ſoftened the manners of the people. Atrocious crimes are become rare, ſince barbarous puniſhments have been baniſhed: the priſons of Tuſcany have been empty theſe three months.

The grand duke has enacted two admirable ſumptuary laws: the favour he ſhews to ſimplicity of manners, and his own example.

When the ſun riſes on the ſtates of this prince, he finds him already occupied in the duties of his ſtation. At ſix in the morning he has wiped away many a tear. His ſecretaries of ſtate are ſo many clerks.

The nobles think that he does not diſtinguiſh and honour them enough; the prieſts, that he does not fear them enough; the monks, that he does not enrich them enough; men in office, that he watches them too cloſely. In his territories, the magiſtrate judges; the ſoldier ſerves; the prelate reſides; and the placeman does his duty; for the prince reigns.

His children are not brought up in a palace, but in a houſe: he endeavours to make men of them, not princes, which they are already. The education they receive makes them early acquainted with the misfortunes from which their birth

birth exempts them. Their hearts are expoſed to every thing that can render them open to pity and beneficence.—I have ſeen in their hands the works of Locke.

"I only know," ſaid the grand duke one day, "two ſorts of men in my dominions, men of "worth and bad men."

Preparations are this moment making to entertain the king and queen of Naples; a very moderate tax was propoſed to him to defray the expences of them. "My wife," ſaid he, "has ſtill "three millions worth of jewels *."

The grand duke is happy, for his people are happy, and he believes in God.

What muſt be the enjoyment of this prince, when every evening, before he ſhuts his eyes upon his people, before he allows himſelf to go to ſleep, he renders an account to the ſovereign Being of the happineſs of a million of men during the courſe of the day! Figure to yourſelf ſuch a prince, enjoying ſuch a confidence in God.

I had almoſt forgotten an apophthegm of this modern Titus. A perſon was regretting one day before the grand duke, that his territories were not more extenſive. "Alas," cried he, "they contain but too many who are wretched."

* Three millions of livres.

LETTER XXVI.

Piſa.

WHEN ſpeaking to you yeſterday of the grand duke, I only diſplayed the rays of the ſun; I will now exhibit to you his ſpots; ſuch, at leaſt, as are imputed to him; ſuch as Envy pretends to have diſcovered, but with thoſe vicious optics which have themſelves created theſe ſpots.

It is alledged againſt the grand duke,

"That ſince he has eſtabliſhed the abſolute liberty of commerce and of induſtry, the artizans are without bread."

"That ſince he has prohibited the impriſonment of debtors, the neceſſitous can no longer borrow any money."

"That he protects mendicants."

It is alledged, in fine, againſt the grand duke,

"That he hates the fiſcal ſyſtem, and the nobility, and takes every opportunity to oppoſe and haraſs them."

Permit me to relate the converſation I had with an extremely well-informed perſon, on the three firſt heads of accuſation. We will diſcuſs the fourth afterwards.

I have

I have viſited, ſaid I to him, the hoſpital of Piſa; I never ſaw hoſpitals where humanity had leſs to complain of palaces. The inſcription we read over the gate is no flattery: the proviſion of Leopold, father of the poor: *Providentia Leopoldi patris pauperum.*

This I have ſeen and examined with my own eyes.

It might ſtill be better, replied the perſon to whom I was ſpeaking.—Theſe hoſpitals have at leaſt one great advantage; they are well aired; air is of the greateſt importance to health, and the moſt efficacious remedy in ſickneſs.—You have ſeen our hoſpitals? You do not travel then like the *mob* of Engliſhmen? There are not two in a hundred of them who ſeek for information. To hurry over a number of leagues by land or water, to drink punch and tea in taverns, to ſpeak ill of every other nation, and continually to boaſt of their own, is all the generality of Engliſhmen underſtand by travelling: the poſt-book is their only ſource of information.

But tell me, I beg of you, what have been the conſequences of the unreſtrained liberty of commerce?

—So good an effect, that I would not adviſe any one to attempt to reſtore the reſtrictive ſyſtem, unleſs he wiſhes to be ſtoned to death by the people. I have read every thing that has been done and written

written in your country for and againſt this liberty. Experience has decided the queſtion in favour of it. Before it was eſtabliſhed, there were two bad years in Tuſcany, the ſtate was obliged to purchaſe corn at the expence of a hundred thouſand crowns, there were frequent riots, and famine was felt but too ſeverely. Since the freedom of commerce, there have been three ſtill worſe years; no corn was purchaſed, no debts were contracted, there have been no commotions, and yet Tuſcany has received ſufficient ſupplies. I am of opinion, indeed, that for liberty of commerce to be ſalutary, it muſt be intirely unreſtrained; when you obſtruct the courſe of rivers, there will always be ſtagnations and overflowings. The liberty of commerce has ſingularly augmented cultivation and induſtry; the huſbandman is rich, and the artizan enjoys plenty. The firſt years of this experiment encountered many difficulties, but ſuch is the caſe in all firſt attempts. When liberty firſt learns to go alone, it always gets a fall; but each fall is a leſſon, and ſtrength increaſes with every ſtep.—Undoubtedly, ſaid I, all laws which prohibit any thing but offences are oppreſſive.

I then enquired whether the grand duke exerted himſelf in extirpating mendicants from his ſtates, for mendicity is one of the deep wounds, one of the great crimes of modern ſocieties. Mendicity is the opprobrium of mankind.

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The government does its endeavour, replied my informer, but it cannot proceed rapidly; mendicity is favoured by religious prejudices and private interests; beggars are employed here to know what passes in the churches; how many tapers have been burnt at the *salut*; what priest officiated: besides that, these beggars are used to execute many petty commissions for a very trifle. Were the government to restrain mendicity superstition would exclaim against impiety, and avarice against despotism: mendicity therefore has stronger and deeper roots in Tuscany than any where else; they spread and fasten themselves under the altars.

Is it true then, I next asked, that the prohibiting creditors to imprison their debtors has occasioned less money to be lent to the necessitous, and that they have fewer resources in time of need?

Such an effect was apprehended; but the event has removed our fears. The pledge of personal liberty never determined men to lend; this was a security which was always useless or burthensome. The law has left creditors the power of seizing property. Every necessitous man will find money to borrow on his probity; he who is void of that, will not find it; but this is an advantage: It is impossible to render probity too necessary.

Satisfied

Satisfied with theſe ſenſible though ſimple anſwers, I enquired whether the torture and capital puniſhments were ſuppreſſed in Tuſcany?—They are; not by a law but by order; experience is waited for to form them into a law.—In fact, experience alone reveals every ſecret benefit and every hidden evil; and a ſalutary legiſlation, like rational philoſophy, ſhould be experimental. Laws muſt be confirmed by experiment.

The converſation next turned on the privilege of afylum, ſuppreſſed in Tuſcany, and continued at Rome; on the abuſes and ſcandal of that practice; on the impoſſibility that the eccleſiaſtic ſtate ſhould be well governed; on a bull which excommunicates all thoſe who import from the pope's dominions certain merchandize into Tuſcany. A peaſant, ſaid the perſon with whom I was talking, anſwered me one day pleaſantly enough, "that this excommunication did him no harm, as it could only fall on his aſs which carried the prohibited commodity, and that, fortunately, his back was ſtrong enough." We ſpoke likewiſe of the convention between all the different ſtates of Italy, except Genoa and Tuſcany, for delivering up criminals; and of many other objects of political œconomy.

With whom had I this converſation? To whom did I make theſe objections? Who was he that thus reſolved them? An author? A magiſtrate?

A pri-

A private individual?—It was the grand duke. It was he who granted me an hour's audience, who permitted me to queſtion him, and to object to and criticiſe what he ſaid: it was the grand duke who always ſaid, *They have done: The government has done*; who never ſpoke of himſelf: it is the grand duke who poſſeſſes this reaſon, this ſimplicity, this condeſcenſion: it was the grand duke who refuſed and avoided all my compliments; who parried them with an addreſs that I could hardly ever beguile: it was the grand duke who talked with me, ſtanding, for an hour, in a cabinet, where a ſimple table is his bureau, a few unpainted deals his only writing deſk, and a candle, in a tin candleſtick, his light; for the grand duke has no other luxury than the happineſs of his people.—And the grand duke reigns only over Tuſcany!

On coming from this audience I was admitted to that of his three elder children, the eldeſt of whom is ſixteen. Count Manfredini their governor, and worthy of being ſo, introduced me into their chamber; for their apartment (I have already ſaid ſo, but it is well to repeat it) their apartment is a chamber, and their palace a houſe.

I found the eldeſt reading Monteſquieu on the grandeur and decline of the Romans.—Your highneſs then is learning hiſtory?—Yes, ſir, it is my chief ſtudy, with Locke's Eſſay on the Human Under-

Understanding.—Your highness studies Locke! It will be very useful to you to have decomposed the human understanding in your cabinet, when you will one day have to govern the minds of men. But permit me to invite you to add to the reading of Locke, the Art of Thinking, and the Logic of the Abbé de Condillac.—We know there are such works, we will read them.

We then conversed on Locke and Condillac on the advantages of metaphysical research which alone leads to truth, and on the analytical spirit, which alone discovers it; on the system of the combination of ideas, so fertile in important truths, which Condillac pretends to have invented, but which is to be found complete in Locke. I was delighted, I was most sensibly affected at seeing a prince studying the nature of man, in order to learn the art of rendering men happy. This prince will be able to govern by himself; for he will know how, he will be able to have a will.

Walking this morning in the botanical garden, I met a child to whom the demonstrator was pointing out the plants; this was a son of the grand duke. It is delightful to see the children of kings in company with Nature.

We must now quit the grand duke at Pisa, and go in search of him at Leghorn. For the grand duke is indeed to be found in every part of his territories, and every body knows it. This is his *police*.

Some

Some body ſaid to me: you muſt not think ſo highly of the grand duke for loving the people; the prince of ..... loves them likewiſe. The grand duke, replied I, loves the people; the prince of ..... loves the populace.

LETTER XXVII.

Florence.

I SHALL now proceed to ſay ſomething concerning the celebrated gallery.

In the veſtibule we find the portraits of all the Medici, who collected in the gallery that multitude of maſterly productions. This is at once judicious and juſt. The Medici ſeem to be aſſembled in this veſtibule that they may together do, to ſtrangers, the honours of their palace, and of the remains of their power.

I took a pleaſure in contemplating thoſe eight Medici, in whoſe hands, for ſeveral centuries, amid civil and foreign wars, and the intervals of peace by which they were divided, the ſupreme power, which, at this day, governs Tuſcany, inſenſibly increaſed, from that firſt influence of abilities, virtues, and riches, which began the monarchy,

monarchy, to the authority contained in the title of prince, and all the pomp of habit and inſignia which attend on ſovereignty.

In the gallery they reckon fifty-eight antique ſtatues, eighty-nine antique buſts, and three groupes, which are no leſs ſo; beſides a multitude of grand paintings.

I ſhall firſt ſpeak of the ſtatues.

The firſt that attracted my attention is a ſuperb horſe, which appears to bound impatiently from the marble; and with his feet, his noſtrils, his mane, and his eyes, feeling himſelf at length created, ſeems to demand the earth, and to annihilate diſtance.

Let us approach that Roman who is harranguing. It is Cæſar: his whole body ſpeaks. It was the eloquence of that mouth which enchained the world.

How admirable is that Apollo! How beautiful is the ſhape! How flowing and how fugitive is that outline! How inſenſible the connexion of every member! The gentleſt and the pureſt breath of life inſpires, ſupports, and animates thoſe beauteous limbs. How happily is that head conceived! Futurity ſeems manifeſt in that glance!

In vain may the imagination exert all its powers, inſpired by the numberleſs beauties of returning ſpring, in a grove of lilacs and roſes, on the bank of a murmuring rivulet, to the cooing of turtles,

turtles, and the ſong of the nightingale; never will it be able to produce any thing more delicious than that Flora. All her charms burſt forth in a moment like the flowers in her hand.

Who is that charming god? It is Mercury. How then was the god of love made? This body is truly divine: It has never felt the wants of the body, it has only experienced its pleaſures; pleaſures too without alloy. What harmony in theſe forms! What melody! Yes, they compoſe for the eye, (pardon me the expreſſion) a delightful air. There is a muſic of colour and of form, as there is a muſic of ſound.

Beſide this Mercury, you ſee a Bacchus. Though beſide this Mercury, that Bacchus is ſtill beautiful. Michael Angelo has brought this god nearer to humanity. A tender woman will prefer the Mercury: an empaſſioned woman will make choice of the Bacchus.

But look at that other Bacchus, which ſtill ſurpaſſes the former. He is leaning on a faun. What admirable delicacy in all thoſe members, and the whole outline! This Bacchus eſcapes the eye: it is, if I may ſo ſay, like what remains of a beloved object, in a tender imagination, after an abſence of ſome time. What! is that the famous Bacchus of Michael Angelo! ſaid an *amateur* to me, where then is the drunkenneſs that ſhould characteriſe Bacchus? He does not ſeem intoxicated!

cated! he does not ſo much as reel! Was Bacchus, replied I, a man?

I cannot ſtop at each of theſe ſtatues; they have all their peculiar beauties, and others which are common to them all. In all of them, the nudity is fleſh, the drapery of ſtuff; in all of them, the imagination eaſily removes the drapery by which they are veiled; their thickeſt veſtments are but veils.

That ſingle outline, with which nature traces out the human body, has here aſſumed, under the chiſel, and the genius of different artiſts, the moſt agreeable forms, the moſt flexible motion, and the ſofteſt undulations: that line forms no angle; but inſenſibly ſinks and riſes; never is it interrupted, nor ever does it arreſt the eye; each form is continually the beginning of another. It was thus Racine, Virgil, and Fenelon wrote. Had the Greeks then learnt from art all the properties of that creative line; had they ſtudied and diſcovered all it was capable of producing to enchant the eye; or did nature herſelf preſent it them in the human forms ſhe gave birth to in her favoured climate? Did the Grecian artiſts, in a word, only imitate a happier nature; or did they invent its perfections?

I ſhall not ſtay to ſay any thing of that Laocoön, copied by Bandinelli; the original is at Rome.

Let

Let us now return, and haſtily run over that collection of buſts of the emperors and empreſſes of Rome. Let us caſt down our eyes, there is Antinoüs; let us turn them aſide, that is Nero; let us fix them here, for this is Marcus Aurelius; let us once more throw them round us at a venture; behold that crowd of emperors of a day whoſe names are almoſt forgotten. Theſe are the deſpots which ſucceeded each other for the ſpace of three hundred years!

Thoſe are the eyes, the mouths, the eye-brows, the foreheads, before which, the human race trembled for ſo many centuries, while blood and tears ſtreamed from one end of the world to the other, in conſequence of their ſlighteſt motions!!

Trajan, Titus, Marcus Aurelius, at ſight of you, I ſmile, as does the world at the mention of your names.

LETTER XXVIII.

Florence.

NO, I ſhall never forget this picture.

Chriſt is repreſented extended on the croſs, at the foot of which is his mother looking up at him, but with an air of ſo much indifference, that it ſeems to be neither her ſon, nor a man crucified ſhe is looking at. How ſublime is this indifference! She is acquainted with the myſterious ſecret of his death—Thus thought Michael Angelo.

Why is that cieling thus loaded with Arabeſques? Why ſuch paltry ornaments? Why any ornaments at all in the gallery of Florence?—They are by Michael Angelo. What then! Take them hence, and ſend them to the dreſſing-rooms of Paris. The Arabeſques of Michael Angelo put me in mind of the fugitive pieces of Corneille.

How! A collection of portraits cloſe to the collection of theſe fine antiques! Artiſts, remember nothing can univerſally intereſt but beautiful nature at reſt, or common nature in motion! Every thing elſe can only intereſt a ſingle coun-

try

try and a ſingle age; every thing elſe is periſhable.

But what taſte muſt it have been to place, among ſo many fine paintings, that Venus *combing* love. Does love then ſtand in need of combing? Search rather in the locks of Cupid for a roſe leaf, which, while bending his bow, may have fallen from his crown.

We muſt take another view of this charming Mercury, to efface that Venus from our remembrance.

LETTER XXIX.

Florence.

I SAW yeſterday the celebrated *Improviſatore*, who has made ſo much noiſe in Europe, who was crowned ſome years ago at the capitol, as Petrarch was, and Taſſo ſhould have been; Corilla, the celebrated Corilla, but I arrived too late.

That volcanic imagination is extinct. It ſtill continues, however, from time to time, to emit ſparks.

She read to me ſeveral of her ſonnets. I was unable to comprehend all their beauties, or rather I perceived there were too few, that is to ſay, too few ideas, ſentiments, and images.

The Italians are amuſed and deceived by the ſoftneſs and melody of their language. Charmed with the muſic it affords the ear, they neither look for ſentiments or thoughts; like us Frenchmen, with our pretty women, and our comic operas.

Hence that luxury of words, and that penury of ideas, to be remarked in all their converſation. Inſtead of employing as few words as poſſible to expreſs the thought, they delight in overloading it: But, if the greateſt part of their phraſes

phraſes are ſtripped of theſe, we ſhall ſcarcely find them contain a ſingle idea.

Nothing is more eaſy than to *improviſare*, in Italian; a language where every phraſe may be a verſe, and every word a rhime; in a language which has ſo many echoes. Beſides that an improviſatore is neither required to think, nor to occaſion thought in his hearer. A certain number of common-place expreſſions, of pretexts for words, is all that is expected.

They *improviſe* frequently in ſinging, which is a great aid. Whilſt the voice is ſpinning out the ſounds, the ideas have time to collect; beſides that the very movement of the ſong excites them. The body and ſoul impart a reciprocal motion to each other, like the rider and the horſe. The leaſt noiſe makes a harpſichord, and the brain of man, produce a ſound.

Some Italians feel the inconvenience of that multitude of vowels with which their language ſo abounds.

I obſerved to a poet, who was boaſting greatly of this luxury, that the beſt of Italian writers ſuppreſs the vowels at the end of many words, and multiply the conſonants, in order to create ſhades, to break the uniformity, and to *put a drag*, in ſome meaſure, on the phraſe, precipitated by the vowels.

The Italians who were present, all men of letters, agreed with me. The poet alone kept his ground.

But, said he to me, if you had the choice of writing in two languages, the one composed of vowels, and the other of consonants, would you not prefer the former?—That is as if you were to ask me, whether in painting, I should prefer a pallet provided only with one dark colour, to a pallet with a brilliant rose colour; I should give the preference to neither, for I should be in want of both.

Corilla begged M. Nardini, the most celebrated musician in Italy, to charm us with his violin. This violin seems articulate. He touched fibres in my ear which never yet had trembled. With what delicacy and address does Nardini draw forth harmonious sounds from all the cords of his instrument; and how artfully does he labour and purify its melodious tones!

LETTER XXX.

Florence.

THIS is the fourth time that I have come to ſee it, and I have not yet ſeen it.—Two hours have I been looking at it, and I cannot tire myſelf with looking.—I wiſh I were able to paint, and I cannot even deſcribe it.—It will for ever ſurpaſs the power of the pencil, the chiſel, or even of language, to pourtray its beauties. What words can be found to convey an idea of ſuch tranſcendant charms.—You perceive I am ſpeaking of the Venus de Medicis.

I am now ſitting before this wonderful ſtatue, with my pen in my hand. Figure to yourſelf ſomething a thouſand times more beautiful than the moſt beautiful object you have ever ſeen, a thouſand times more touching than any thing that has ever touched you, a thouſand times more enchanting than all by which you have ever been enchanted: Such is the Venus de Medicis. For in this Venus, every part is Venus.

Every thing you can diſtinguiſh in this perfect pattern of beauty is a grace.

The whole ſurface of that delicate body appears to be blooming with youth, and ſparkling with divinity.

Do

Do not imagine that I exaggerate; I am not hurried away by the enthuſiaſm of admiration. Contemplate that divine face! Does not luxurious pleaſure breath in every feature; as every leaf of a roſe exhales the delicious perfume of the flower.

How does the eye loſe itſelf in a labyrinth of beauties, and wander, or rather glide, from beauty to beauty, from grace to grace, from charm to charm, following an outline the moſt fugitive, from the ſummit of that more than human brow, to the extremity of that divine foot; unable to prefer, unable to dwell on any part; it dares not reſt upon thoſe fingers they are ſo delicate; it dares not repoſe upon that boſom, it is ſo pure!

What ſenſes you exclaim but muſt be all on fire at ſight of the Venus de Medicis?—Thoſe of every man of real ſenſibility. She touches, ſhe moves, ſhe warms; but ſhe does not inflame: She inſpires the heart with that ſoft tenderneſs, pure from every groſſer deſire, which is ſo deliciouſly felt at the firſt birth of love.

But Venus, you ſay, is naked. Are you then inſenſible to that divine air of celeſtial modeſty?

With what thought is Venus occupied? She is not thinking: Venus only feels.

How pleaſing is that gentle inclination of the body! With what grace does that timid foot conceal itſelf beneath that beauteous knee! Venus

ſtands

ſtands on the ground; but ſeems not to be ſupported by it.

By inceſſantly contemplating this ſtatue, I ſometimes am ready to imagine I ſee the goddeſs herſelf, and feel I know not what embarraſſment?

It has been ſaid, that there is ſomething of woman in every thing we admire; it may be ſaid, that there is ſomething of the Venus de Medicis in every thing that charms.

LETTER XXXI.

Florence.

YOU remember James the Second, the unfortunate family of the Stuarts, and the pretender to the Britiſh crown, at firſt ſupported, and afterwards deſerted by France; welcomed at firſt by Rome, but now forgotten, a deſtiny common to the unfortunate: for pity, however divine its nature, is as fugitive and inconſtant as every other paſſion. This pretender is now an old man, oppreſſed with years, infirmities, diſgrace, and, above all, with the name of Stuart. He is at preſent ſtyled the Count of Albany, and is now terminating

terminating at Florence, amidſt the afflictions of a diſtreſſed old age, all his misfortunes and diſappointments, which cannot but have been ſeverely felt by a man deſcended from a race of kings, and unable to forget what was his origin.

He will expire with his eyes fixed on that crown which it has never been in his power to place but on his ſeal, and the pannels of his carriage.

This old man reſided long at Rome, where he kept a court, and was permitted a guard; but refuſed the title of Majeſty. He has left Rome for Florence, where he has neither court nor guard, and where he likewiſe never receives the title of Majeſty; but in return he is accompanied by every virtue that can conſole an infirm old man, an unhappy father, nay even a dethroned king: He has with him his daughter the ducheſs . . . . . If benevolence of heart alone were neceſſary to entitle her to the throne of her anceſtors, ſhe would ſoon aſcend it. She is goodneſs itſelf; but that goodneſs which is ſuperior to reaſon, which ſprings immediately from the heart, which gracefully charms, and even enforces adoration, which though it is a proof of the exiſtence of ſo many virtues, ſcarcely appears to be one.

May the ducheſs . . . . . by happy! May her father forget that the name of *Stuart* ever was the name

name of a king! And may it be remembered by all who look upon his daughter!

The ducheſs ſhewed me the preſents made by Louis XIV. to James II. on his arrival in France, when fate had reduced that king to receive preſents, though from Louis XIV.

She ſhewed me the gold toilet the queen found in her apartment the evening of her arrival. *Times are greatly changed*, ſaid ſhe to me, ſhe ſaid no more. I miſtake; ſhe ſmiled.

Her attention to her father is extremely affecting! When this old man calls to mind that his family have reigned, his tears flow not alone; the ducheſs weeps with him.

The ducheſs has with her a maid of honour, and the count an equerry, who is a lord.—This is all their court, but they do not fall of that reſpect from generous hearts which is ever inſpired by misfortune, old age and virtue.

I ſhall conclude this letter. I wiſh not to interrupt the pleaſing melancholy which has taken poſſeſſion of my ſoul.

LETTER XXXII.

Florence.

IF you would not bluſh at, once with ſhame and pleaſure, never think of entering the cabinet of the *Hermaphrodite;* I dared not even ſay that it is too beautiful. Amiable Modeſty, double your veil in that too celebrated cabinet.

Let thoſe who wiſh to ſee the mercury in bronze, by John of Bologna, loſe not a moment; he appears already on the wing. What lightneſs! The artiſt has ingeniouſly ſuſpended the figure on a ſmall piece of bronze, which imitates and appears really to be the very breath of Boreas. The god is actually in air, yet you do not fear for him; you feel that he is mounting.

What ſoftneſs in the outline; What delicacy in the expreſſion! I ſhould never be able to quit this Mercury, were not my attention called to that Infant Hercules.

All other artiſts ſeem no longer to deſerve notice; they have only repreſented the preſent: He who formed the Infant Hercules has exhibited the future. In that Hercules, who is not yet ten years old, you anticipate the Hercules of thirty.

I paſs

I paſs over all the paintings of the Flemiſh ſchool, all thoſe ſtatues, all thoſe bronzes: I diſregard the croud, the herd of antiques.

What cruel wound has occaſioned the profound grief that veils, in yonder buſt, the face of Alexander! Thou haſt ravaged the world, O mighty conqueror! But the world ſeems to be well avenged.

Behold Brutus. But he is only a ſketch. I read beneath his buſt; *If Michael Angelo has only ſketched out this buſt, it is becauſe he ſuddenly recollected the crime of Brutus, and the chiſel fell from his hands.* What ſlave can have penned this inſcription? Leopold, it was not for you to ſuffer ſuch an injurious inſult on the great Brutus; you have nothing to fear from a Brutus.

How much is it to be regretted that this buſt is only a ſketch! Yet what a ſoul! How much of Brutus does it contain.

The imagination of Michael Angelo muſt have equalled in ſublimity the mind of Brutus.

It is impoſſible to leave the gallery without going to ſee the Tragedy of Niobe, as repreſented in marble.

The whole family of Niobe, to the number of fourteen, are aſſembled in one hall. Already one of her ſons has been pierced with an arrow from the hand of Apollo: he is ſeen, in the middle of the hall, dead and bathed in his blood; the reſt diſmayed,

diſmayed, either fly to hide themſelves, or remain transfixed with fear. On the face of one is depicted terror, on that of another menace, while a third appears already dead. In the countenance of Niobe is concentered the whole ſoul of a mother who ſees her children all cut off at once. How beautiful, how ſublime is this maternal grief! She is endeavouring to protect, and conceal within her arms, the youngeſt of her daughters, who is evidently extremely beautiful, though nothing can be ſeen of her but her ſhoulders. The artiſt appears to have exerted all his ſkill to render them lovely that they might move the compaſſion of Apollo.

The grand duke has collected all this family in one apartment. They might, perhaps, have been combined in a more picturesque manner, and ought not to have been arranged regularly in a circle, but to have remained ſeparate; ſome on the ſummit of a rock, others on the declivity, the reſt below; we ſhould ſee them flying to eſcape.

Let us now take a look at ſome of the pictures.

I do not find the paintings equal to the ſtatues; the canvas in this gallery is far inferior to the marble.

We muſt do juſtice however to that Joſeph. Others are only going away; this is flying: he triumphs,

triumphs, for he reſiſts. The combat of two intereſting paſſions, in a fine face, is truly moving.

The tears in the eyes of that St. Francis are real: they are ready to flow.

That Pilate ſending back Chriſt is an admirable compoſition. He is repreſented as an aged judge, on his ſeat, waſhing his hands in a baſon which is preſented to him: while waſhing, he juſt lifts up his eyes, and an oblique glance, which eſcapes him and falls half on Jeſus, ſeems to ſay, *I do not think this man ſo guilty as his perſecutors pretend. Let them put him to death, if they will; I waſh my hands of it.*

The painter, perhaps, wiſhed me to exclaim, "How affecting is that Magdalen."—He ſhould not have made her pretty then, but beautiful. She is ſuperior however to all the other Magdalens. What compunction is ſeen in that ſweet countenance! What true repentance in thoſe delicious tears! She is ſeated half in the ſhade, againſt a rock, entirely naked, veiled only by her hair and her grief. That hair is indeed divine; it flows over her whole body.

LETTER XXXIII.

Florence.

I WISH I were able to deſcribe the cabinet of natural hiſtory, which the grand duke has employed himſelf in enriching, and M. Fontana in arranging, during the laſt ten years.

Fifty rooms are already full of the treaſures of this collection. Fifty others will be filled.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the elegance and regular diſtribution of this collection; not only does every thing appear, but every thing diſplays itſelf and invites curioſity.

The cloſets of this cabinet reſemble, if I may ſo ſay, the cells of M. Fontana's memory, they are ſtored with all the varieties of the kingdoms of nature.

I could never weary with rambling through theſe chambers, with wandering through all the different realms of nature, with examining all her treaſures; with following her in her diſtribution of life and motion to every organized individual, beſtowing much on ſome, and dealing out her gifts more ſparingly to others; a life and motion which all theſe individuals eventually reſtore to her, in the ſame proportion in which they have received

ble forms; by exhibiting all the various play of that wondrous phenomenon life.

But man principally engages my attention; a model in wax, perhaps more durable than braſs, preſents us, in this cabinet, with a perfect image of our mechaniſm. We ſee all the ſecret parts of that moſt complicated machine, firſt ſeparate and in detail, then collected, combined, and all ready to perform in the grand concert of the œconomy of the human body, each in its proper place; all ready to be called into life!

Theſe detached parts fill twelve rooms; there is not, if I may ſo ſay, a ſingle point of this imitation of man which has not required the ſacrifice of an entire copy of the original. This waxen model has been framed from a thouſand dead bodies. What labour; What patience! But how noble a work have they effected!

The emperor was ſo pleaſed with it, that he ordered a ſimilar one. It will take three years to finiſh it. I have ſeen the artiſts at work on it.

I regret much not having been able to ſtudy this univerſal model of man. A few glances which I threw on the ſyſtem of the nerves, have given me a glimpſe of many ſecrets. Philoſophy is to blame not to deſcend more into the phyſical man; for there the moral man lies hidden. The external is only the proceſs or continuation of the internal man.

Why may I not permit my thoughts to dwell on so glorious a subject?

I could with too to fix my attention on those specimens of all the metals, on their different determinations, on the singular fortune of iron, and of gold.

I could with to study likewise those extraordinary beings we discover in the grain of corn, which, reduced to the last degree of desiccation, and exhibiting apparently all the symptoms of dead matter, yet are organized and living, or rather fit and ready to receive life.

M. Fontana proposed to make this experiment in my presence; he requires nothing but a drop of water. He is particularly careful not to suffer it to fall on this animated *dust*, it would crush it in its fall; but he approaches the drop of water gently at the end of a needle, and by degrees, the diminutive animal is penetrated with coolness; all the atoms of which it is composed approach each other, combine, and form a whole: already motion exists; it gains strength, it increases, a circulation commences, and the animal has life.

The consequences to be deduced from this experiment are of the last importance; they throw a great light upon the life and death of matter.

M. Fontana dares not write upon the subject; he is afraid of being excommunicated. All the power

power of the grand duke would not save him from the consequences of excommunication, which has still great weight, even in Tuscany.

It is not however that M. Fontana's system attacks any dogma of religion: but the word *Reason* alone carries terror with it at Rome.

Before I quit this fine cabinet of natural history, I wish to take a look at that singular stone, which has been water. The water that flows from that fountain in a vase, in an hour's time becomes stone.

M. Fontana has opened many new, or more certain paths, in the labyrinth of Nature. Unfortunately his numerous occupations, and, above all, the proximity of Rome, prevent him from writing, and discourage him sometimes even from thinking.

M. Fontana has a clear, luminous, and methodical mind. The glasses through which he views and studies Nature are perfectly *achromatic*. He sees nothing but what actually exists.

M. Fontana is held in no esteem in Florence, and especially by the nobles, who entertain the utmost contempt for all philosophers: They are not enlightened enough to hate them.

LETTER XXXIV.

Florence.

WHAT ſolidity! What elevation! What circumference! Is this a mountain of marble, hewn into form? It is the cathedral?

You enter, and, at the firſt view, the imagination ſeems raiſed to heaven; but, at a ſecond, again drops to earth; for thoſe gothic columns are too feeble to ſupport it.

The Goths imagined that the great conſtituted the beautiful, and that whatever was enormous muſt be great.

How many writings have we in proſe and verſe, in the Gothic ſtyle!

But proportion! It is not proportion alone that conſtitutes the beautiful; though without it there can be no beauty.

It has been remarked that Nature does nothing by *ſtarts*; Art therefore ſhould imitate Nature.

This rule has been well obſerved in the *Baptiſtery*, or Church of St. John, which has been built at the diſtance of a few paces from the cathedral. Each front is ſupported by two ſuperb columns; the whole edifice riſes and reſts on ſixteen, which form, in the centre, a large vacant ſpace, on which,

which, from the middle of the roof, one ſingle aperture ſheds a ſolemn and religious light, which diffuſes itſelf through the whole church.

This beautiful temple is cloſed by gates of braſs, ſculptured with ſuch admirable art, that Michael Angelo, enraptured at the ſight of them, exclaimed, they deſerved to be placed at the entrance of heaven.

I beg pardon of Horace; but his poetry will not laſt ſo long as theſe brazen gates; it will be impoſſible for time to deſtroy them; many centuries have already paſſed over them, without leaving the trace of a ſingle day.

LETTER XXXV.

Florence.

YOU muſt not omit ſeeing *the Poggio Imperiale*, a country ſeat where the grand duke ſometimes paſſes part of the ſummer.

Its external appearance is not magnificent, the gardens are not ſplendid; but it is ſurrounded with well cultivated fields, the true gardens of a good prince.

When the grand duke is at the Poggio, he has no centry at his gate: he ſeems on a confidential viſit to his people.

The inhabitants of the town, and peaſants, flock thither every Sunday; they come to drink, to ſing, and laugh under the eyes of their ſovereign. They do not reſort thither as in other countries, merely to forget their ſufferings, but to enjoy their happineſs with a greater reliſh.

The grand duke walks frequently among his people, and, by partaking, increaſes their joy; he does not diſdain to taſte thoſe pleaſures, which, though not refined, are no leſs real, and which, in a great meaſure, owe their exiſtence to himſelf.

The grand duke has deviſed a ſure and very ſimple method to prevent complaints againſt men in office, by permitting every one to complain of their

their conduct. He has contrived apertures in the walls of his palaces, by which the grievances of the moſt timid may reach him. Theſe are ſo many paſſages contrived for the admiſſion of truth.

The grand duke reigns neither for the nobles, nor the rich, nor his miniſters, but for his people. He is truly the ſovereign.

LETTER XXXVI.

Florence,

I HAVE been to ſee the imperial library.

It conſiſts entirely of manuſcripts. Nothing can be more abſurd than the value annexed to them; for they have all been printed.

Of what importance is it, in fact, that a manuſcript is a thouſand years old, if it is become uſeleſs? The grand duke judges in the ſame manner of the nobility.

Reſpect for antiquity, whether of monuments, cuſtoms, opinions or families, in a word, for mere antiquity, is a malady of the human mind.

I was ſhewn, with a great deal of parade, a manuſcript of the code of Juſtinian, which they pretend

pretend, not to be the firſt, but the moſt ancient. To have been convinced of the truth of this pretenſion, I needed only to have read two ſmall diſſertations, written after the Italian faſhion, and comprized in one huge volume in folio: Unfortunately, I had not time.

The building of the library is very handſome, and was worthy of the manuſcripts before they were printed. Michael Angelo, who was the architect, died before it was finiſhed, which it now never will be. Who would have the preſumption to compleat a building begun by Michael Angelo, or a poem left imperfect by Virgil?

Florence was the birth-place of Michael Angelo, and there he paſſed a great part of his life. Solicitous for the honour of his country, he has given the finiſhing touches to the one half of its palaces, temples, and monuments: Traces of his genius every where appear, nor has Time been able to efface them.

I was ſtruck with a kind of religious awe on entering the houſe, I had almoſt ſaid the ſanctuary, of this great man; the moſt famous painters have taken a delight in ornamenting it with repreſentations of the noble actions of his life; for he deſerved his talents. Unfortunately for their pictures, thoſe of Michael Angelo recur to our memory.

LETTER XXXVII.

Florence.

THE palace of Corſini is wonderfully magnificent.

It is very rich in paintings. The following are three of them:

The firſt, is *Poetry*. She appears crowned with laurels; you would ſay it is the poetry of Virgil; ſhe is ſo noble, beautiful, and ſimple; ſo much does ſhe reſemble Dido. This is a production of the delicate imagination, and patient pencil of Dolci.

By the ſide of this picture, is a Saint Sebaſtian: likewiſe by Dolci. We are ready to run and endeavour to draw out the arrows.

The third is in quite another ſtyle, and by a very different pencil: it is by Albani. You imagine you ſee the Loves and Graces; nor are you miſtaken. Never did the Loves and Graces forſake Albani.

The time is evening, the Loves are ſeen in a valley, on the flowery banks of a rivulet, laughing, ſinging, and dancing to the ſound of the flute, on which old Silenus is playing to them. One of the cupids remains ſtretched out on the graſs,

graſs, and is looking; the others are making him a ſign to come; but he will not.

Is not this ſcene charming? The cupids are as beautiful as imagination can conceive; and the gravity of old Silenus forms the happieſt contraſt.

I paſſed an hour with the Loves and Silenus in this meadow.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Florence.

HOW is it poſſible to explain this political phenomenon? In Tuſcany there are nobility, no troops, and a deſpot.

The people, in Tuſcany, are happy.

Sovereigns have a certain method of ſubduing ariſtocracy in their ſtates; by arming the people againſt its power, and a ſure method of thus arming the people is to make them happy.

In vain are the great diſcontented, if the people do not ſuffer: In vain are the great in commotion, when the people remain quiet. Princes wiſh to be abſolute; nobles to be independent; but the people only to be happy.

Miſery

Misery or fanaticism alone can drive the people to revolt. The happiness of the people of Rome explains why Nero lived so long.

But how has the grand duke succeeded in rendering his subjects happy? By supplying them with bread, public shews, and taking care that justice be administered; by establishing manufactures, in which the people may employ their time; theatres, where they may forget it; hospitals, where they find health; and tribunals which appear just.

Under cover of the public happiness, the grand duke has attacked, with success, all the privileges of the nobility. He has destroyed the last roots of the democracy, by suppressing fraternities; and the last roots of aristocracy, by suffering the order of senators to die off.

There is now but one class of subjects in Tuscany, and one master.

The grand duke is constrained to govern well; he cannot commit a single fault; for having united the whole political power in his own hands, the republic is ready. Nothing is wanting to the people of Tuscany to recover their liberty, but a tyrant; they already have a despot.

It is the nature of power in every government to tend alternately to unite in one head, and again divide itself into the hands of many. All history

hiſtory is only an exemplification of this remark.

The grand duke, however, does not content himſelf with oppoſing the happineſs of the people to the ariſtocracy: he keeps a ſtrict watch over it.

He diſcovers, if I may ſo ſay, a diſcontented thought ariſing at the very bottom of the ſoul, and ſtops it ſhort by a ſingle word. He is reproached with having ſpies, but his anſwer is: "I have no troops."

The nobility in Tuſcany, however, are not turbulent. The idleneſs of the nobles, the ſource of all ſeditious commotions, is there occupied by the opera, devotion, and ciciſbéiſm.

Nevertheleſs, if they have loſt all hope, they may have preſerved ſome remembrance of what they were: Names ſtill remain among them, which have reigned, have been free, or have heretofore conſpired againſt their tyrants. Theſe names are ever to be dreaded. How was Brutus rouſed to action? By being called on by name: *Brutus, thou ſleepeſt!*

LETTER XXXIX.

Florence.

I HAVE just been to see a picture of Corregio. It surpasses all the pictures of Corregio. It is true, that it is the portrait of his master, of Love.

It is Love, not in his childhood and innocence, but in youth, and adorned with every grace. He does not merely move, he charms. He is not, I believe, sixteen: though there is little doubt but he is more than fourteen.

With his back turned, (he is naked, and is evidently Love), his foot rested on a pile of books, which certainly are not the poets, he is bending a bow and taking aim; between his legs, however, are two little children; they are his; they are embracing each other; one of them is laughing, the other crying, while Love himself smiles. Delicious allegory!

What a happy idea, tender Corregio, presented itself at the end of thy pencil! for, *it was at the end of thy pencil*, saidst thou, *that thy ideas came*. Thy pencil, if I may so say, derived its sentiment from thy heart, as it did its colouring from Nature.

Adieu, delightful Love, son of Venus and Corregio.

LETTER XL.

Florence.

I AM just returned from the palace Pitty, the residence of the grand duke.

What solidity! What elevation! What an extent of buildings! Yet this elevation, this solidity, and this extent, can only excite our attention at a first view. The eye glides over this prodigious surface without meeting with any ornament, without finding a single resting-place; the whole palace appears to be of one stone.

It is necessary, no doubt, in every work of art, that the principal idea should shine conspicuous; but the accessories also ought, at least, to appear.

However this may be, the imagination wandering amid the immensity of the palace Pitty, every where feels itself in the habitation of kings.

It contains so many paintings, that only one is discovered. It would take a month to discriminate and study them; but they are run over in an hour.

What a terrible and sublime composition are the deaths of the rich and poor man, represented by

by the ſide of each other, in the ſaloon of *the four ends of man.*

In the midſt of a ſuperb apartment, on a bed glittering with gold, ſurrounded by prieſts who pray, phyſicians who conſult, friends who are anxious, children who are ſobbing, and a woman who is in deſpair; amid confuſion, conſternation and tears, a man is exhaling, on ſilk and purple, the laſt breath of life. This is the rich man. Whilſt in the corner of a hovel, in the ſhade, on a truckle bed, on ſtraw, under rags mixed with ſtraw, ſomething livid, bloody, and miſshapen hangs in tatters to the ground, half gnawed by dogs who abandon it and fly. This is the poor man.

What a diſtance has ſociety placed between the poor and the rich! and ſhould the poor have the audacity to wiſh to overſtep it, to attempt to approach the rich, the whole phalanx of the laws is drawn up againſt him to drive him back to his original wretchedneſs, or haſten his death.

Death alone is juſt with reſpect to the rich and the poor; beneath his ſcythe all alike indiſcriminately fall: Death knows only one ſpecies of mortals.

I was reflecting on ſociety, on what is called juſtice, which, for the moſt part, is at preſent only injuſtice hallowed by cuſtom; my imagination

tion had paſſed in review all the miſeries which are the reſult of civilization, and was entering the foreſts of Canada to enquire of the ſavage in what happineſs conſiſted, when I found myſelf in the beautiful gardens of the palace Pitty, amid the earlieſt flowers of the ſpring, fanned by the breath of Zephyr, at the hour when the nightingale chaunts forth her moſt tender and amorous complaints. How delightful was the evening! It ſeemed as if the day quitted Nature with regret. I cannot expreſs with what pleaſure I indulged my mind, harrowed by ſo many gloomy images, in all the charms of the ſeaſon and the place. I determined to enjoy the Spring, Nature, and Life; that Life which I beheld on all ſides burſting forth, the offspring of Love, on every branch, on every leaf, on every flower around me. Oh! how ſuperior are the beauties of Nature to thoſe of Art!

LETTER XLI.

Florence.

A FEW years ago there were four academies at Florence; they produced nothing; they were four academies.

The grand duke has united them in one, under the title of the Florentine Academy; but he has in vain created two hundred places, unleſs he could have created at the ſame time two hundred men of abilities.

The conſtitution of the academy is not calculated to give birth to great talents, ſtill leſs to make them productive; for it is monarchical. It has a perpetual preſident nominated by the prince, two ſecretaries nominated by the prince, and two cenſors likewiſe nominated by the prince. A democracy alone is ſuited to an academy, becauſe liberty alone is favourable to talents.

They have two meetings weekly, which are public. The members open the aſſembly, alternately, by a diſcourſe, the ſubject of which they are at liberty to chuſe. The ſecretary then invites the other academicians to read, and even ſtrangers.

I was present at one of these meetings; it began by a collection of common-place remarks on the life and works of Galileo, which was recited in a kind of chanting tone, from one end to the other.

This *psalmodizing*, if I may so call it, of the Italians, is extremely disagreeable; the monotony of it is insupportable. These relics of the singing tongue, produce a most unhappy effect in language when spoken. The Italians and the partisans of their language, are ignorant, no doubt, that the feelings alone, according to the sentiments to be expressed, should modulate the discourse. All these artificial inflexions oppose those of Nature, and prevent all possibility of their being heard. Speech, in this case, originates merely in, and proceeds only from the lips.

After the common-place observations on Galileo, a youth availed himself of the secretary's invitation, to sing out a sonnet on the soul.

He was a Jew: the only remarkable circumstance attending his sonnet.

An improvisatress then got up, and sang some verses, on the death of one of her female friends, at which every body laughed.

The business of the meeting was concluded by the comte de . . ., who very modestly read an idyl, which he had published. He was not so much

much to blame, for the idyl appeared to be new.

He did not confine himself to the reading of his idyl, he acted it.—What grimaces for a shepherdess!

None of the academicians have particular places allotted them at these meetings, except the president, the secretaries, and the censors; a reason, perhaps, why they occupy none in the world of letters.

Every thinking man in this academy blushes, and laments their situation.

The grand duke wished them to continue the Italian dictionary, begun by the academy Della Crusca. They declined it, and they were to be commended. It is rash to endeavour to fix a language not yet formed, nay, perhaps, even when it is formed.

The formation of a language is the work of great writers, of whom Italy has too few; not more than half of the human heart and judgment has yet passed under the pen of the Italians, nor, consequently, into their language.

There is neither sense nor truth in the assertion, that Sienna is the country of good Italian.

That language has hitherto no country, no home; it is a wanderer; it is still begging on all sides, especially in France.

The various languages of great writers conſtitute ſo many different provinces, which the general language of any country unites under its ſceptre, and which compoſe its empire.

There exiſts in Italy a language of Arioſto, a language of Taſſo, a language of Boccace, a language of Machiavel; but there does not yet exiſt, in Italy, an Italian language.

Count Alfierri, in ſome admirable tragedies, which often breathe the true ſpirit of Sophocles, has lately endeavoured to revive the Italian language of the age of Leo X. but this attempt has not ſucceeded either at Naples or Rome. In theſe two cities, they can endure only *frenchified*, that is to ſay, degenerate Italian.

The Italians, in general, admit that they know not how to make a book; that this is only known in France. They therefore would willingly read nothing but our writings; but the half of theſe eſcapes them. Every thing that is graceful, refined or delicate, in a word, every thing that can eſcape, is loſt to them.

LETTER XLII.

Florence.

I HAVE been to ſee the Academy of Arts, which the grand duke has reſtored.

I viſited the different halls for drawing nudities and plaſter figures, for the ſculptor and the painter.

The hall for the plaſter figures is immenſe; models of all the fineſt ſtatues at this day in Italy are here to be ſeen arranged in two lines.

In the midſt of the moſt beautiful human forms, produced in the happieſt climates, ſelected by the pureſt taſte, expreſſed by the moſt ſublime genius, the imaginations of a hundred young artiſts, continually wander, emulating each other in their endeavours, to comprehend, to feel, or imitate their perfections.

The grand duke ſupplies them with every thing but genius, which Nature alone can furniſh.

I was out of patience in the ſchool of painting.

In Italy, at Florence, the maſter was making his pupils copy one of his pictures!

At Florence, as throughout Italy, all the fine arts are again beginning: they continue to ſketch in the preſence of the great maſter-pieces of ancient genius.

This is in ſome meaſure the fault of the grand duke: the grand duke invites the arts, and has baniſhed luxury!

He wiſhes for architecture, yet builds no palaces. He would have rigid morals, yet preſerve his ſtatues!

The arts, like Nature, produce only in proportion to the conſumption.

Leopold, it is impoſſible to unite Athens and Sparta; you cannot at once be Pericles and Lycurgus.

LETTER XLIII.

Florence.

THE palace Ricardi merits to be ſeen: it was the reſidence of the firſt Medici.

In this palace the Liberty of Florence expired, and the fine Arts were born. The tomb of Liberty was the cradle of the fine Arts.

The gallery of the palace Ricardi is admirable. The pencil of Jordano, as fertile and brilliant as that of Ovid, aſſiſted by the fineſt imaginations of the age he lived in, by philoſophers and poets, painted and peopled the ceiling. It may be ſaid to be a poem the ſubject of which is the deſtiny of man.

The firſt ſubject is the birth of man. Deſtiny, Time, the Fatal Siſters, and Nature are in expectation; Deſtiny makes a ſign to Time, who repeats the ſignal to the Fatal Siſters; they at the ſame moment turn their ſpindle, and an infant is ſeen in the arms of Nature. Prometheus approaches the child, and ſhakes over him his torch; this is the ſpark of life. Already the infant crawls at the feet of Nature, he gets up, he walks, and tries to leave her. In vain does Nature ſtrive to retain him, in vain does ſhe ſhed tears; he is quickly

quickly at a considerable distance, and soon loses himself. After the youth has wandered some time, two paths open before him; the one, beset with flints, thorns, and every thing which can render it rugged: the other, on the contrary, level, and enamelled with flowers. On the side of each of these two roads is seen a company of men and women. Those, beside the first, have a mild, but serious air, without either dress or ornament, except a few leaves of laurel in their hair. They remain upon the edge of the road, from whence, without endeavouring to seduce the traveller, they accost, and seem merely to say to him: *Young man, behold the road of happiness.* These are the talents and the virtues. The company by the side of the level road, infinitely more numerous than the other, present the most striking figures. Their countenances are animated; they laugh, they sing, and play a thousand wanton tricks. How luxurious are their dresses! They have flowers in their hair, on their foreheads, and in their hands. From their manner of smiling, you would imagine them to be the Loves and Graces; yet, on looking at them behind, a light ribbon which binds their heads, discovers that these charming faces are but masks, and through some openings in those masks you get a glimpse of hideous countenances. This troop press forward to meet the traveller; they smile

at

at him, they careſs, they flatter him, they take him by the hand: *Charming ſtranger*, ſay they, *this is the road of pleaſure, then follow us.* He follows them .... the unfortunate man is entangled in the ſnares of vice and vicious habits.

Ingenious allegory! Never did Truth aſſume a more ſplendid or more tranſparent veil!

Oh! for the pencil of Jordano! Oh! for the talent, which this painter poſſeſſed, of imprinting, in a moment, his imagination on the canvas!

LETTER XLIV.

Rome.

HOW different is the road from Florence to Rome, from that of Leghorn to Florence!

After you leave Leghorn, whence Tuſcany once embraced the whole world with the outſtretched arms of commerce, you proceed along a magnificent road, through fields, woods, and vallies, and arrive at Piſa and the Arno.

You then follow the Arno through a vaſt plain, amid the richeſt cultivation, under a moderate temperature, which knows neither the rigour of winter nor the heats of ſummer.

I was extremely delighted to meet, at every ſtep, with fields enamelled with flowers, and women, blooming with health, happineſs, and innocence, ſcattered over the fields. They ſeemed rather to be celebrating games and feſtivals, than occupied in ruſtic labours: they reminded me of thoſe charming nymphs with which fable and the poets have peopled the rural ſhades.

But let us leave, in their beauteous fields, thoſe beauteous females, whom every painter ſhould come in ſearch of, and whom every traveller ſhould fly. Let us enter with the Arno into Florence.

What

What a ſituation is that of Florence! The plain, in the middle of which it is ſeated, is covered with trees of every kind, and above all, with fruit trees. In the ſpring, Florence ſtands in the midſt of a garden of flowers, and merits the name it bears.

But, in proportion as you remove from it, the ground becomes unequal, the culture unvaried, the land ſtrily the men few, the women ugly, the flocks meagre; all nature, in ſhort, degenerates.

Advancing into Tuſcany, I came to Sienna, which has nothing remarkable but the groupe of *the Three Graces*, placed in the middle of the facrilty of the cathedral, between a *dying Chriſt* and a *Reſurrection*.

At their feet the prieſt prepares himſelf for maſs; and they are quite naked!

On leaving Sienna, the country aſſumes a totally different aſpect. We find no more cultivation, no flocks, no habitations, no men. The reign of Nature and of Leopold ſeems here to terminate.

Gaining, after a journey of three hours march, from hill to hill, from rock to rock, the rugged ſummit of Radico-Fani, I found myſelf in the midſt of chaos, all around was a ſilent deſert; it was then night; but the next day, in deſcending to Ronciglione, I found the dawn,

dawn, the ſong of the nightingale, the firſt ſhoot of the hawthorn, vallies cloathed with verdure, and the celebrated lake of Thraſimenus and city of Viterbo all in flower: and in an inſtant, by a new contraſt, as if traverſing the enchanted abodes of Armida, under the fineſt ſky, all motion ſeems to ceaſe, and you meet with neither life nor vegetation. At a diſtance, you have a view of Rome: the moment after every thing diſappears.

On theſe roads, which in ancient times were thronged by kings and nations from every corner of the univerſe, over which rolled triumphal cars, in which the Roman armies raiſed clouds of duſt, and where the traveller met Cæſar, Cicero, and Auguſtus; I met only with pilgrims and with beggars.

At length, by continually proceeding through this deſart, through ſolitude and ſilence, I found myſelf among ſome houſes, I could not refrain from dropping a tear: I was in Rome.

What! Is this Rome? Rome, that once ſpread her terrors to the extremities of Aſia; and is it now this deſart, announced only by the tomb of Nero!

No, this is not Rome; it is merely the dead body of that illuſtrious city; the country round is her tomb; and the wretched populace, that ſwarm within her walls, the worms that devour the carcaſs.

LETTER XLV.

Rome.

I ARRIVED yeſterday evening very late.

I could not cloſe my eyes all night. The whole night the reflection continually recurred to my mind, *Thou art at Rome.* Ages, emperors, nations, every thing great, intereſting, and awful, which the great name of Rome muſt for ever ſuggeſt, occupied my whole ſoul.

I was impatient till the firſt dawn of day ſhould exhibit to my eyes the ancient capital of the world.

At length I behold Rome.

I behold that theatre where human nature has been all that it ever can be, has performed every thing that it ever can perform, has diſplayed all the virtues, exhibited all the vices, brought forth the ſublimeſt heroes, and the moſt execrable monſters, has been elevated to a Brutus, degraded to a Nero, and re-aſcended to a Marcus-Aurelius.

The air in which I am now breathing is that in which Cicero enchanted all ears with his eloquence: the Cæſars uttered ſo many terrible commands, and the popes pronounced their myſterious and ſuperſtitious inchantments.

What

What rivers of blood have moiſtened this earth! How many tears have flowed within theſe walls! Horace and Virgil here recited their immortal verſes!

Let us go; but whither? I am in the midſt of Rome, as in the middle of the ocean. Three Romes, like three quarters of the world, preſent themſelves to me at the ſame time; the Rome of Auguſtus, the Rome of Leo X. and the Rome of the reigning pope.

Which ſhall I firſt viſit? They all at once invite me. Where is the capitol? Where the Muſeum of Clement XIV? Lead me to the Arch of Titus. Let me view the Pantheon. Shew me Saint Mary Major. I would ſee the Tranſfiguration of Raphael. Where is the Apollo of Belvidere? How is it poſſible to fix the attention or give a preference to any object at Rome.

I muſt begin by ſtraying without choice amid theſe venerable ruins to wear off that firſt impatience of ſeeing, which would always prevent me from ſeeing well.

I am at Rome then! I am in that city which excites the attention of the whole world!

There is not a ſtone here but conceals ſome valuable knowledge; which might not ſerve to complete the hiſtory of Rome, and of the arts; Let us learn to interrogate them, for they ſpeak.

LETTER XLVI.

Rome.

I EMPLOYED yeſterday afternoon in ſearching, in the modern city, for the moſt intereſting remains of ancient Rome; thoſe which the ſcythe of time, the axe of the barbarians, or the torch of fanaticiſm have not deſtroyed; for they have reſpected none.

How little of this prodigious city now remains entire!

The Pantheon and the Coliſeum form the two principal remains, mutilated and ruined as they are; but retaining, even in this ſtate, ſomething ſo noble and ſo Roman, that the fame of Rome aſtoniſhes no more, and that Rome ſtill aſtoniſhes.

I firſt directed my ſteps towards the Pantheon, dedicated by Agrippa to all the gods, and ſince, I know not by what pope, to all the ſaints.

This conſecration has preſerved the Pantheon from the general pillage and deſtruction which the other temples have undergone.

It has been deſpoiled of every thing that made it rich; but they have left all that made it great. It has loſt its marbles, its porphyry, its alabaſter, its bronzes; but it has preſerved its dome, its periſtyle, and its columns.

How

How magnificent is this periſtyle! The eye is firſt attracted by eight Corinthian columns, on which reſts the pediment of this immortal monument.

Theſe columns are beautiful from the harmony of the moſt perfect proportions, the moſt exquiſite workmanſhip, and the lapſe of twenty centuries, which adds to their grandeur and the awe they inſpire.

The eye can never tire with mounting with them in the air, and following their deſcent.

They preſent, I know not what appearance of animated life, that creates a pleaſing illuſion; an elegant ſhape, a noble ſtature, and a majeſtic head, round which the acanthus, with leaves at once ſo flexible and ſo ſuperb, forms a crown, which, like that of kings, ſerves the double purpoſe of decorating the auguſt head to which it gives a ſplendor, and diſguiſing the immenſe weight that loads it.

How richly does architecture, which creates ſuch monuments, merit a place among the fine arts!

Architecture has here compoſed an harmonious concert to the eye.

Purity of forms is to the eye, what purity of ſounds is to the ear.

How ſimple, and at the ſame time how grand, is the idea of that pediment and thoſe eight columns!

lumina! The mind catches and retains it like one of the fine verſes of Corneille.

It was not by the confuſion of a multitude of different and ſingle impreſſions, that the Greeks ſought to excite, to move, to ſatisfy the ſenſibility of our nature: they employed but one: but they knew that ſhould be great; they repeated it often, and modified it with all thoſe fugitive ſhades of inſenſible gradation of which it was ſuſceptible.

By this means they gratified two ſingular caprices of our ſenſes, which, at once indolent and graſping, are deſirous at the ſame time to preſerve the firſt ſenſation, and receive a new impreſſion.

We find this ſyſtem of the beautiful *Ideal*, conſtantly realized in their architecture, their ſculpture, their painting, their muſic, their eloquence, their poetry, and even in the dreſs and ornaments of their women.

There exiſts, in fact, but one ſpecies of the Beautiful, as there is only one kind of poetry or logic, whether it be produced by ſounds, colours, or forms, or with thoſe combinations of forms, colours and ſounds, ſo complicated and ſo aſtoniſhing, which are called ſentiments and ideas.

The Greeks were fortunate in having diſcovered ſo early the true principle of this beautiful

Ideal; they have ſcarcely produced any thing but what is a maſter-piece.

The moderns have not been ſo happy: whenever therefore they forſake the path traced out by the Greeks, they ſeldom make three ſteps together without ſtumbling or loſing their way.

This has been the caſe with the Berninis and the Borrominis, who, by the ſide of monuments that diſplay the fineſt taſte have erected others in a ſtyle equally depraved and ridiculous.

Let us only compare our modern artiſts, in general, with thoſe of Greece.

The Grecian artiſts were all of them more or leſs initiated in philoſophy, poetry, and eloquence: It was genius, and not neceſſity, that put into their hand the chiſel, the pencil, or the pen.

They ſelected from among theſe different inſtruments that which was beſt adapted to their abilities and genius. Not unfrequently they made uſe of them alternately. The fine arts, to them, were but different dialects of the ſame language, of the ſacred language of the Beautiful. They knew how to extract the Beautiful, even from braſs and ſtone, as Geſner and Haller have known how to produce it from the German language.

I am

I am throwing together here, without order, all the ideas that ſuggeſted themſelves to me yeſterday while meditating on the Pantheon.

While admiring the propriety and truth with which this edifice is embelliſhed, I could perceive that the Greeks, with reaſon, thought that not even ornaments are exempted from their utility; that decoration ſhould be beſtowed only on the ſurface and extremities of the neceſſary parts; and, in a word, that the baſis of every ornament ſhould be utility.

This is the ſource likewiſe of a moſt ſenſible pleaſure; for it is matter of aſtoniſhment, that what is ſo neceſſary, ſhould be at the ſame time ſo agreeable.

I am never weary of contemplating, in imagination, this beautiful periſtyle. All thoſe ſtones lay in one block in the quarries: the hand of man divides them, draws them forth, and hews them; the paſſenger tramples them under foot: But genius comes; he takes theſe ſtones, he places, he diſpoſes them; at length behold them in the air; and my eye, my whole ſoul, now pauſes before them, ſeized with an emotion, a reſpect, a pleaſure, which at once aſtoniſhes and charms.

Thus does muſic act, in compoſing from all the ſimple ſounds and accents of the human voice

thoſe admirable airs, which the heart accompanies with the voice, and dwells on after the ſong is ended.

I do not regret the marbles which once formed the coating of the Pantheon.

The duſky hue of time, with which it now is tinged, is well worth the ſplendid colours of the marble, that gave it ſuch brilliancy in former days.

We pardon time for inſenſibly carrying off ſomething from the ſurface of theſe columns; it ſubſtitutes years in recompence: There is a wonderful magnificence in duration!

But it is impoſſible to pardon Bernini, who placed thoſe two ſteeples between the periſtyle and the rotunda.

The gate of the rotunda is, indeed, the gate of a temple! It is indeed that of the Pantheon. That through which multitudes of all nations muſt inceſſantly have thronged, continually impelled thither by every ſpecies of ſuperſtition.

As I advance toward the temple, my imagination progreſſively anticipates the preſence of all the gods. But I enter .... The gods are no longer there ..... The Pantheon is a deſert!

Here was it, that the univerſal cauſe was repreſented complete in the collection of all the ſymbols

ſymbols of his different influences, allegorized, perſonified, and denominated gods.

The allegorical veil which covered them was ſo fine, time and cuſtom had ſo fitted it to the bodies, that the human eye could no longer diſtinguiſh it from thoſe bodies.

Theſe influences of one only cauſe were ſoon converted into real beings: Afterward theſe beings became gods; thoſe gods, men; and thoſe men, monſters; until expoſed to the ſearching light of philoſophy, theſe monſters have dwindled into phantoms.

What a revolution! Where Venus was once the object of worſhip, they now adore the Virgin. A God upon a croſs has taken the place of a god wielding thunder.

The deſign of the Pantheon is ſimple and grand. Its circular form is happy. Its circumference is majeſtically vaulted with a vaſt cupola. But why all thoſe gewgaws of gold and marble? It is difficult to determine who has done the moſt injury to this ancient edifice. the barbarians who deſpoiled, or the popes who have ornamented it.

This then is the Pantheon, which aſtoniſhed the Roman imagination, but did not aſtoniſh that of Michael Angelo! That Pantheon, which had been a thought of the Auguſtan age, and was, eventually, but one of the ideas of Michael

Angelo; the dome of his church of Saint Peter! You admire, ſaid he, to the gazing nations, the enormous maſs of the Pantheon, and are aſtoniſhed that the earth can ſupport it: I will place it in the air.

The genius of Michael Angelo conceived ſuch things, and his hand executed them.

What a pity that modern taſte ſhould have whitened the dome of the Pantheon! This colour has brought it nearer to the earth. To whiten an antient edifice, is worſe than to blacken a modern one. Yet Benedict XIV. committed this outrage on the dome of the Pantheon!

I leave to others the taſk of enumerating all the marbles, all the porphyry, and all the granite which enrich the inſide of the Pantheon. It poſſeſſes a much more precious treaſure, the aſhes of Raphael.

Carlo Maratti has erected a monument to Raphael, where Agrippa would have erected to him an altar.

This great man died in 1520, at the age of thirty-ſeven. Let us approach his tomb, and read:

> Ille hîc eſt Raphaël, timuit quo ſoſpite vinci
> Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.

Cardinal Bembo has given us wit in theſe verſes, in which he only ſhould have expreſſed grief.

grief. Why did he not content himſelf with ſaying: *Hic eſt Raphaël!* Here lies Raphaël.

I had been to ſee ſome of Raphaël's pictures in the morning. Alas! when we have juſt ſeen the works of a great man, how much more are we affected by his tomb!

LETTER XLVII.

Rome.

YESTERDAY was the feaſt of Saint Louis de Gonzago, a Jeſuit, conſequently a high feſtival in the church of Saint Ignatius.

I followed the crowd, and went to hear *the opera of the Veſpers*, and to ſee the *illumination* of the *Salut*. Theſe expreſſions are perfectly expreſſive of what paſſes here, in the celebration of ſuch ſolemnities.

The whole ſervice is performed to muſic; there is nothing but walking about, chatting, laughing, and crowding round the orcheſtras.

Not a day in the year, but there are two or three of theſe exhibitions, and all equally run after.

On

On coming from the *Salut* you repair to the ſtreet of *Il Corſo*, to eat ice, ſup with ladies at a tavern, or be preſent at a ball and fire-work near the church, at the houſe of ſome devotee of the pariſh, or protector of the convent. The particular friends of the ſaint illuminate.

The feaſt of St. Louis de Gonzago, is celebrated with a very peculiar pomp. Though the Jeſuits are ſuppreſſed, no change has taken place in the ceremonies cuſtomary in their churches: all their riches likewiſe are preſerved.

The chapel of the Saint exhibits a magnificence, not entirely Roman, but Jeſuitical. The altar is of ſilver, chaſed with admirable art, and on it are a great number of chandeliers of lapis lazuli.

In the fore part of the altar is an aperture, into which, in the time of the Juſuits, the people threw, and ſtill continue to throw, letters addreſſed to the Saint, containing a requeſt to him to preſent ſuch and ſuch petitions to God, and to ſecond them with his good offices.

The Jeſuits had perſuaded the Italians that St. Louis de Gonzago was very ready ſo to do, and that he was in ſuch favour with God, that he ſeldom miſſed his aim.

The Jeſuits did not miſs theirs: they penetrated by this artifice the moſt hidden ſecrets of every family.

As

As the fore part of the altar was removed on account of the feſtival, I could ſee, in the box, a great number of letters.

One was put into the poſt while I was ſtanding there; it was addreſſed, *To Saint Louis de Gonzago.* The writer had forgot to add, *to be left till called for.*

The muſic, partly produced by thoſe inſtruments, called *Caſtrati*, with which delicate ears are ſo much charmed, but which give ſo much pain to hearts of ſenſibility, did not prevent me from examining the church.

The ceiling repreſents St. Ignatius in heaven, at the feet of Chriſt. He appears ſurrounded by a multitude of his diſciples. Below him are the four quarters of the globe, and companies of Jeſuits, conducted by angels, and each holding a flambeau and a ſword, are ruſhing forward on every ſide, to convince infidels, and propagate the goſpel.

On each of the four compartments of the dome, is a maſſacre, choſen from the Old Teſtament.

But the moſt remarkable circumſtance is the inſcription, in large characters, above the high altar; *Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero.—I will be propitious to you at Rome.*

The order of the Jeſuits has been aboliſhed at Rome, yet this inſcription ſtill remains.

The

The ſtatue of St. Louis de Gonzago, by le Groſs, is a maſter-piece, the ſaint himſelf is very handſome.

The Jeſuits have not omitted this ſource of attraction in their pictures and ſtatues.

Their St. Staniſlaus is charming.

They could not fail to remark, that the prayer of a young man was longer and more fervent at the feet of a handſome virgin.—They knew every avenue to the heart.

LETTER XLVIII.

Rome.

THIS morning, as I was paſſing quietly along the ſtreets, in my way to the capitol, I met a coach, in which were two Recollet Friars, the one ſeated backwards, the other forwards, holding between their legs ſomething I could not diſtinguiſh.

Every body ſtopped, and ſaluted, with profound reſpect.

I aſked to whom this reverence was addreſſed. It is, anſwered one of the ſtanders by, to the *Bambino*, which theſe good fathers are carrying to a prelate, who is very ill, and given over by his phyſicians.

I afterwards procured an explanation what this Bambino was.

The Bambino is a little wooden Jeſus richly dreſſed.

The convent, which has the good fortune to poſſeſs this image, neither has nor needs any other patrimony.

As ſoon as any perſon is ſeriouſly ill, they ſend for the Bambino, and always in a coach, for he never goes on foot. Two Recollets conduct, and

and place him by the ſick man, where they remain, at his expence, until he be either dead or recovers.

The *Bambino* is conſtantly running about; they ſometimes fight who ſhall have him, at the gate of the convent, and tear him from each other: In the ſummer eſpecially, he has extraordinary buſineſs, though he makes them pay dearer for his viſits, on account of the demand, and the hot weather. This is but fair.

LETTER XLIX.

Rome.

ON coming out of the Pantheon yeſterday, I went to the capitol.

This place, which gave law to the univerſe; where Jupiter had his temple, and Rome her ſenate; from whence of old the Roman eagles were continually flying into every quarter of the globe, and from every quarter of the globe continually winging their way back with victories; whence a ſingle word from the mouth of Scipio, of Pompey, or of Cæſar, quickly reached the moſt diſtant nations, menacing their liberty, and deciding on the fate of kings; where the greateſt men of the republic, in ſhort, ſtill continued to live after their death, in ſtatues, and ſtill to govern the world with the authority of Romans: this place ſo renowned has loſt its ſtatues, its ſenate, its citadel, its temples; it has retained nothing but its name, ſo cemented by the blood and tears of nations, that time has not yet been able to disjoin the immortal ſyllables of which it is compoſed. It is ſtill called the Capitol.

At the capitol, we perceive in the ſtrongeſt light, the inſignificance of all human things, and the power of fortune.

I ſeek

I ſeek the place where ſtood the citadel.

The Tarpeian rock is more than three-fourths buried.

The traveller cannot conſole himſelf for the ravages which have deſtroyed ſo many noble monuments, but in a muſeum, at a little diſtance, where the popes have collected ſome of their fragments, and with the equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius.

This ſtatue is of braſs, and is the fineſt of the ancient ſtatues which have come down to us: Michael Angelo made a pedeſtal for it.

The critics have found great fault with this ſtatue, and not without reaſon.

That horſe, I admit, is ſhort, heavy, and thick; but he lives, he moves.

LETTER L.

Rome.

I YESTERDAY took a very intereſting walk.

I took my way toward the *Via Appia*, without the gates of the city.

In my way I paſſed through one of the ſuburbs, formerly the moſt populous but now the moſt deſerted: It was once even the moſt brilliant quarter of Rome. It was then, and is ſtill called the *Velabrum*.

This quarter has almoſt fallen back into the ſtate repreſented by Tibullus, in one of his elegies, you will not, perhaps, be diſpleaſed at my reminding you of this deſcription: It is very ſhort:

Sed tunc paſcebant herboſa palatia vaccæ,
Et ſtabant humiles in Jovis arce caſæ.
Lacte madens illic ſuberat Pan ilicis umbræ,
Et facta agreſti lignea falce Pales;
Pendebatque vagi paſtoris in arbore votum
Garrula ſilveſtri fiſtula ſacra Deo.
Fiſtula, cui ſemper decreſcit arundinis ordo;
Nam calamus cera jungitur uſque minor.
At qua *Velabri* regio patet, ire ſolebat
Exiguus pulſa per vada linter aqua

Illa

Illa ſæpe gregis diti placitura magiſtro,
Ad juvenem feſta eſt vecta puella die.
Cum qua fœcundi redierunt munera ruris
Caſeus, & niveæ candidus agnis ovis.

TIBULLUS, Lib. ii. Eleg. 5.

Là même, où le Velabre, étalant ſes portiques,
Fait briller dans les airs vingt palais magnifiques,
La jeune villageoiſe, en voguant ſur les Eaux,
Au fils du poſſeſſeur de ſes riches troupeaux
Portoit, les jours de fête, attentive à lui plaire,
Du lait et des agneaux, doux tribut de leur mere :
La colonnade monte, où l'humble toît rampoit.
Formé d'un bois groſſier, que, ſans art, on coupoit,
Pan, la flute à la bouche, y régnoit ſous un hêtre.
Les pâtres, en offrande, aux pieds du dieu champêtre,
Répandoient un lait pur, et les branches d'un pin
Balançoient les pipeaux qu'y ſuſpendit leur main.

Where now Jove's temple ſwells, low hamlets ſtood,
And domes aſcend where heifers crop'd their food.
Sprinkled with milk, Pan grac'd an oak's dun ſhade,
And ſcythe-arm'd Pales watch'd the moſſy glade;
For help from Pan, to Pan on ev'ry bough
Pipes hung, the grateful ſhepherd's vocal vow,
Of reeds, ſtill leſſening, was the gift compos'd,
And friendly wax th' unequal junctures clos'd,
So where Velabrian ſtreets like cities ſeem,
One little wherry plied the lazy ſtream,
O'er which the wealthy ſhepherd's fav'rite maid
Was to her ſwain, on holidays convey'd;
The ſwain, his truth of paſſion to declare,
Or lamb or cheeſe, preſented to the fair.

GRAINGER.

At

At the end of the *Velabrum*, I found myſelf on the Appian way, and walked along it for ſome time.

I there found the tomb of *Cecilia Metella*, the daughter of that Craſſus whoſe wealth was a counterpoiſe to the name of Pompey, and the fortune of Cæſar.

This celebrated monument, dedicated by an affectionate father, to the memory of his daughter, is a round tower, of a very extenſive circumference; all the upper part of it is deſtroyed. It long ſerved as a fortreſs during the civil wars of Italy, and is ſtill ſurrounded by barracks now in ruins.

I entered the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and ſat myſelf down on the graſs.

The flowers which diſplayed their brilliant colours, in the corner of a tomb, and as I may ſay amid the ſhades of death; the noiſe of a ſwarm of bees, who were depoſiting their honey between two rows of bricks; while the ſurrounding ſilence rendered their pleaſing humming more audible; the azure of the ſky forming, over my head, a magnificent dome, decorated alternately by flying clouds of ſilver and of purple; the name of Cecilia Metella, who, perhaps, was beautiful and poſſeſſed of the tendereſt ſenſibility, and who moſt certainly was unfortunate; the memory of Craſſus; the image of a diſtracted father, who

ſtrives, by piling up ſtones, to immortalize his ſorrow; the ſoldiers, whom my imagination ſtill beheld combating from the height of his tower; all theſe, and a thouſand other impreſſions that I am neither able to explain or to expreſs, gradually plunged my ſoul into a delicious reverie, and it was with difficulty I could leave the place.

LETTER LI.

Rome.

I HAVE not time this evening to enter the Muſeum. I am impatient to be in *the Forum*.

It ſhould be near where I now am. It lay between the Mons Palatinus, where Rome was born, and the Mons Capitolinus, where Rome is buried.

What! *The Forum*, formerly filled with temples, palaces, and triumphal arches, heretofore the centre of Rome, and conſequently of the world, the theatre of ſo many revolutions, can that be it!

With my back to the wall to which the tables of the laws were affixed; ſtanding on the priſon where the accomplices of Catiline were lead to death

death, when Cicero had concluded his harangue; leaning on the trunk of a column of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, I look around me ——— and my eye, wandering through a vaſt ſpace, perceives nothing but fragments of capitals, entablatures, and pilaſters, which in general have loſt both their form and name; it glances over ſix pillars of the temple of Concord, the pediment of the temple of Jupiter Stator, the portico of the temple of Antoninus and Fauſtina, the walls of the public treaſury, the arch of Septimius Severus, and ranging under the vaulted roofs of the temple of Peace, croſſes the ruins of the ſplendid houſe of Nero, and at length fixes on a Corinthian column of white marble, which riſes ſingly in the middle of what was the ancient *Forum*.

What a change! Cattle now low in the place where Cicero harangued! What was celebrated throughout the world by the name of the *Forum Romanum*, is now called, at Rome, the Field of Cows! *

I could never tire with examining the Forum; I wandered from one ruin to another, from an entablature to a column, from the arch of Septimius Severus to that of Titus. Here I ſit down on a ſhaft, there on a pediment, and further on,

* Campo Vaccino.

on a pilaſter. I took a pleaſure in trampling under foot the Roman grandeur: I enjoyed walking upon Rome.

LETTER LII.

Tivoli.

I AM this inſtant arrived at Tivoli; but it is night. No matter; here I am arrived; I ſhall awake to-morrow at Tivoli.

Already the moon ſhews me, near the chamber in which I am to paſs the night, the temples of Veſta and the Sibyl. It diſcovers to me, oppoſite my windows, that *Anio*, which will eternally reſound in the verſes of Horace.

I am impatient till the ſun himſelf ſhall ſhew me both theſe temples and that caſcade.

I love that noiſe, which agitates my ſoul, at the ſame time that it ſhakes the mountain. I love to liſten to the Anio. It roars, it falls, it thunders. Night here knows no ſilence.

How does that river, as it precipitates its waters, daſh entirely into foam! How does it reflect the rays of the moon on thoſe trees, on thoſe hills, on that abyſs, on your beautiful Corinthian columns

lumns of the temple of Veſta, clothing them with the ſofteſt and the pureſt light!

Where are the painters and the poets!

LETTER LIII.

Tivoli.

AS it is impoſſible for me to cloſe my eyes, I ſhall give you an account of my journey.

I left Rome about four in the afternoon, with a Poliſh nobleman, who for ten years has been numbering leagues in Europe, and a French phyſician, who has been ten years travelling in it.

The firſt fourteen miles are through ſolitude, duſt and tombs, that is to ſay, through *il campagna di Roma*.

I am now on the Roman way called *Tiburtina*.

On a ſudden a ſmell of ſulpher is perceived; we proceed a few paces, and find ourſelves enveloped in it. The earth is already black: the verdure of the ſhrubs and plants, which the ſpring forces to vegetate here, is half withered: the wild roſe bloſſoms and dies.

Following this ſulphureous ſmell, we arrive at a lake of bluiſh water.

This water boils up as soon as the smallest stone is thrown into it.

Several little islands covered with reeds are seen floating on the lake, which are masses of earth undermined by the water.

The noxious vapour which rises from the lake is fatal to birds: they die and fall down in attempting to fly over.

Yet two wretches dwell on the *Sol-fatarra*, for thus the lake is called.

The curiosity of travellers furnishes them with the means of eating, sleeping, and getting drunk; they are wan, meagre, and languishing; but they do not think.

We quit, as soon as possible, the banks of the Sol-fatarra, and proceed toward Tivoli.

At the foot of the mountains we meet with several ruins, amongst which a tomb is the most conspicuous.

It is a square tower, in very excellent preservation; on one of its faces it presents a triumphal monument, erected to *Plautia*.

This proximity of a triumphal monument to a tomb, erected by the side of each other, for the same man, is a subject for meditation. Glory by the side of Death!

At length I am arrived at Tivoli!

Alas! what matters it to me that there is a bishop, eight curates, and eighteen hundred inhabitants

habitants at Tivoli! Where is the Anio and its cascades? Is the temple of Vesta still to be seen?

I ask where dwelt Propertius, where Cynthia, Zenobia, Lesbia, and thou, O, Horace!—They shew me where the camaldules, the capuchins, and the vicar of the parish live.

Adieu, till to-morrow.

LETTER LIV.

Tivoli.

THERE is the sun; let us hasten to the falls.

The Anio arrives slowly, on a smooth and level bed, washing on one side a town scattered along its banks; and on the other, large elm trees, which suspend over it their lofty branches; thus does he advance, calm, majestic, and peaceable; but on a sudden, raging with inexpressible fury, he dashes his waters on the rocks, foams, flies up, and falls again in impetuous surges, which clash together, and mingle, and rebound; he fills for a moment a vast rock, but quickly forces a passage, and precipitates his turbulent stream with a thundering noise.

I am

I am at the diſtance of two hundred yards, and the ſpray of thoſe broken waves bedew and deluge me; it falls in a kind of continual rain for more than two hundred yards round, in every direction.

But I ſtill hear the roaring of theſe waves: I deſire to have another look at them, and am conducted to *the Grotto of Neptune.*

There a mountain of hollow and vaulted rock projects over a tremendous gulph, and boldly ſupports itſelf on two enormous arches. Through theſe arches, through thoſe conſtant rainbows ſo wonderfully formed by theſe waters, through various plants and moſſes pendent in feſtoons from their tops, I perceive anew thoſe furious waves, ſtill falling on points of rocks, where they continually break, rebound, contend, and at length diſappear in the abyſs.

But hark! how thoſe bounding waves roll thunder; liſten to that univerſal echo; and all around, what ſilence!

Thoſe ſurges, that elevation, that abyſs, that din, the pendent precipices of thoſe rocks, ſome blackened by time, or verdant with luxuriant moſſes, others covered with brambles and wild plants of every ſpecies; thoſe ſtraggling ſunbeams which break, and play upon the rock, in the waters, and among the flowers; thoſe birds which the roaring and wind of the cataract frighten and

and drive away, whoſe voice it is impoſſible to hear; how do all theſe affect and enchant me!

Horace, thou cameſt hither, ſurely, more than once, to kindle thy imagination and tune thy lyre.

LETTER LV.

Tivoli.

I WRITE to you, at this moment, from before the leſſer falls, near which I have been ſeated for the laſt hour, under an ancient olive, employed in contemplating, and liſtening to theſe beauteous waters.

The road leading to the leſſer falls is charming. It lies under the fineſt trees, through groves of mulberries, figs, poplars, and planes; and is enamelled with the moſt verdant turf, and the ſweeteſt ſcented flowers; you hear in the adjacent woods the concerts of a thouſand birds; horſes are deſcending from the mountains, the ſummits of which are whitened by the flocks that are feeding on them; and the ſilver ſound of the little bells, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, ſparkles in the air. On a ſudden, the temple of Veſta and the Sibyl open to your view. With what pleaſure does the eye embrace thoſe beautiful columns! But you would

wiſh

wish to push them back, for they hang too much over the abyss. How picturesque is the effect of those brambles, that ivy, and all those plants which dispute the crowning of these columns with the Corinthian acanthus!

At length you arrive at the lesser falls.

I prefer them to the great cascade, to the grotto of Neptune, and all the waters I can remember.

These hills crown happily that town! that town again, crowns happily this hillock! How beautiful is the gentle slope of that hill side loaded with harvests of every kind! Here a field of corn, there an orchard, further on, espaliers covered with vines. All at once, from the midst of all this variegated verdure, rushes forth an impetuous stream and divides itself into five rivulets, which gush, flow, and precipitate themselves by as many channels; lower down they meet with other waters, which run from every side to unite with them on a carpeting of emerald.

Hither doubtless, was it that Propertius repaired to meditate and compose his verses; hither he accompanied, towards the close of day, his beauteous Cynthia.

Here, doubtless, whilst the youthful Cynthia languishing hung upon his arm, Propertius delighted in pointing out to her all the scenes; in guiding her wandering eyes to those waters which rise in the air in the form of shaves, or those waves

which

which flow in flakes of silver; to yon eternal rainbow, those mosses, nourished by a humid dust, or the numerous plants perpetually agitated by the motion of the rushing waters.

Was it not at these falls, and enchanted with this same beauteous scenery, O, Horace! that thy muse hath celebrated, in such charming verses, the delights of Tivoli *,

And thou, Zenobia, and thou, O, Lesbia! was it not to this enchanting spot that ye sometimes repaired to console yourselves for having lost, thou great Zenobia, thy crown; and thou, fond Lesbia, thy bird.

What coolness! What a calm! What solitude, and at the same time how fine a day! A fine day is a real banquet given to the earth by heaven.

My wife, my children;—all who are most dear to me, why are you not here at this moment!—They would be happy, I am certain.

* Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Lariſſæ percuſſit campus opimæ,
Quàm domus Albuneæ reſonantis,
Et præceps Anio & *Tiburni* lucus, & uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. Hor. lib. i. od. 7.

But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,
Nor fair Lariſſa with ſuch tranſport warms,
As pure Albunea's far-reſounding ſource,
And rapid Anio, headlong in his courſe,
Or Tibur, fenc'd by groves from ſolar beams,
And fruitful orchards bath'd by ductile ſtreams.

FRANCIS.

It

It would not be poſſible for Fanny, for Adela, for Adrian, or Eleonora to trample down all thoſe graſs plots, to pluck half thoſe flowers.

Adieu, thou valley, adieu, ye water-falls, adieu, ye pendent rocks, ye wild flowers, ſhrubs and moſs, adieu: in vain would ye detain me; I am a ſtranger; I do not inhabit your beautiful Italy; I ſhall never behold you more: but perhaps my children, ſome at leaſt of my children, will one day come to viſit you; appear but as charming in their eyes as you have to their father.

My children, you muſt come and ſeat yourſelves under this ancient olive-tree beneath which I am now ſitting. It is that which advances the neareſt to the precipice; it is oppoſite to a rock. Under that tree, my children, you will beſt enjoy the whole of this enchanting proſpect.

Adieu, once more, ye beauteous waters. Your foam, your murmur, your coolneſs, the agitation and tranquillity with which you affect at once all my ſenſes; all that I have ſeen, heard, and felt on your banks I ſhall ſtill continue to regret in the boſom of my family and friends. You I ſhall regret; not all thoſe marbles, thoſe bronzes, thoſe paintings, and thoſe ſo much boaſted monuments. For ye, ye are Nature, and they—they are but art.

LETTER LVI.

Tivoli.

THIS morning, after leaving the leſſer falls, as I was returning to Tivoli, I met with ſome huſbandmen driving their ploughs amid the mutilated trunks of ancient columns.

I ſtept aſide for a moment to ſee the remains of porticoes, which had borne palaces of marbles, and now ſupported fields of olive-trees.

At length my companions and myſelf got ſafe back to Tivoli, where dinner was waiting for us, in a temple of the Sibyl.

A good appetite, wholeſome victuals, the recollection perpetually preſent of the place in which we were; on the right, hill ſides clad with verdure; on the left, hills beſet with rocks; before us the Anio falling in one vaſt ſheet of foam; above our heads a ſky of the pureſt azure, reſting, as it were, its dome on a circular range of Corinthian pillars of white marble, whilſt ſilver and purple clouds were continually paſſing beneath and decorating the majeſtic arch; verſes of Horace and Propertius, ſuggeſted by the ſcene, which we all ſucceſſively repeated; the unexpected arrival of a lovely Tivolian girl, toward the

the end of our repaſt, who brought us milk, white and pure as her own ivory teeth, and ſtrawberries, red as her youthful lips, whoſe modeſt bluſhes were excited by our ſmiles and looks; the roaring of the river, which often drowned our voices; the cutting of our names in the ſtone, which we addreſſed to our friends, ſhould they chance one day to viſit the ſame ſpot: all theſe pleaſing circumſtances combined, rendered this rural dinner one of the ſweeteſt moments of my life.

Pleaſure is followed by pain: we muſt leave Tivoli.

LETTER LVII.

Rome.

A FIRE broke out laſt night in the ſquare of St. Peter, near the Vatican. It was firſt diſcovered at the hour when aged perſons and children are already aſleep, and the unfortunate and mothers ſtill waking.

Never was conflagration more furious: it threatened to deſtroy all Rome. Irritated by an impetuous wind, it broke forth inſtantly into flames. The darkneſs of one of the gloomieſt of nights ſeemed to add to the brightneſs of the fire.

What horrid ſcenes ſhone dreadfully by its light!—I ſee, I hear every thing. The cries of mothers ſtill rend my heart.

I had paſſed the evening in the neighbourhood of the Vatican, and was returning to my lodgings in the *Piazza di Spagna*. On entering the ſquare of St. Peter, I perceived the flames, which burſting forth from the roof of the poor man's houſe, which they had already devoured, were mounting along twenty marble columns, to the ſummit of the Vatican.

I was alone, and muſt confeſs, that ſuppoſing myſelf merely viewing a magnificent ſpectacle, I

was

was enjoying the ſight. But at the ſame moment a youth paſſed, about twenty paces from me, carrying an old man on his ſhoulders. By the manner of his looking round him, and the care he took to chuſe his way, for the eaſe of the aged man on his back, I eaſily diſcovered that it was his father. This old man, ſnatched ſuddenly from ſleep and from the flames, knowing neither where he is, whence he comes, whither he is going, or what is paſſing, appeared to give himſelf up for loſt: a little child, however, preceded them, who notwithſtanding his diſtreſs and terror, caſt a look at them from time to time, and an aged woman, almoſt naked, with an air of indifference, carrying the old man's cloaths, brought up the rear.

I was following them with a tearful eye, when I diſcovered at a little diſtance, another young man, who, entirely naked, and preſſed by the fire, which was purſuing him, was hanging by his hands on the outſide of a window all in flames, and chuſing the leaſt dangerous part of the pavement on which to fall.

The ſtrongeſt light for diſcovering all a mother's heart, is certainly that of a conflagration! How does that woman from the top of that terrace, reach out to her huſband, below, the dear pledge of their union! She advances; ſhe leans forward, ſhe leans ſtill further for-

forward: the child in her arms clinging either to her boſom or her lips: but at length, between the extended arms of the mother, and the extended arms of the father, the child juſt taken ſleeping from its cradle ..... I turned away my eyes and fled.

I had already traverſed the ſquare when I met, eſcaping from a burning palace, a tall woman of majeſtic beauty and ſtature, full dreſſed and in tears, magnificently habited, and holding before her by the hand two naked children. The ſmalleſt of theſe children, ſeeing her mother lament and weep, was weeping and lamenting alſo. The ſiſter, who had a charming face, benumbed with cold, was ſtriving to cover, and even to veil her youthful and tender body with her arms and hands. Unhappy mother! ſhe ſurely had loſt a child; ſhe had two which ſhe held by the hand, and ſhe was weeping.

In the mean while, old men, children, ſoldiers, prieſts, rich and poor, were continually ſwelling the multitude which rolled from one end of the ſquare to the other, like the ocean agitated by a tempeſt. I ſee them now enter St. Peter's, now come out of it, then return to the church, then ruſh headlong forward, and fall. I beheld a young girl who had fainted away paſs by me, carried by four ſoldiers, on their croſſed ſabres. She was beautiful: the brightneſs of the fire was

reflected from her pale forehead and colourleſs cheeks, and glittering in the tears eſcaping from her eyelids.

But, in all this dreadful ſcene, what made me ſhudder moſt with horror, was the ſilence in thoſe intervals when the wind was huſhed. Then iſſued from all parts ſmothered ſighs, profound groans, the roaring of the flames as they deſtroyed; the craſh of the buildings, falling every moment, and the heart-rendering cries of mothers.

I was at length about to leave the place, when ſuddenly, at a window of the Vatican, by the very ſide of the flames, I beheld a crucifix, prieſts, and the ſovereign pontiff in his ſacred robes!

In an inſtant the multitude utter a cry, in an inſtant they are on their knees; the tearful eyes of the wretched people are all directed to the venerable pontiff, and thouſands of extended arms lifted up in prayer. He raiſes his eyes to heaven and prays——Imagine the ſtorm, the conflagration, and the prayers mingling their murmurs as if in concert, amidſt this profound and awful ſilence.

How ſhall I paint a ſcene which preſented itſelf at this moment to my eyes!

On one of the ſteps of the church, ſingle, and ſeparated from the multitude, a mother was preſſing together the little hands of her child upon its knees beſide her, joining them with complacency,

and

and putting them in the attitude of prayer. Behind them ſtood a young girl, with diſhevelled hair, and loſt in tears, ſtretching with all her grief (and doubtleſs with all her love) the moſt pathetic hands towards the pontiff; whilſt at the feet of this girl, on the contrary, ſeated with her back to the Vatican and the pontiff, a woman neither weeping nor praying, ſurveyed her with an air of aſtoniſhment ..... Her child, indeed, was playing in her boſom.

In the mean time the pontiff has ended his prayer, and riſes; the people obſerving him with unutterable expectation.

With a voice full of hope, and a ſerene countenance, the pontiff now ſheds over the proſtrate multitude, the holy words of benediction, when on a ſudden by a miracle, or as if by a miracle, ere the laſt words of the benediction are pronounced, the winds have ceaſed; the flame falls; the ſmoke riſes in a black whirlwind, envelops, and ſmothers the conflagration, and reſtores to the night all its original obſcurity.

Ah! how admirable is this picture, by Raphael, at the Vatican!

LETTER LVIII.

Frascati.

FRASCATI is the ancient *Tuſculum.*

On my arrival, it was propoſed to conduct me to the Villas Pamphili, Mondragone, and Ludoviſi.

No, ſaid I, ſhew me the Villa of *Marcus Tullius Cicero.*

But that, unfortunately, is no longer to be ſeen, nor is even the ſpot on which it ſtood now known.

I was reduced therefore to viſit the villas Pamphili, Mondragone and Ludoviſi.

I ſaw their waters, their trees, their palaces; but I do not wiſh to ſee them a ſecond time.

I can eaſily conceive that the modern Romans eſteem theſe places delightful, for they have no other.

But neither theſe waters, woods, nor lawns can ſatisfy for a moment the traveller who has once breathed the pure air of the valley of Maupertuis, wandered in the meadows of Ermenonville, meditated in the paths of *the Deſert;* or viſited any of thoſe delicious retreats which the Seine, the Loire, the Saone, the Dordogne,

dogne, and twenty other rivers in France preſent and rival each other in diſplaying on their banks.

The *villas* of Fraſcati are immenſe palaces; but they are merely heaps of ſtones. They have been ſucceſſively deſpoiled of thoſe ſtatues and paintings which rendered them valuable.

The gardens are in a wretched condition.

Numerous ſtreams ſtill roll their limpid waters from all the ſurrounding hills; but ſcarcely do they arrive at the gardens, before, inſtead of ſuffering them to run from rock to rock, from lawn to lawn, to murmur and play, as Nature intended, the hand of art impriſons them in canals and baſons, whence they can only eſcape in caſcades, *jets d'eau*, or fountains which, diſtributing them wave by wave, meaſure every bound, and ſeem to regulate their very murmurs. To form fantaſtic toys, in ſhort, fit only to divert children, they degrade thoſe beauteous rills, deſtined by Nature to inſpire the genius of the poet, the reverie of the man of ſenſibility, and the gentle ſlumbers of voluptuous indolence.

But whatever the Italians may have done, they have not been able to deſtroy thoſe charming ſituations, or veil thoſe romantic proſpects: they have not been able to dry up the ſource that clothes all thoſe hillocks with ever-ſpringing verdure. Theſe beautiful retirements ſtill remain open to all the zephyrs, to the rays of the

vivifying god of day, and the amorous inhabitants of the grove.

The proſpect that appeared to me moſt ſtriking is that from the terrace of the villa Mondragone.

To the left, the eye reſts on an eminence, which entirely interſects the horizon, and advances into the middle of the landſcape, the half of which it conceals like a curtain. This hill, which riſes and deſcends with a declivity the moſt pleaſing to the eye, diſplays, in the form of an amphitheatre, the collected treaſures of the richeſt vegetation; its ſides are clad with every ſpecies of flower and foliage: at its feet, innumerable families of ſhrubs ſhoot up, and hang in purple and golden cluſters and feſtoons; whilſt the brilliant ſummit is crowned with the bending branches of the pale olive, ſable cypreſſes, and verdant pyramidal pines.

To the right of the terrace, a very different picture preſents itſelf: Lake Regillus, on the borders of which, Rome gained the firſt of all her victories; the riſing grounds of Tivoli, once the walks of Catullus and of Leſbia; the fields cultivated by the venerable Cato; marſhes, formerly the gardens of Lucullus, and eminences on which Cicero thought.

Such were the rich proſpects I enjoyed, while at the ſame time I ſurveyed beneath me, the

Campagna

Campagna di Roma, above the expanſe of heaven; and before me, the horizon bounded by Rome, the Appenines, and the ſea.

LETTER LIX.

Rome.

THE ancient artiſts had greatly the advantage of the modern, with reſpect to the repreſentation of their heroes and gods. They lived in the midſt of fable, and familiarized from their infancy with all the fancied beings of mythology, they knew each of them by their veil, and called each by his name. They were perfectly acquainted with the highly expreſſive language of allegory; which having been early habituated to ſpeak, it afterwards coſt them little trouble, to write correctly with the chiſel, the pencil, or the pen, on paper, on canvaſs, or on braſs.

Modern artiſts, on the contrary, ſeparated from the extraordinary beings of fable by ſo many prejudices and centuries, and by manners ſo different, are unable to diſtinguiſh, at ſuch a diſtance,

tance, the habit proper to each, or to diſcern them from the naked.

What difficulties then muſt they encounter, when they attempt to underſtand or imitate fabulous antiquity! What the ancients had before their eyes, the moderns muſt derive from their ingenuity; what the former learnt, the latter can only imagine: the moderns, in ſhort, are under the neceſſity of repairing, with their own hands, the tattered veil of allegory.

Nor had the ancient artiſts leſs advantage over the moderns, in imitating the nudity of nature, than in exhibiting the veil of fable.

For, the naked body of man was continually expoſed to their view, in their games, feſtivals, and combats, while with us, on the contrary, nudity, obliged by climate, or by manners, at all times to fly the eye, ſeldom ſuffers itſelf to be ſurprized, except by ſtealth.

Were not the ancient artiſts too, more happily ſituated than the moderns, for repreſenting beauty; they who exiſted in a climate the moſt favourable to beauty, whoſe religion made it an object of worſhip, and amid whoſe voluptuous manners it was required from all the fine arts; they in ſhort, who exalted beauty into a merit, and honoured and rewarded a handſome woman, as they would honour and reward a great man?

Theſe

Theſe reflections occurred to me yeſterday, while conſidering two deſigns of Hercules by two young artiſts.

To one of them I ſaid, Becauſe you have formed a huge ſtatue with great arms, great legs, and a large head, you imagine you have produced a Hercules, whereas you have only formed a Coloſſus.

To the other: Becauſe you have expreſſed an attitude full of power, an action full of energy, and the moſt manly and vigorous form of body, you ſuppoſe that you have made a Hercules; though you have only given us a wreſtler.

In what manner then, ſaid they, muſt we repreſent Hercules?

In the firſt place, replied I, the thing moſt neceſſary, and in fact ſimple, though at the ſame time univerſally neglected, is to know what you intend to expreſs, to know what is a Hercules.

For my own part, when on the ſubject of Hercules, I conſult fable, and the mythological hiſtory of the gods and heroes, it is impoſſible for me to miſtake, in the birth, labours, exploits, death and immortality of Hercules, in Hercules the ſon of Jupiter, the vanquiſher of tyrants and monſters, ſuſtaining the world on his ſhoulders, ſpinning at the feet of Omphale, and eſpouſing Hebe; it is impoſſible, I ſay, for me to miſtake Force: Force, that grand principle of active nature,

ture, which vivifies the univerſe, which yields only to beauty, and unites itſelf alone with youth.

If I then interrogate the genius of allegory, and aſk, what, in her language, are the expreſſions calculated to exhibit this abſtract being to our eyes; the genius of allegory points out, in the firſt place, the moſt ſublime degree of ſtrength of which the human form is capable, the ſymbols of which conſiſt not in largeneſs, nor in that thickneſs of limbs, which betokens weight and maſs, nor in that rudeneſs of features which beſpeaks ferocity, nor even in the energetic tenſion of the muſcels, which far from painting force, expreſſes effort: but in the clear diſtinct expreſſion of all the united ſigns of an extenſive, univerſal, abundant, and active life, that is to ſay, in the development, ſuppleneſs, and prominence of all the veins, in which life flows, and circulates through the whole human body.

If therefore I intend to form a ſtatue of Hercules, I begin by ſhaping out from this block of marble, a body neither young nor old, but ripe, and in full virility: not coloſſal, but tall; not maſſy, but robuſt. Behold this effected. But we ſee not yet either the beauty of the hero, or the divinity of the god.

Quitting Nature then for the preſent, and taking for my guide the beautiful *Ideal*, I diſpoſe, I adjuſt,

juſt, I proportion all the members of this body: I give a pliancy to all thoſe muſcles which project from it; I level all thoſe veins that furrow it, and by a ſucceſſion of inſenſible gradations, I conduct over its whole ſuperficies, a prominent yet undulating line, which whenever it reſts, gives a certain determinateneſs of form, and where it eſcapes, delineates the contour.

But the moſt difficult part of the taſk ſtill remains; to chuſe a proper action.

An embarraſſing choice, indeed, exclaimed the youngeſt artiſt, amid ſo many labours and exploits of which the life of Hercules is compoſed! Whether he deſtroys a hydra, or tramples on a giant, or tears aſunder a lion, each of theſe acts of ſtrength will equally evince a Hercules.

Far ſhould I be, young man, ſaid I, from repreſenting Hercules in any of his heroic labours. Has not the very appearance of his body ſufficiently announced them? Do not you anticipate them? At ſight of this arm alone, do you not perceive that every tyrant and every monſter muſt inſtantly feel the arm of Hercules and death?

Do not you comprehend, in ſhort, that every poſitive act might render the ſtrength of Hercules ſuſpected of effort, and the God of human imperfection?

But, if it be beyond the poſſibility of art to add any power to this body, it ſtill remains to make

you

you feel how natural, that is to ſay, how divine the force here exhibited is.

Now, this effect is not to be produced either by the expreſſion of the limbs, or acts of exertion, but by contraſt.

Contraſts alone diſplay what has but juſt appeared, and objects which would otherwiſe barely diſcover themſelves to us: they alone detach the multitude of beings, from the uniform ground of ſpace, and ſeparate, terminate, and diſtinctly illuminate them.

Without contraſts, the whole univerſe would be merely one ſingle exiſtence.

I ſhall therefore next endeavour to place the whole of this ſublime body in the moſt diſtinguiſhed point of contraſt, and by the following attitude render the marble animate.

The god ſhall be ſeen erect, with every vein, every muſcle, and every member at reſt, his cheſt compoſed, and even his legs croſſed negligently before him, his left arm reſting on a club, holding behind his back, in his right hand, which has juſt ſtrangled the dragon of the Heſperides, three golden apples. His neck nervous, yet flexible, ſhall firmly ſuſtain his noble head loftily raiſed towards heaven, and gracefully inclined toward the earth; ſerenity ſhall be ſeated on his forehead, majeſty in every feature, the tranquillity of his ſoul at the reflection of that he has procured the world

world ſhall appear in his downcaſt eye-brows, meditation in his eyes, and a ſmile upon his lips. Chiſel labour no more, this marble is Hercules.

This is the Hercules of the palace of Farneſe, exclaimed both the young artiſts. You are right, replied I, it is the Farneſian Hercules.

The Farneſian Hercules is one of the immortal miracles of Grecian Sculpture.

What judgment, what ſenſibility, what genius muſt the artiſt, the poet, the man of letters, the philoſopher, have combined, who could conceive and execute ſo bold a deſign as that of uniting to beauty, the eſſential object of all the fine arts, not only ſome of thoſe ſympathetic qualities which court, in ſome meaſure, its alliance; ſuch as tenderneſs, which ſeems to conſtitute a ſecond beauty; or youth, which is its flower; or innocence, which is its ornament; or loftineſs, which ennobles it; or ſorrow, which renders it ſublime; but force; force which ſhould ſeem to be the natural enemy of beauty.

Is it poſſible to have underſtood force better than this ſublime artiſt, to have more clearly diſtinguiſhed it from effort, and even from vigour which ſo much reſembles it?

For, let us only obſerve, the ſwell of each of thoſe muſcles accurately deſigned, yet none of them is on the ſtrain. That body does not reſt, it is only at reſt; it does not ſupport itſelf, it is only ſupported,

ſupported, the head is of the uſual ſize, the arms alone are powerful.

But what appears to me moſt admirable, is the profound ſcience, and happy choice of contraſts. The artiſt perfectly underſtood that the contraſt, beſt calculated to give force its full effect, was ſerenity, gentleneſs, the beſt back ground for power, and for majeſty a ſmile.

There is not, in fine, in this whole marble, a ſingle ſtroke of the chiſel that does not bear the ſtamp of genius.

LETTER LX.

Rome.

WHY ſhould I not ſay ſomething of the ſtate of female beauty at Rome; beauty, which is ſo highly eſtimated in every country in the world, before which the heart of youth begins to palpitate, the imagination of the mature man is ſtill inflamed when nothing elſe can warm him, and the memory of which ſtill melts, or makes the old man ſmile.

Beauty is rare here, as it is every where elſe. Nature here, in the compoſition of women, is often deficient in that charming combination of colours and form which the eye of man demands when it contemplates the ſofter ſex.

Nature ſeldom attains beauty here, except in the outline of the countenance, and the hand. She gives a rough ſketch of the ſhape, but ſeldom finiſhes: the boſom and the foot eſpecially eſcape her. Nor indeed, does ſhe form with equal beauty, every ſpecies of flower, in every country in the world.

She is ſaid, however, to compenſate for this negligence, or want of induſtry, with reſpect to the Roman women, by the perfection of their ſhoulders; but I am in reality of opinion, that if the

the ſhoulders of the Roman women appear more beautiful, it is becauſe they are more ſeen; poſſibly too the *embonpoint* that begins to take place very early, does in fact contribute to embelliſh them.

Be this as it may, Nature could not place more happily, nor accord with more effect, the forehead, eyes, noſe, mouth, chin, ears and neck, than in the Roman women; ſhe could not poſſibly employ purer, ſofter, or more correct forms; all the diſtinct parts are finiſhed, and the whole is compleat. How charming a complexion! It is impregnated with roſes and with lilies. What carnation! You would think that fair one perpetually bluſhing.

A fine Roman head never fails to aſtoniſh, and, taken altogether, affects the heart: its beauties are perceived at the firſt glance, and the ſlighteſt recollection brings it full into the memory.

But, as every excellence in this world is counterbalanced by its defects; if a Roman woman receives from Nature that beauty which aſtoniſhes and excites admiration, ſhe does not obtain from her that grace which charms and inſpires love. If ſhe poſſeſſes thoſe never-failing attractions which form, of a fine woman, but one beauty, ſhe is wanting in thoſe fugitive graces, which, of one amiable perſon, form twenty. You may contemplate that countenance a whole day

day in vain, thoſe fine eyes will have only one look, that pretty mouth only one ſmile; never will you diſcover either pain or pleaſure paſſing over that unvaried brow; nor thoſe accompliſhed features gently undulating, like water, by the inſenſible motion of a tender ſentiment, or a delicate idea.

It may be obſerved, indeed, that it is difficult for a woman of much ſenſibility to be perfectly handſome. Senſibility neceſſarily deranges, by its delicate motions, the proportions of the face; but, then, it ſubſtitutes features expreſſive of mind, for beauty.

Nothing is more rare than to meet with a face here that moves, or intereſts; that beſpeaks a ſoul.

But what lovely hands! and beautiful hands are indeed a beauty they are ſo rare!

Beauty among the Roman women, fades very rapidly, and at once. Here it is a roſe without a bud. A Roman girl of fifteen, is in full beauty; and as ſhe does not cultivate it by any exerciſe, as ſhe overwhelms it with ſleep, and takes no method to preſerve it, her features are ſoon ſurcharged with too great plumpneſs, and her whole form becomes diſproportionate: but it is to this very indolence, which, in ſo ſhort a time, will diſguiſe all the delicacy of her face, that ſhe is

indebted for those handsome shoulders, which she displays to view with so much pride.

There is another reason why the beauty of the Roman women decays so rapidly: it is always kept shut up; it is always in the shade. The bud of beauty, like other flowers, requires the rays of the sun.

I must say a word or two of the voice of the Roman women, for the voice is an essential part of the sex. That of the Roman women, like their faces, is fine, but it has no soul: it expresses, at times, the bursts of passion, but hardly ever its true accents. Let a Roman woman, in short, sing before you, her voice will not originate from her heart, nor will it expire in yours.

There are exceptions, however, among the Roman ladies, to all I have been saying. I am myself acquainted with at least three; *Theresa, Rosalinda and Palmira*.

It is true, that by passing their lives with foreigners, in their father's house, the coquetry natural to their sex and to themselves is continually kept in action.

Theresa is Armida in miniature, Palmira would have resembled Erminia, in the days of Erminia. Rosalinda has something of whatever is pleasing in woman in every country in the world. Each motion of her eye-lid, and of her lip is a grace.

These

Theſe three ſiſters poſſeſs accompliſhments. They dance—with delicacy—with expreſſion!

But I have ſaid ſufficient on the ſubject of Roman beauty; the delicate bloom of a flower muſt be carefully touched, and its perfumes ſparingly inhaled.

LETTER LXI.

Rome.

I ENTER a church, and read on a column this bull of the pope:

Ten years indulgence for whoever ſhall pray for the king of France.

Louis XI. was, no doubt, then on the throne.

LETTER LXII.

Rome.

I HAVE this morning been wandering, in modern Rome, to ſeek the remains of the ancient city.

Every thing that could be dug out of ancient Rome has been found mutilated either by the barbarians, fanaticiſm, or time.

The Italians, however, preſerve theſe few remains with the greateſt care; not from taſte, not from reſpect for antiquity, but from mere avarice. Theſe ruins, in fact, attract from every corner of the world, that crowd of ſtrangers, whoſe curioſity has long furniſhed a maintenance to three-fourths of Italy.

The Italians preſerve their ruins, as beggars keep open their ſores.

I cannot expreſs the ſenſation I experienced, on entering and walking in the mauſoleum of Auguſtus.

The magnificent palace of the dead contained a great number of apartments; each member of the family of Auguſtus had his own.

I took a pleaſure in trampling under foot the particles of that vain and cold duſt, which, united for

for a moment, about two thouſand years ago compoſed Octavius.

A theatre is built on this mauſoleum, in which combats of beaſts are given from time to time: The roaring of lions is heard amid this awful ſilence of the grave.

That celebrated obeliſk, tranſported with ſo much labour and expence, under the Cæſars, from the banks of the Nile to thoſe of the Tiber, covered with hieroglyphic characters, of which the alphabet is loſt, which, rearing its majeſtic head amid the ſeven hills, reflected the rays of the ſun, and ſhewed all Rome the hour of the day, now lies in a corner, mutilated like a dead body, covered with duſt and dirt, and conſumed by time.

It is ſeparated from its baſe, which is lying alſo at ſome diſtance, and on which we read; *Senatus Populuſque Romanus*, and immediately after; *Urbanus Pontifex Maximus.* Monſtrous combination! How many ages does it annihilate!

Of all the forum of Trajan, nothing now remains but the column, which preſented to the adoration of the world the image of that emperor.

It is ſtill erect, and untouched, except that inſtead of Trajan, it now bears St. Peter.

This column is admirable for its proportions, form and ſculpture. The whole military life of Trajan is there written in triumphs. This column preſents, perhaps, a thouſand figures, from among which, the attentive artiſt may ſtill ſelect new expreſſions and new attitudes.

Its baſe is magnificent; it is covered with helmets, cuiraſſes, ſwords, and innumerable implements of war. But the circumſtance which confers the greateſt value on this ſuperb monument is, that it bears thy name, O, Trajan!... It is called Trajan's Pillar.

How ſhall I deſcribe the two horſes of marble which we ſee in the ſquare of Monte Cavallo, oppoſite the palace of the pope, and the two ſlaves who are guiding them?

Theſe two groupes are ſublime both in the thought and execution.

You read on the baſe of one, *The work of Phidias;* on that of the other, *The work of Praxiteles;* inſcriptions which are evidently modern, yet do not offend.

For theſe horſes, are indeed horſes, though of a particular ſpecies. They are horſes of marble.

And then thoſe ſlaves! What bodies! What heads! What legs! What arms!

But how does this ſlave hold in that fierce courſer, free from the bridle and the bit; who chafes, rears up and bounds?—He looks at him,

LETTER LXIII.

Rome.

WHAT is love among the Roman women? Such as it inevitably muſt be in a climate and amid manners where it ſeldom or ever meets with obſtacles to fortify it; prejudices to enhance its value; moral ideas to embelliſh it; reſtraints to keep it alive; or any of the various circumſtances, in ſhort, which conſiſtently with our manners, often render it a happineſs, a triumph, and a virtue.

Love, with the Roman women, is an amuſement, a matter of buſineſs, or caprice, and but of ſhort duration as a want; for they ſoon wear it out: Their heart loves, the inſtant it arrives at maturity.

To talk of love ſhould conſtitute one of its myſteries; but love here forms a common-place topic of converſation, together with thoſe of rain and fine weather, the arrival of a ſtranger, the promotions of the morning, and the proceſſions of the evening.

You talk of it to daughters before their mothers; and mothers even talk of it before their daughters.

A mo-

A mother says, without any ceremony, my daughter does not eat, she does not sleep *she has a fit of love*; as if she was telling you she had got a fever.

I have seen priests dancing with young ladies; and it was not thought either scandalous or ridiculous; for here, sexes, dignities, and ages are not discriminated and separated by any distinctive marks of dress, pre-eminence, or decorum.

An old man, an officer, and a cardinal will talk of love with a girl in a dark corner.

The language is as dissolute as the climate: the moment you are allowed to say some things to a woman, you may say every thing.

The girls in general, however, are tolerably prudent: all of them carry their virginity with them to the altar, not indeed the virginity of the heart, but of the body, which the Italians hold in high estimation.

The girls employ their early youth in practising, under the eyes of their mothers, the lessons they have received from them, on the art of catching a husband; but, as the men are on their guard, they spread their nets twenty times before they prove successful once. They neglect nothing however to succeed, except it be to neglect nothing.

The most notorious gallantry does not affect their reputation: A woman here is as prudent as

ſhe is ugly; and as gallant as ſhe is beautiful. What then? She is in love.

The women never renounce love here, that is to ſay, the men, but when they can no longer pay them.

Look not here, among the women, for that tenderneſs of heart which penetrates, ſatisfies, and enchants; that intimate and ſecret life, the mutual bliſs of two lovers; that tenderneſs which forms a pleaſure of pain, which delights in ſacrifices, and increaſes by enjoyment; that moral love, in ſhort, which, if it does not enchain or govern the phyſical paſſion, at leaſt decorates and veils it.

Nor will you find here, thoſe two delightful kinds of friendſhip between the ſexes, the one of which ſucceeds to love, the other imitates it, and which both of them ſo cloſely reſemble love, as to be often miſtaken for it.

LETTER LXIV.

Rome.

BEHOLD that fountain ſo celebrated in the hiſtory of Rome; on whoſe banks the ſage Numa pretended to converſe with his Naiad; and in which the chaſte veſtals bathed themſelves, many ages after, under the Cæſars.

What is become of the dark and religious wood that overſhadowed and defended it from the winds, from animals and men?

Egeria was not the divinity that ſpoke to Numa. It was your divinity, ye beauteous waters, your pleaſing murmur, your refreſhing coolneſs, and all the charms of that myſterious ſilence which ſurrounds you.

And I, alſo, I feel myſelf inſpired by you; my heart is tranquil, my mind ſerene, my ſenſes unagitated: I am happy. Yet, charming fountain, when inſtead of this marble dome, the moſs, the turf, the violet, the honey-ſuckle, and the virgin hawthorn alone covered and ornamented thy waters, they muſt have been infinitely more eloquent.

With what pleaſure have I liſtened to all thoſe beauteous ſtreams, which now free and unconfined,

fined, obedient alone to Nature, guſh through the moſs, ſpread themſelves over the ſand, or bound upon the marble, among the trunks of columns! They have held converſe with me on all the objects neareſt to my heart; they have preſented them to my imagination; till I ſeemed to behold them preſent.

How delightful is that canopy of briars, ivy, and the wild vine, which now occupy one half of that marble dome, and curtain round the fountain, with their ſoft and pleaſing ſhades, continually waving with the zephyr!

Thoſe Corinthian capitals, which diſplaying their maſſy ornaments in the air, once ſeemed to cruſh under their weight the earth that bore them, are now lying on the ground! The delicate foliage of the acanthus is now covered by the leaves of noiſome weeds!—Let every thing that creeps conſole itſelf; for every thing that is elevated falls!

Muſt I then leave thee, charming fountain! What pity that thou ſhouldeſt ſtill ſtream through that mute and deſert country! Thou ſhouldeſt flow through the midſt of Arcadia; through a country, at leaſt, where thou mighteſt find flocks to water in thy courſe, ſhepherds to repoſe upon thy banks, and where ſhepherdeſſes might indulge the reveries of fancy inſpired by thy murmurs.

Such are the walks that you may take at Rome.

Others

Others may bring home from Rome, paintings, marbles, medals, and productions of natural hiſtory; as for me, I will bring back feelings, ſentiments and ideas: and above all thoſe ideas, ſentiments and feelings which ariſe in the mind and in the heart, at the foot of antique columns, on the top of triumphal arches, in the depths of ruined tombs, and on the moſſy banks of fountains.

LETTER LXV.

Rome.

WHAT riches, what beauties are diſplayed in the palace of the villa *Borgheſe!*

It is a vaſt aſſemblage of columns, pilaſters, vaſes, and ornaments, in alabaſter, marble, bronze and porphyry; and in porphyry, bronze, marble and alabaſter.

But ſo much magnificence is a fault.—Too great richneſs of ornament hides beauty.

If you wiſh me to judge whether that woman be handſome, take away thoſe diamonds and that drapery; let me at leaſt ſee her.

But through all that gold, porphyry and marble, I have at length been able to diſcover a Curtius throwing himſelf into the gulph.

The hero and the fiery courſer are really falling: you turn aſide your eyes.

How does that horſe ſtruggle with all his ſtrength againſt the weight that is impelling him! How does he recoil from the abyſs! Curtius, on the contrary, reſigns himſelf to death with a devoted air; he puſhes forward to the precipice; he plunges into the gulph.

Admirable contraſt of the weakneſs of phyſical, and of the triumph of moral powers!

A note

A more pleaſing object is yon buſt of Marcus Aurelius.

Let us ſeek his character, his mind, his ſoul, in his features. Yes, Marcus Aurelius muſt have had that melancholy air: he loved mankind, he wiſhed to make them happy, and was acquainted with the human heart.

This is a finiſhed buſt; the inſtrument of the artiſt has taken a pleaſure in repreſenting Marcus Aurelius; it has dwelt on every part.

What delight does the ſoul experience in contemplating the features of good princes! It becomes intoxicated with their image. We imagine ourſelves, for a moment, in the preſence of divinities.

I muſt ſay a word concerning the celebrated Gladiator.

In the Hercules of the palace Farneſe, art has exhibited all the power the human body is capable of; and in the Gladiator of the palace Borgheſe, has diſplayed all its vigor.

You feel that the victorious blow is already delivered from the Gladiator's hand. You feel the death of the adverſary in that look.

How learned are the three lines of marble, on which this whole Gladiator is collected and exerted!

That groupe of Apollo purſuing Daphne, does honour to the chiſel of Bernini.

Apollo

Apollo comes up with Daphne, who ſuddenly is transformed into a laurel. Already her diſhevelled locks are leaves; the toes of her delicate feet, roots; and her beautiful boſom is concealed beneath the inveſting bark; her youthful arms have ſhot out into young branches.

The hair of Apollo waves in the wind.

You cannot but recollect the natural and delicate exclamation put by Ovid in the mouth of Apollo: *Lovely Daphne, run not at leaſt among thoſe flints. Ah! fly ſlower, cruel nymph; I will ſlacken my purſuit.* I ſeem to hear the entreaties of the god.

I can no longer either admire, look round me, or even ſee: my feelings are overpowered: I take my leave.

LETTER LXVI.

Rome.

I WENT, this morning, to a bookſeller's ſhop.

I there found ſeveral of our beſt modern authors.

The magnificent portrait of Nature, painted by Buffon.—That work of ancient and modern aſtronomy, in which ſcience and genius have confided to eloquence the ſecrets of the ſun *.—The humane and philoſophic hiſtory of the Rivalry of France and England †.—The tranſlation of the hiſtory of Charles V. by a writer capable of the original ‡.—The pathetic drama of Melanie which reſtores us Racine, and that of Philoctetes, worthy of Sophocles §.—The eloquent Beliſarius, which teaches nations to commiſerate kings; and kings, to have pity upon nations ‖.—The poem on Engliſh gardening, written by French taſte **.—The poem, entitled *the Months*, which muſt at all times charm the lovers of nature and of poetry ††.——The

* By M. Bailli. † M. Gaillard. ‡ M. Suard.
§ M. de la Harpe. ‖ M. de Marmontel. ** The Abbé Delille. †† M. de Fontanes.

poem

poem on the Seaſons, which ſo perfectly images the ſeaſons *.—In fine, that invaluable preſent made to empires, *The Adminiſtration of the Finances* †.

I have ſeen the P. J..... juſtly celebrated for his wit, learning, and goodneſs of heart. If you wiſh to be well received by him, as well as by all learned men in Europe, preſent him a letter of recommendation from the ſecretary of the ſciences, the illuſtrious Marquis de Condorcet.

I here read beneath the portrait of M. de Condorcet, this inſcription:

D'un Sage, voici le modele,
En même temps que le portrait.
La verité, jamais, eut-elle
De ſecretaire plus fidele,
Et de confident moins diſcret?

The P. J..... is the object of much envy, and fortunately he merits it. What then is envy? It is, in the little, impatience of ſuperiority; in the great, of equality.

One word on the academy of the *Arcades*. It is a name.

* The Tranſlation of Thompſon. † M. Necker.

LETTER LXVII.

Rome.

'IT was propoſed to me to go and ſee a picture of Guerchini, repreſenting the unexpected arrival of Erminia among the ſhepherds.

I have been to ſee it, for I wiſhed to compare the painting on this ſubject by Guerchini, with that given us by Taſſo.

But how different the one from the other!

Firſt read Taſſo. Erminia, agitated by love and terror, has been long wandering in a foreſt, during the night; till overcome by affliction and fatigue, ſhe ſtops and falls aſleep. At day break ſhe is awakened by the ſinging of birds; ſhe liſtens, and weeps; when on a ſudden ſhe hears ſounds, that penetrate her very ſoul: theſe are ſongs of ſhepherds, accompanied by a pipe. Her tears ceaſe to flow; ſhe riſes, and advances ſlowly, through the trees, towards this paſtoral muſic. In the midſt of a grove ſhe perceives an old man ſeated under a plane-tree, with his flock near him, weaving a wicker baſket, whilſt two young ſhepherds and a ſhepherdeſs are ſinging together a ruſtic heir to their father. At ſight of a warrior with arms and a helmet, the ſhepherds are alarmed and ceaſe to ſing; but Erminia, inſtantly takes

takes off her helmet, and the ſhepherds no longer are afraid. Erminia approaches ſmiling, and ſays to them: "Happy family, ſhepherds, the favourites of heaven, continue to work and ſing; certainly theſe arms are not intended to diſturb your tranquillity; I come not to interrupt your labours or your ſongs." A tear then drops from the beautiful eyes of Erminia upon her beauteous boſom.

Now let us look at the deſign of Guerchini. Erminia is in the middle of a foreſt; ſhe has taken off her helmet, and two little children, at twenty paces diſtance, perceive her, and are flying in diſmay; a third is hiding himſelf in the arms of an old man, ſeated under a tree; while, at a little diſtance, the wife of the old man, who was drawing water from a well, ſtops, and is looking with an air of aſtoniſhment.

How ridiculous the compoſition!

What! has Erminia taken off her helmet, and are theſe ſhepherds ſtill afraid! Has Erminia been drawn to this place by a concert of paſtoral voices, and the muſic of a pipe; and are theſe ſhepherds little children! The ſcene beſides ſhould be a copſe, and we find a well there! What too is become of the rivulet?

But obſerve the truth of this colouring! How harmonious are thoſe teints! How happily has the painter managed the *clair obſcure!*

This is not now the queſtion, I fought for a poem.

How charming the idea of the poet! Erminia has taken off her helmet, not with a premeditated deſign, but by inſtinct, by a ſort of natural coquetry; ſhe loves; ſhe is unhappy; they are ſhepherds that ſhe ſees; but ſhe is a woman.

LETTER LXVIII.

Rome.

POLYDORE, a young ſculptor of Athens, came to be preſent at the olympic games at Elis.

He had ſeen the ſtatues of the heroes and the gods, which, placed round the ſtadium, were expoſed to the eyes of all Greece.

He had ſeen the youth intoxicated with the Venus of Praxiteles, and the tender Virgin bluſh with modeſty at the ſight of the Mercury of Termiſander: he had read, in the countenance of a diſciple of Socrates, religious awe motionleſs before the Jupiter of Phidias.

The thirſt of fame and emulation, that noble emulation which ever accompanies great talents, take entire poſſeſſion of the heart of Polydore.

He

He quits the circle of the games, and repairs to the ſea-ſide. There ſolitary, penſive, and in ſilence, he is deaf to the noiſe of the ſurge which breaks upon the beach; he hears only the voice of Fame, proclaiming and immortalizing the names of his rivals.

Yes, exclaimed he, Fame ſhall proclaim mine alſo, I will force her to publiſh it, I too will make the world ſay, on ſeeing me, *That is he*. I, in my turn, will force my rivals to hear my name with uneaſineſs. I will oblige the proud and haughty glance of great men to behold me from a leſs height, and teach the moſt diſdainful beauties no longer to neglect Polydore. The eye of my dear Ephina ſhall meet mine with more complacency.

Might I but conceive a maſter-piece, ſuperior to all that Grecian ſculpture has hitherto produced!

I will endeavour to combine in one ſingle work, at once the true, the beautiful, and the ſublime.

To effect this happy union, I ſhall chooſe the model from among the gods, the form in ideal beauty; the charms, of the age between adoleſcence and virility; and the action, among thoſe which require only that moderate expreſſion, in which the true admits the beautiful, and where the beautiful does not exclude the true.

The imagination of Polydore then mounted to Olympus, and paſſed all the deities in review.

He did not ſtop at Mars; he paſſed by Mercury; he diſdained Adonis, whom Venus alone had made a god.

I ſee none but Apollo, ſaid he, which can ſuit my deſign: I ſee no other than the god of day, the maſter of the lyre, the ſon of Jupiter, and the vanquiſher of the ſerpent Pytho. Polydore choſe Apollo.

The day drew near the cloſe; Polydore returns home, and goes to reſt; but he cannot ſleep; he dreams, he meditates, he imagines.

There he is, cried he. He walks with majeſtic ſtep; he eſpies the monſter; he bends his bow, the monſter is dead, and the god ſmiles with indignation. The arm which had bent the bow is ſtill ſuſpended; the other is at reſt.

At the firſt dawn of day Polydore flies to his workſhop.

He fixes his eyes upon a block of marble. He is there, ſays he, I ſee him (his genius had already conveyed him thither); it is now time to bring him forth to view.

Already the chiſels of his pupils have taken poſſeſſion of the block. But as ſoon as Polydore thinks he has diſcovered the god, he ſtops them, and takes up his own.

Every

Every ſtroke he gives, detaches and throws at his feet part of the veil that hides from him Apollo.

Already is diſcovered the brilliant ſurface of the nobleſt, the moſt harmonious body, a body at once the leaſt virile, and the leaſt adoleſcent, limbs purified from all the droſs of humanity, and originating one from the other.

But the head yet remains hidden; and if the body is to be a god, the head muſt be Apollo. The head, above every part, ſhould diſtinguiſh the god of day and of the lyre, the vanquiſher of the ſerpent Pytho.

The chiſel of Polydore trembles in approaching this divine head, and heſitates to unveil it; but at length, emboldened, doubtleſs by Apollo himſelf, he ſlightly touches over the forehead, which inſtantaneouſly thinks; he lays a greater ſtreſs below the eyebrows, and a glance eſcapes from the eye, which outſtrips the arrow: he then paſſes his tool over the lips, and they breathe forth indignation.

This is that Apollo of Belvidere; This is the marble made a god by one of thoſe creative chiſels, which by ſelecting, combining, or imitating Nature, have ſurpaſſed Nature!

How beautiful is this divine figure! How noble! How commanding, and at the ſame time how attractive!

How

How perfectly is the body designed! In running over it, the eye is forced to follow its admirable outline. It can ſtop no where.

How great an artiſt was this Polydore *!

We are forced to recollect that this Apollo is of marble, to believe it to be the work of man.

How fortunate is it that time ſhould have reſpected this aſtoniſhing combination of the moſt perfect human forms!

I come continually to ſee it, continually do I come to ſtudy it; I come to elevate my imagination and my heart towards that beautiful *Ideal*, of which this ſtatue is perhaps the maſter-piece.

* Polydore is a ſuppoſed name.

LETTER LXIX.

Rome.

I WENT yeſterday to ſee the catacombs of the convent of St. Sebaſtian. The Jacobine who ſerved me as a guide, appeared to be a man of underſtanding, and much warmth of imagination.

After entering the firſt ſtreet of this immenſe ſubterraneous cavity, you ſee, ſaid my conductor, on each ſide in this rock, the place where ſo many bodies lay piled one upon another: it is ſaid that upwards of one hundred thouſand of them were found here; theſe were all the bodies of martyrs.

There are ſome inſtruments of puniſhment, altars, and a ſtatue of St. Sebaſtian in marble, by Bernini: and here the earth has fallen in.

Such accidents happen, added he, from time to time; it is neceſſary therefore to advance with great precaution, in theſe dangerous caverns: unfortunate ſtrangers have more than once entered them, and never returned.

About forty years ago, a young man and his wife had the curioſity to penetrate into them. They entered, preceded by a guide carrying a torch, when on a ſudden the rock fell in behind them.

Night

Night had now come on. The guide who was miſſing, was ſought for through the whole convent, and at length, in paſſing before the catacombs, O, horror! it was obſerved that the gate was open.

The alarm was general, they run for lights, they deſcend, ſearch every where, and, at length, arrive where the earth had newly fallen in.

They call, and are anſwered by cries.—But how might it be poſſible to move and raiſe this maſſy rock and effect an opening?

They ſoon heard nothing but confuſed groans; and even theſe an inſtant after were no longer heard: they liſtened, and liſtened ſeveral times, but hearing no more, they gave over liſtening and fled.—How did I ſhudder at this dreadful narrative!

What a ſcene did my imagination paint behind this crumbled rock, when the light was ready to extinguiſh!—When it actually did extinguiſh! When the wife no longer could diſcern her huſband; and the guide no longer knew his way; when the darkneſs in which they were ſuddenly plunged, became to them, the eternal darkneſs of death!—When they both found themſelves incloſed in their tombs!

As we continued our way, my conductor gave me the hiſtory of theſe catacombs. He ſpoke of them

them with an earneſtneſs which proved his imagination and his faith.

Here was it, ſaid he to me with a zealous warmth, that the Chriſtians, perſecuted by the Cæſars, repaired towards evening to celebrate their myſteries. Women, children, old men, rich and poor, all flocked hither to the worſhip of God.

Here was it that the prayer of the venerable pontiff, reſounded from one end of the cavern to the other, and iſſued forth to heaven. How admirable was the concert of ſo many voices and hearts joined in prayer! At this ſacred moment the faithful frequently brought into the midſt of the aſſembly, the dead bodies of their brethren, who had juſt ſuffered under the hand of the executioner. Not a groan was uttered; not a lamentation eſcaped them; not a tear was ſhed; not even by mothers; all ſtill continued to pray.

One evening, while they were praying, on a ſudden an unuſual noiſe was heard, and a great light ſeen. A band of mercileſs ſoldiers, who had at length diſcovered the ſubterraneous paſſages, broke in like ſavage beaſts, who have ſurprized their prey. They enter; they ſearch every part of the cavern, and maſſacre the unhappy multitude ſtretching out their necks to ſlaughter: A few women and children only take to flight, and they are followed by the barbarians, ſword

in

in hand, and all murdered. The ſoldiers then return to continue their reſearches, but the frightful ſilence their cruelty had cauſed chills them with horror, and they are unable to enter.—They quit the cavern, and ſeal up for ever this immenſe tomb with enormous rocks.

But I miſtake: in vain have maſſy rocks and revolving ages conſpired to conceal this ſepulcher; the piety of the faithful ſuſpects, diſcovers, and forcing its way, enters and collects all theſe bones, that duſt, and thoſe dead bodies which had been ſealed up within theſe prodigious rocks.

On arriving at a certain diſtance, my conductor ſtopped; a circumſtance I regretted, for I wiſhed to have thrown a few rays of the pale light that guided by ſteps, into the depth of this antique and hallowed darkneſs.

I then ſat down upon a ſtone, with the permiſſion of my guide, who thus concluded his diſcourſe, "I often take a delight, in repairing to this cavern, to anticipate the night, the ſolitude and the coldneſs of death.

Into ſuch caverns, into the bowels of the earth, ſhould we deſcend to reflect on every thing paſſing on it, on every thing mankind are doing, or imagine they are doing. How little ſhould we there perceive the march of the armies that make it tremble, the wheel of the triumphal cars that fur-

furrow its furface, and the fall of the cities and empires it bears; the noife of thefe is there no longer heard.

I love fubterraneous abodes; there detached from every fenfe, and wrapt in folitude, the foul expands her powers; fhe rifes to heights unknown. We are almoft ready to fay, that the way to heaven lies under the earth.

Thither fhould men of groveling minds frequently retire, to heal the wounds of love, envy, or ingratitude. There it would be impoffible for ambition to live."

We came out of the catacombs, and I could have wifhed again to have entered them.

LETTER LXX.

Rome.

THE imagination of Michael Angelo was truly Roman; its views were always above the common ſtandard, as it is impoſſible for a giant not to ſtride. It conceived at once, in the three great arts, the Baſilic of Saint Peter, the picture of the laſt judgment, and the ſtatue of Moſes.

Moſes appears ſeated, holding the tables of the law under one arm; while the other is reſted with an air of majeſty on the breaſt, the breaſt indeed of a prophet.

How ſublime is his look!

That auguſt brow ſeems but a tranſparent veil, which ſcarcely covers an immenſe mind.

How are we aſtoniſhed at the waving amplitude of his beard, which deſcends, or rather flows down to his waſte: but the firſt glance beholds nothing but Moſes.

That beard is not in Nature, I admit it; but it exiſts in the ideal perfection of beauty.

The mouth is full of expreſſion; thought is there waiting for utterance.

Homer, Boſſuet, Michael Angelo, ſeem to have poſſeſſed ſucceſſively the ſame imagination—Is it extinct?

LETTER LXXI.

Rome.

THE *villa Adriana* comprehends a ſpace of about ten miles, at the foot of the mountains of Tivoli, within which the emperor Adrian, after travelling ſix years, in the different kingdoms of the Roman empire, that is to ſay the world, had cauſed the arts to imitate all the monuments the magnificence or ſplendour of which had excited his admiration. Within this circle was ſeen, here the lyceum; there the academy; further on, the prytaneum; in this plain, the portico; on the declivity of that hill, the temple of Theſſalia; in the middle of yon wood, the Pecilium of Athens; baths, libraries, naumachiæ, and theatres. There, were the Elyſian fields; there, too, the infernal ſhades.

The palace of the emperor roſe amid theſe imitative monuments, embelliſhed with all the ornaments architecture could laviſh on the reſidence of the maſter of the world.

There it was that Adrian paſſed ſeven whole years, in the enjoyment of himſelf, Nature, and the Arts; conſoling himſelf with them, for the cares of empire; and diſburthening, from

from time to time, the head of a philoſopher, of the crown of the univerſe.

Eſtimating like a philoſopher, he reduced the time he had lived to theſe ſeven years.

Never did Roman thought, or power, or will, conceive or execute any thing ſo grand, as the villa Adriana: it was, at it were, a ſelection from every age, all the arts, and the whole globe.

Imagine the moment when Adrian, environed with artiſts, philoſophers, and poets, within this ſpace of ten miles, ſaid to all the fine arts: Here, raiſe the Lyceum; there the portico; there the temple of Canopus; in this valley, I would ſee the Elyſian fields: Take what gold you want, one year, and fifty thouſand of my ſlaves!

But what a moment alſo was that, when the barbarians entered, and conjunctively with time began their ravages!—I diſcovered time there alſo.

How ſhall I deſcribe what I felt at the firſt ſight of this ſpot, when a poor peaſant opened to me the half rotten gate of wood, which at preſent is the entrance to its precincts.

I proceeded, for three hours, with a heart wrung with ſorrow, alone, through graſs and weeds, amid the trunks of columns and ruined walks. I paſſed over this profound ſolitude from one end to the other.

Caracalla,

Caracalla, the Italians, and time, have ſpared neither the Lyceum, nor the portico, nor the academy! They have effaced even their very traces!

I ſet about going over the remains which were ſtill diſtinguiſhable, and hastened to examine them; as if they were no longer to ſubſiſt the next day: as if Caracalla was expected to return at night. What joy, when amidſt the brambles, under the branches of a fig-tree or of ivy, I was ſo fortunate as to perceive the fragments of ſome column!

I wandered about; I ſtopt; and then wandered about again; I was never tired with contemplating theſe ruins, of violet colour, ſcattered, under an azure ſky, on lawns of the tendereſt verdure.

I went likewiſe to viſit the hundred chambers, where the Pretorian guards were lodged. A fig-tree, growing in the Pozzalara, has penetrated the roof of one of theſe chambers, and extended its branches in the middle of it, the rays of the ſun, inſinuating themſelves through the wall, were aſſiduouſly ripening the fruit; and the bees buzzing all around.

It began to be late, the ſun was near ſetting; when, wading among the briars, near a temple of Jupiter, which is every moment falling to ruin, I met with a menagery.

There I reſted myſelf under a pine-tree, whilſt oppoſite to me, on a den where a lion formerly had roared, a nightingale was ſinging: her ſong ſeemed accompanied by a brook, which bubbled in ſoft murmurs through the verdure.

I liſtened alternately to the ſtream, the nightingale, and the ſilence:—I was enchanted!

But night at length overſhadowed the deſert, and compelled me to retire.

LETTER LXXII.

Rome.

I CANNOT give you a better account of the Laocoon of *Belvidere*, than by repeating a converſation I had, concerning this admirable groupe, with a young artiſt.

I had been employed near an hour, in alternately ſtudying and admiring its beauties.

How, ſaid I to myſelf, could M. de .... write, that the death of Laocoon is repreſented on this marble, as in the verſes of Virgil? Either M. de .... has not read the paſſage of Virgil, or he has not ſeen this groupe. In Virgil, the action is ſucceſſive; here, it is ſimultaneous. In Virgil, the ſerpents have already torn the two children, when their father flies to their aid; here, the children and their father are attacked at the ſame time. In Virgil, Laocoon utters the moſt fearful cries, and on this marble he is ſilent. Virgil, in a word, confines himſelf to the expreſſion of phyſical ſuffering; while Agaſias * has given us moral pain. He has done more; amid theſe diſtinct ſpecies of ſuffering he has depicted courage combating and vanquiſhing both. Of theſe two

* A ſuppoſed name.

men of genius, the artiſt certainly is Virgil, and Agaſias the poet. The former has given us a narrative, the latter a poem. Virgil's main object was to move; Agaſias wiſhed to pleaſe. Agaſias therefore has ſurpaſſed Virgil.

I was finiſhing this parallel in my mind, and thinking of what utility a thorough explanation of it might prove for the inſtruction of young artiſts; how it might ſerve to enable them to comprehend the difference there is, in all the fine arts, between mechaniſm that imitates, and genius that compoſes; when at the very moment I caſt my eyes on a young man near me, who was buſy taking a drawing of the Laocoon.

I found his drawing wretched, but held my tongue.

What do you think of it, ſays the young artiſt to me, in Italian?

Why, anſwered I, you are ſtill far from the original.

I think with you, ſaid he; I am by no means ſatisfied. This is the tenth time I have copied this groupe, and I never get beyond the whole effect: yet, I cannot help thinking, that I copy with the greateſt fidelity.

If you had copied, ſaid I, with the greateſt fidelity, your drawing would reflect your model as faithfully as a mirror, but depend upon it your tranſlation is very far from literal. It is full of

weighty

weighty omiſſions, and palpable miſtakes. It would be unfair, it is true, to reproach you with your copy not being literal, for it is not poſſible it ſhould be ſo. You cannot, in ſo ſmall a compaſs, collect all the parts of your model, even in miniature. A great number of them are only points which cannot be abridged: you are compelled therefore to ſelect ſome, and to ſuppoſe the reſt; but you have made a bad choice, and have ſuppoſed ill. You have ſelected the particulars which define the body, and rejected thoſe which expreſs the ſoul. I ſee nothing beneath your pencil, but the body of an old man, hideous from age and pain; while the chiſel of Agaſias, preſents to me the tender heart of a father, and the firm mind of the ſage. The Laocoon of Agaſias therefore inſpires me with a lively admiration that attaches me to his ſufferings, whilſt yours, on the contrary, offends and diſguſts me.

But, replied the young artiſt, is not the effect I produce more natural?

Unqueſtionably, the effect you produce is much more natural; but the object of the fine arts is not ſimply to imitate nature, but to imitate the beautiful in nature; not merely to affect ſenſibility, but to affect it happily. The unſkilful artiſt knows not how to chuſe. In a diſguſting

ſubject, he will adopt preciſely its moſt diſguſting part.

Explain to me then, ſaid the youth, in what conſiſts the genius and judgment which appears to you ſo conſpicuous in the choice of the attitude to which the artiſt has here given the preference.

Young man, I replied, Agaſias undertook to repreſent, on marble, the misfortune of Laocoon. He ſaid, no doubt, to himſelf: ſhould I make choice of the aſpect, under which it at firſt view preſents itſelf, it will certainly excite horror, and that the more the better it ſhall be executed. Theſe two children and that old man torn by two ſerpents! who will be able to bear ſuch a ſight? Yet what I mean to repreſent muſt be rendered not only ſupportable, but attractive. He muſes, he meditates, he deſcends into his heart, and interrogates by turns his ſenſibility and his judgment. "I have diſcovered the ſecret," exclaims he, "the horror of the principal action "muſt be made to diſappear, under the intereſt I "communicate to the acceſſories. I will there- "fore reſign the body of the old man to the "bite of the ſerpent; but this body at leaſt ſhall "be perfect; and beneath the preſſure of years, "his wounds, and ſufferings, the ſpectator ſhall "diſcover, at intervals, the ſplendour of a ma-

"jeſtic

" jeſtic beauty. I will expreſs likewiſe, through " the whole body of Laocoon, the pain he en- " dures; but as this would be too horrid, were " it wholly to appear, I will retain a part of it in " the ſoul, and mingle what I ſhall ſuffer to " manifeſt itſelf, with the affliction of a father. " But theſe, his two ſons, embarraſs me. Shall I " diſplay them both torn to pieces by the ſer- " pents? What a diſguſting ſameneſs! I ſhall " ſink beneath pity. No, I muſt ſhew theſe " two children running, at the ſame time, to " their father, from two different ſides; the ſer- " pents ſhall ſeize them both, before they reach " him; but one only ſhall be their victim, and he " ſhall be the youngeſt, that his fate may be the " more affecting. The other ſhall be ſimply " entwined in the folds of the monſter; and his " ſacrifice ſhall be deferred. I will endeavour to " render both theſe epiſodes extremely affecting, " in order ſtill more to diminiſh, by the compaſ- " ſion theſe children ſhall inſpire, the horror ex- " cited by the father; I will endeavour, in a " word, to render pity the predominant paſſion " excited by my work."

Obſerve now, ſaid I to the young man, how well Agaſias has executed this ſublime and juſt conception.

Yes, ſaid he, we ſee the workings of all the muſcles diſtorted by excruciating pain.

Alas!

Alas! replied I, we are not talking about the working of the muſcles! You artiſts hardly ever ſee any thing but the mere mechanical execution. You ſeldom or ever admire any thing but what is the production of the hand; the work of genius eſcapes you. Commend, with all my heart, the mechanical execution; but in its proper turn, that is to ſay, after all the reſt. For what would it ſignify to the general effect of the whole if the artiſt had neglected to expreſs the ſuffering of ſome veins, and repreſented, indifferently, ſome part of the fleſh? How trivial muſt his work be, did it leave the eye of a man of ſenſibility ſo ſoon free to quit the whole, and deſcend to the particulars. How inſignificant muſt it be, did the ſoul ſo readily recollect that the figures are of marble, and the work of the chiſel! Ill betide the artiſt who exhibits his talents before his work. To approach perfection, his performance ought to be ſuch, that our feelings ſhould firſt experience all the effect, and our reflection next diſcover all the merit.

For my own part, what makes the greateſt impreſſion on me when viewing the Laocoon, are the feelings of the unhappy father; the firm ſoul of the ſage; the wretched fate of the aged man; and finally, (for this is the laſt thing that appears) the dreadful ſufferings of the man: all theſe preſent themſelves at once. Admirable combination!

How

How is my whole attention fixed on a ſcene, which differently repreſented, would never have engaged me to beſtow on it a ſingle glance.

When I next proceed to form a judgment on the merit of the artiſt; what underſtanding, what knowledge, what genius, in a word, do I every where diſcover!

Agaſias wiſhed to exhibit pain, tenderneſs and courage, ſtruggling together in the body of Laocoon. For this purpoſe he chooſes an attitude which may lay open, and expoſe the whole body to thoſe three contending paſſions. And how wonderfully has he imagined this extraordinary attitude! He firſt makes the attack on Laocoon to be on the ſide, ſo that the whole trunk is forced to project to avoid the tooth of the exaſperated ſerpent; he then diſpoſes one fold of the ſerpent above the ſhoulders, which compels him, in order to break it, to open both his arms and ſtretch forward his head.

The convulſions of pain, however, will derange this attitude; but the artiſt conceives the idea of rendering it fixed by binding all the lower part of the body within the double wreaths of the ſerpent.

Now let us contemplate the combat between pain and courage.

The cry of ſufferance is ready to force a paſſage from thoſe half opened lips! But courage again

again closes them. They will not allow it to escape. The whole surface of that body, a prey to agony, resembles the surface of an agitated and foaming sea. But do you not remark, among those plaintive looks of pain, the still more plaintive looks of paternal tenderness?

Agasias has had the art too, wonderfully to interest us in the death of the youngest of the two children! He was running to take refuge in the bosom of his father, when a serpent darts forth, overtakes him, and in a knot, with which he binds his legs, lifts him up, and holds him in the air; whilst with another of his folds, he deprives of motion one of his feeble arms. The serpent then, with the weight of one only of his folds, which glides over the bosom of the child, presses, entwines and strangles him; he expires, looking at his father. How affecting is this look! To die so young! To die by such a death! That delicate and tender body to be strangled by a serpent!—But at least he has not suffered much.

The tragedy is not yet concluded. The fate of the eldest is not decided. What, will no man, no deity come to untwist those abominable serpents from around the legs of this child! In vain does he look up to his father; in vain do his little hands attempt to break those knots. His hands, alas! are too feeble. But perhaps the serpents will be satiated, when they shall have devoured Laocoon,

coon, and ſucked out the life of his young brother? Unfortunate child! What a hope! How ſublime an artiſt was Agaſias, who forces all theſe thoughts upon me.

As I continued talking thus, and giving a looſe to my enthuſiaſm, the young artiſt became animated.

This will do, cried I to myſelf; Fly to your pencil, you begin to feel.

Cold blood, added I, has never imitated any thing but the productions of cold blood, that is to ſay, cold things. Ye artiſts, who have only eyes, copy inanimate matter, and dead bodies. It is the excluſive province of imagination, of ſenſibility, to copy life, motion and paſſion.

But I do not conceive, ſaid the young painter, why it is neceſſary, in order to copy well, to poſſeſs genius, ſentiment, and enthuſiaſm; it ſeems to me as if eyes were ſufficient, nay I cannot but think, that too much emotion would prevent me from ſeeing well.

My friend, the eyes of the body alone are neceſſary to ſee and copy what the eyes of the body have ſeen: but it is with the eye of genius only, that you can perceive and copy what the eye of genius has diſcovered. It is only with the ſame emotion, the ſame ſentiment, that has inſpired ſuch and ſuch traits, that we are able to recognize thoſe traits. The character-

iſtic

iſtic features of the ſoul are viſible only to the ſoul.

How is it poſſible for an artiſt, who has never entered into the deſign of Agaſias, who has not comprehended, for inſtance, that his intention in the play of this or that muſcle, was to expreſs at once, the force of the pain which irritates and impels, and the effort of the courage which reſiſts and retains it, ever to conceive that complicated movement; and if he does not conceive it, how would you have him render it? He will omit preciſely the deciſive trait; he will even imagine that he comes nearer anatomical accuracy by omitting it: He will not be far from converting that into a defect, which, in the original, is a beauty.

Young artiſts, copy much, but imitate ſtill more. Do you not feel, that whilſt your hand only is at work, your genius ſleeps? you loſe the moment for contracting the habit of enthuſiaſm; you deſpair of yourſelves.

You will ſay, that you are copying the greateſt works of genius. No: you are copying, in theſe works, preciſely what is not ſo. Were it otherwiſe, would you copy ſo long?

But do you know what it is you ought to copy? The elements of the beautiful. When you have once made yourſelves maſters of them, you may then form, according to your fancy, combinations

tions of them which will be original, and indeed your own. Copy the naked, under all its forms, in all its aſpects; copy the tranquil nature of antique marble and canvaſs; with all my heart: and then, when you wiſh to give paſſion to your figures, inſtead of borrowing from other pictures, compoſe for yourſelves; and compoſe ſuitable to the place, the occaſion, the action; every borrowed countenance of paſſion will ever be at beſt a maſk. This is the reaſon why, in almoſt all hiſtorical paintings, the perſonages are ſo extravagant and ſo cold; they are but indifferent comedians.

The employment of copying is, I believe, ſeducing: it flatters the young pupil with the hopes of equalling his model, and requires from him, in return, nothing but time, patience, colours, and the pencil; it diſpenſes with all ſtudy.

You have judged rightly, ſaid the young man: this is exactly what we all think when we ſet about copying.

But how ſhall I then become a great painter?

My friend, by firſt becoming a poet, an hiſtorian, a moral and experimental philoſopher; for, as for the mechaniſm of the art, which is the laſt part of it, it ought likewiſe to occupy the laſt place. Without the others it is uſeleſs. When a man knows neither how to think, to reaſon, or to feel, of what ſervice is it to him to know how to ſpeak? And, in fact, three-fourths of

our

our artiſts attempt only to ſpeak: They labour, fooliſh men, only for the eyes. If you wiſh to direct your labours to the mind and heart, purſue another path. Begin by cultivating both your underſtanding and your heart: Feel *.

The arts have been ruined by treating them like trades, and making young men embrace them like mechanical profeſſions.

Artiſts are aſtoniſhed and complain of the little taſte of men of learning and underſtanding for the productions of the fine arts; but why, artiſts, do you imitate none but objects ſuperfluous in nature, or which are too common. Preſent to us a nature which ſhall be novel, and above all, let it be well ſelected. Shew us the three ſons of the aged Horatius, ſwearing, at the command of their father, the ruin of Alba, and the preſervation of Rome. Shew us Socrates chained in his priſon, and, with the fatal cup in his hand, converſing with his diſciples, as if ſeated at a banquet and crowned with flowers. Or if ſo you chuſe, happily rivalling Corregio, let us again behold the God of Love, who eternally will pleaſe, eſpecially if repreſented with the features of the young *Lubormiſki* †, and armed, not with his torch or bow, but only with his nudity, and offering a crown of

* The counſel I here give, is amply juſtified by the Greuzes, the Vernets, the Davids, the Houdons, and the Le Bruns.

† Prince Lubormiſki, a young Poliſh prince, lately returned from England with his mother, the moſt beautiful youth that imagination can conceive, who ſat to Madame Le Brun for her celebrated Cupid.

laurel

laurel and of myrtle..... no doubt to the artiſt ‡, whoſe pencil gave him birth.

But all wiſh the favour of the multitude, and the multitude are eaſily contented. The taſte of the vulgar ends, where that of connoiſſeurs begins. The vulgar contemn and neglect works of art, the moment colours diſappear, and thoughts begin to ſhew themſelves; they are a kind of idolators, to whom the image is the god.

When I had ended, the young painter thanked me, and ſaid, with an affecting ingenuity: It is too late for me, I am too far advanced, and above all too much preſſed by neceſſity, to think of quitting the path I have entered for that you point out to me. He ſighed and aſked my name.

I will not tell you, replied I, but Homer, Virgil, and ſtill more, the love of glory, theſe are what it is important for you to know.

Yes, without the love of glory we can never perform any thing that is great: for we never make any effort.

Alexander only overturned kingdoms in Aſia, that the noiſe of their downfal might be echoed in the public places of Athens.

‡ The French reader will perceive that all this paragraph has been added, ſince the author's return, by his illuſions to the celebrated paintings of the Horatii and the death of Socrates, by Mr. David, lately preſented to the public at the exhibition of the Louvre. This picture of Cupid, by Madame Le Brun, in which ſhe has ſurpaſſed herſelf, rivals Titian for truth, and Corregio for grace.

LETTER LXXIII.

Rome.

I HAVE ſeen the Coliſeo.

While paſſing under the arch of Titus, in my way to it, I ſtopped a moment and amuſed myſelf with admiring the pomp of the triumph, the ſpoils of the Jews, the ſlaves who drag the car, the mild majeſty of the conqueror, the crowd of Romans of whom he was the delight, and whoſe eyes are fixed upon him; a thouſand beauties, in ſhort, of the Grecian chiſel, each ſtill more exquiſite than the other, and ſtill living on the marble.

But nothing gave me greater pleaſure than to recollect that I was contemplating a monument erected by Trajan to Titus.

On quitting the arch of Titus, you diſcover, to the right, the arch of Conſtantine; to the left, the Coliſeo; in the middle, the celebrated *Meta Sudans*.

This arch, which was erected to commemorate the firſt victory of Conſtantine over Maxentius, now no longer commemorates any thing but the decline of the arts under Conſtantine.

To decorate it, they were reduced to ſtrip an arch of Trajan of its bas reliefs. What ſacrilege!

I ſoon

I ſoon quitted this arch, and, as I paſſed on, caſt an eye on the remains of that *Meta Sudans* which has loſt all the attractions it once poſſeſſed in the coolneſs and murmur of thoſe abundant waters, it poured forth in ancient times. I advanced, at length, towards the Coliſeo.

The Coliſeo is unqueſtionably the moſt admirable monument of the Roman power under the Cæſars.

From its vaſt circuit, from the multitude of ſtones of which it is formed, from that union of columns of every order, which riſe up, one above the other, in a circular form, to ſupport three rows of porticoes, from all the dimenſions, in a word, of this prodigious edifice, we inſtantly recognize the work of a people, ſovereigns of the univerſe, and ſlaves of an emperor.

I wandered long round the Coliſeo, without venturing, if I may ſo ſay, to enter it: my eyes ſurveyed it with admiration and awe.

Not more than one-half of this vaſt edifice at preſent is ſtanding; yet the imagination may ſtill add what has been deſtroyed, and compleat the whole.

At length I entered within its precincts.

What an aſtoniſhing ſcene! What contraſts! What a diſplay of ruins, and of all the parts of the monument, of every form, every age, and, as I may ſay, every year, ſome bearing the marks

of the hand of time, and others of the hand of the barbarian; theſe crumbled down yeſterday, thoſe a few days before, a great number on the point of falling, and ſome, in ſhort, which are falling from one moment to another: Here we ſee a tottering portico, there a falling entablament, and further on, a ſeat: while in the mean while, the ivy, the bramble, the moſs, and various plants, creep amongſt theſe ruins, grow, and inſinuate themſelves, and taking root in the cement, are continually detaching, ſeparating, and reducing to powder theſe enormous maſſes; the work of ages, piled on each other by the will of an emperor, and the labour of a hundred thouſand ſlaves.

There was it then that gladiators, martyrs, and ſlaves combated on the Roman feſtivals, only to make the blood circulate a little quicker in the veins of a hundred thouſand idle ſpectators.

I thought I ſtill heard the roaring of the lions the ſighs of the dying, the voice of the executioners, and what would ſtrike my ear with ſtill greater horror, the applauſes of the Romans.

I thought I heard them, by theſe applauſes, encouraging and demanding carnage; the men requiring ſtill more blood from the combatants; and the women, more mercy for the dying.

I imagined I beheld one of theſe women, young and beautiful, on the fall of a gladiator, riſe from her

her seat, and with an eye which had just carelled a lover, welcome, or repel, find fault with, or applaud the last sigh of the vanquished, as if she had paid for it.

How ferocious was the very indolence of the Romans! It could find no amusement but in blood.

The idea of the conquest of the world had so excited the sensibility of the Romans, as to force it beyond the bounds of nature and humanity: insomuch that at last it could no longer find emotions powerful enough, but in the conquest of kingdoms, the combats of gladiators and of lions, colossal and golden statues, and the atrocious cruelties of Nero and Caligulas.

But what a change has taken place in this Arena! In the middle stands a crucifix, and all around this crucifix, at equal distances, fourteen altars, consecrated to different saints, are erected on the dens which once contained the wild beasts. Here, almost every day, monks deal out sermons, and hold their brotherhoods.

The Coliseo was daily hastening to destruction; the stones were carrying off, and it was constantly disfigured, and made the receptacle of filth, when Benedict, and made the receptacle of filth, when noble monument by consecrating it; by defending it with altars, and protecting it with indulgences.

Theſe walls, theſe columns, and theſe porticoes have now no other ſupport but the names of thoſe very martyrs with whoſe blood they were formerly ſtained.

I walked through every part of the Coliſeo; I aſcended into all its different ſtories; and ſat down in the box of the emperors.

I ſhall long remember the ſilence and ſolitude that reigned through theſe galleries, along theſe ranges of ſeats, and under theſe vaulted porticoes.

I ſtopped from time to time to liſten to the echo of my feet in walking.

I was delighted too with attending to a certain faint ruſtling, more ſenſible to the ſoul than to the ear, occaſioned by the hand of time, which is continually at work and undermining the Coliſeo, on every ſide.

What pleaſure did I not enjoy too, in obſerving how the day gradually retired, and the night as gradually advanced over the arcades, ſpreading her lengthening ſhadows.

By the laſt glimmerings of day, intermingled with the firſt ſhades of night, I perceived, on a ſudden, a young woman croſſing the Coliſeo. She was handſome, and gracefully dreſſed! Her hair and drapery were gently agitated by the breeze. With one hand ſhe was holding to her boſom a little infant; in the other, ſhe carried a bunch

a bunch of roſes; and, on her head, a baſket of ſtrawberries. I no longer ſaw the Coliſeo.

Recovering from this ſlight agitation, I deſcended into the Arena. My eyes long endeavoured to ſnatch theſe pictureſque ruins from the darkneſs of the evening. They were fixed on that ſolitary ſtone which rears up its head the higheſt, and on which the laſt ray of the ſun was expiring.

At length I was obliged to retire, with my mind, however, filled with and abſorbed in a thouſand ideas, a thouſand ſenſations, which can only ariſe among theſe ruins, and which theſe ruins, in ſome degree inſpire.

LETTER LXXIV.

Rome.

MADAME .... propoſed accompanying me to Tivoli.

We arrived there betimes.

Whilſt Madame .... and the reſt of the company were employed in viſiting the grand caſcade, the grotto of Neptune, and the houſe of Mecenas, I ran to the leſſer falls.

I once more beheld this charming ſpot, as we ſhould behold a beloved object we had feared never to ſee again.

After viſiting every object anew; after ſtrolling every where, I ſaid to myſelf: The evening is fine; it is yet early; I am alone; let me here prepare an offering to the manes of Delia and Cynthia; and tranſlate a few verſes of Tibullus and Propertius, on the very ſpot, where, doubtleſs, they were made: This place may poſſibly inſpire me.

I have thrown ſeveral elegies into one, and inſtead of copying, I have imitated. The following is an elegy of Propertius.

But firſt let me intreat the pardon of the chevaliers *Bertin* and *Parny*, the Propertius and Tibullus, of France.

Charm-

Charming poets, I have ventured to cull some flowers in your gardens, though, unfortunately, after you!

A CINTHIE.

PEUT-ON être sensible, et rester à la ville?
Des amours, aujourd'hui, la campagne est l'asyle;
Aujourd'hui, Junon même abandonne les cieux;
Et les vœux des mortels n'y trouvent plus les Dieux.
L'Amour s'est fait berger; Vénus s'est faite bergère:
En tous lieux, aujourd'hui l'on croit être à Cythère.
Salut, ô doux printemps! hommage à ton retour.
Oh! comme, dans le bois, dans les champs d'alentour,
Comme, dans nos vallons, rit la nature heureuse!
Le ciel semble amoureux de la terre amoureuse!
L'aquilon cependant n'a point quitté les airs:
L'Amour frissonne encor dans nos bois déjà verts;
Caché dans ses boutons, le jasmin, cher à Flore,
Doute encor du printemps, et n'ose point éclore;
Mais, parois, ma Cinthie, et tout va refleurir.
Dis-moi, loin de Tibur, qui te peut retenir?
Seroit-ce ta santé, qui languit, qui chancèle?
Vas! c'est en l'aimant bien qu'on guérit une belle.
Fuis donc les bords du Tibre, et viens incessamment,
Recouvrer la santé dans les bras d'un amant.
Que dis je! ô de l'amour illusion puissante!
Rien ne m'est si présent, que ma Cinthie absente,
Tous mes sens sont émus; je l'entends, je la vois:
Oui, c'est-là son souris, le doux son de sa voix.
Que ma Cinthie est belle! elle seroit, sans peine,
Des amours, à son choix, ou la sœur ou la reine.

Dryade,

Dryade, au fond des bois; Nâiade, au bord des eaux;
Une nymphe bergère, au milieu des troupeaux.
Tout, dans Cinthie, eſt grace, et rien n'eſt impoſture;
Elle n'eſt point parée, et c'eſt-là ſa parure.
Quand Cinthie, au matin (j'en atteſte l'amour)
Entrouvre ſes beaux yeux, auſſi purs que le jour,
C'eſt l'aurore—ou la roſe: on croit la voir éclore.
Non, mortels, c'eſt Cinthie, et ce n'eſt point l'aurore;
C'eſt l'objet enchanteur qui me tient enflammé;
Si vous ne l'aimez point, vous n'avez point aimé.
Voulez-vous embaumer cet air que je reſpire?
Laiſſez-là vos parfums, faites qu'elle y ſoupire.
Voulez-vous m'émouvoir? priez-la de parler.
Elle marche! .... tremblez.... elle peut s'envoler.....
Quoi! vous peignez Cinthe? êtes-vous donc Appelle!
Quoi, ſans être Phœbus, vous chantez cette belle!
Viens, ma belle maîtreſſe; oui, viens: ne tarde plus
A rendre à mes baiſers tes appas attendus.
Aimons-nous, aimons bien; qu'aimer nous ſoit la vie;
Sans ceſſe reſſerons le doux nœud qui nous lie,
Et Puiſſions-nous enfin, à notre dernier jour,
Tous les deux à la fois, ne mourir que d'amour!

TO CYNTHIA.

WHO, yet alive to love's all ſacred fire,
Would ſtill the town's dull atmoſphere reſpire?
Imperial Juno now forſakes her ſkies,
And ſuppliant mortals vainly ſacrifice;
The wanton Cupid takes a ſhepherd's dreſs,
And Venus trips a lovely ſhepherdeſs;
Love o'er the world extends his gentle ſway,
While to the ſpring all creatures homage pay.

How

How through theſe woods, theſe vallies, and theſe meads,
The face of Nature one ſweet ſmile o'erſpreads!
Heav'n ſeems enamour'd of the teaming earth,
And all her vernal beauties burſt to birth:
Though yet the northern blaſt prevails, and Love,
Too oft, ſtill ſhivers in th' half naked grove,
The tender jaſmin, to Flora dear,
Hid in her bud, ſtill dreads th' unripen'd year;
Still doubts if it be ſpring, nor dares diſplay
Her opening beauties to the golden day;
But come, my Cynthia, and the magic power
Of thy ſweet ſmiles ſhall animate the flower.
Oh, ſweet illuſion of almighty Love!
Amid theſe pleaſing ſcenes wherere I rove,
My abſent Cynthia far more preſent ſeems
Than hills, or dales, or groves, or purling ſtreams.
My raviſh'd ſenſes ſtill her charms perceive,
In my fond ear her tuneful accents live,
And Fancy my delighted eyes beguiles,
With the mild radiance of her beaming ſmiles.
Oh, Cynthia! haſte to grace the rural ſcene,
Of love the ſiſter, and of love the queen;
The charming Dryad of the verdant woods,
The lovely Naiad of the ſilver floods.
In Nature's ſimpleſt grace alone array'd,
My Cynthia blooms, and all adore the maid;
Art's utmoſt effort on her beauty's loſt,
Neglect of ornament adorns her moſt.
When Cynthia's eyes firſt open on the day,
Aurora ſeems to beam with brighter ray.
Fond mortals, no; 'tis not the morning breaks
With ray more lucid, but my Cynthia wakes;

'Tis

'Tis the celestial maid to whom I bow;
Who loves her not, no love can ever know.
Would you embalm the air which I respire,
Then let her sigh and fan my am'rous fire;
Would you wake every nerve to thrilling joys,
Then let me, rapture'd, hear her tuneful voice;
Her charms Apelles' pencil would require
To paint them, and to sing, Apollo's lyre.
Come then, no more delay, oh, heavenly fair!
To yield thy beauties to my ardent prayer;
Still let us love while life supplies the power,
Be love our life, till life's extremest hour;
And when our joys shall end, as end they must,
Love be the death that mingles us with dust;
Still let us cherish the departing fire,
And in each other's arms of love expire.

Do you discover in these verses any traces of that ingeniously amorous imagination which characterized Propertius? for we may love with the heart, wit, or imagination, as well as with the senses. For which reason, we can love equally well in many different ways.

LETTER LXXV.

Tivoli.

I NOW give you an imitation of Tibullus: I wish to dedicate it to the manes of the president, Bouhier, the author of a treatise on the Common Law of Burgundy, and a translation of Catullus.

CONSEILS AUX AMANS.

Venez tendres amans qui trouvez des cruelles;
Vénus m'a révélé comment on plaît aux belles.
Venez. La complaisance ouvre un cœur à l'amour:
Qui toujours cherche à plaire est sûr de plaire un jour.
Que l'ingrate à tes vœux se montre inexorable,
Que son cœur soit armé d'un bronze impénétrable,
(Jamais un tendre amant ne se décourage;)
Amuse, flatte, amuse... Eh bien, vous-tu déjà
Comme, insensiblement à tes vœux plus facile,
Elle-même à ton joug présente un cou docile.
Le temps peut tout: le tigre à la fin obéit;
L'eau parvient à creuser le roc qu'elle amollit.
Tu te plains qu'on diffère; attends: le lys superbe,
Pour briller quelques jours, se cache un an sous l'herbe.
Il faut, sur cette plaine, où jaunira le blé,
Que d'un an révolu tout le cercle ait roulé.
Tu le sais, ô jeune homme! un cœur tendre est crédule,
Jures donc hardiment; jures donc sans scrupule:
Tu peux même attester, sans les blesser jamais,
Pallas par ses cheveux, Apollon par ses traits.

Jupiter

Jupiter annulla, par un bienfait ſuprême,
Tout ſerment, qu'à l'amour arracha l'amour-même.
Il eſt d'heureux momens, des momens où le cœur
Eſt ouvert, ſans défenſe, et n'attend qu'un vainqueur.
Mais il faut les ſaiſir, il faut qu'on les épie ;
L'occaſion eſt nue, et veut être ravie.
Ah ! comme des beaux jours le vol eſt prompt ! hélas !
On n'en vit jamais un revenir ſur ſes pas !
Deſtin tout-à-la-fois et ſévère et biſarre !
Hériſſé de frimats, armé d'un ſceptre avare,
L'hiver, cinq mois entiers, règne en paix dans nos champs ;
Et ſon jeune héritier, l'aimable et doux printemps,
Revient, en fugitif, viſiter ſon domaine,
Où ſon peuple de fleurs ne l'entrevoit qu'à peine !
Jouis donc, ô jeune homme ! hâte-toi. Ce courſier,
Qui, dans nos derniers jeux, s'élança le premier,
Il languit. Tu connois le frère de Délie ;
Il négligeoit l'amour, le traitoit de folie.
Il rioit ; l'âge vint ; je le vis ; il pleuroit.
Mais inutiles pleurs, inutile regrêt !
Hélas ! le ſerpent ſeul peut tromper la vieilleſſe ;
Seul dépouiller les ans, et garder la jeuneſſe.
Quoique Iris ait déjà, dans les airs orageux,
De ſes riches couleurs peint la moitié des cieux ;
Et qu'au penchant des monts, dans le milieu des plaines,
La ſoif de Syrius ait tari les fontaines ;
Si ta Chloé, pourtant, veut haſarder ſoudain
Un voyage peu ſûre en un climat lointain ;
Pars. Ou veut-elle errer ſur la mer infidelle ?
Prends la rame et fends l'onde, et fais voile avec elle.
Veut-elle, au bord des eaux, ſéduire le poiſſon ?
Va déployer la ligne et jetter l'hameçon ;

Enfin

Enfin veut-elle, un ſoir, dans la plaine fleurie,
Vaincre, d'un pied léger, ton pied qu'elle défie?
Accepte: elle s'élance; et toi, vole: ſoudain,
Que ton pas ralenti lui cède le chemin;
Et vainqueur en effet, prête-lui ta victoire.
Alors, mets à profit l'ivreſſe de ſa gloire.
Heureuſement vaincu, tu peux alors ôſer;
Tu peux impunément cueillir plus d'un baiſer,
Qu'elle défend d'abord, et puis qu'elle abandonne.
Oui, d'abord tu les prends; enſuite, on te les donne;
Après, on te les offre; et la coquette enfin
Les ravit ſur ta bouche, en dépit de ta main.
Il eſt d'autres ſecrets, un art plus ſûr encore,
Mais que n'apprend Vénus qu'à l'amant qui l'implore.
Sois ſimple, ſois modeſte: on eſt toujours ému
D'une rougeur candide, et d'un rire ingénu.
Sache encore avec grace et parler et te taire;
Avec timidité te montrer téméraire.
Oh! puiſſe, dans tes yeux, une larme rouler,
Qui brillera d'amour et n'ôſera couler!
Enfin, que te dirai-je? Une aimable triſteſſe,
Un regard attendri qui conjure et careſſe,
Un ſoupir, un ſilence eſt ſouvent écouté:
C'eſt un rien; mais un rien peut tout ſur la beauté.
Il le pouvoit jadis: mais dans ce temps barbare,
Où l'or plaît, où l'or règne, où Vénus eſt avare,
On vend l'amour! ô honte! On préfère, à préſent,
Un coupable artifice à mon art innocent.
Des vers, des fleurs, des ſoins prenoient une coquète.
On pouvoit la ſéduire; à préſent on l'achète.
Belles, quittez Plutus, et ſuivez les neuf ſœurs.
Et, pour leurs favoris, réſervez vos faveurs.
Belles, aimez les vers, les vers immortaliſent;
Vos appas, dans les vers, avec eux, s'éterniſent:

Et

Et vos noms y vivront, tant qu'Hébé, dans les cieux,
Verſera l'ambroiſie au monarque des dieux;
Que Vénus ſourira; que la reine de l'onde
De ſon écharpe humide embraſſera le monde.
Tout périt ſans les vers. Sans cet art immortel,
Que de dieux oubliés n'auroient point eu d'autel!
Et toi-même, ô Vénus! il t'en ſouvient: Homère,
A ta belle ceinture attacha l'art de plaire *.

ADVICE TO LOVERS.

[Ye ſwains whoſe ſuit the rigid fair refuſe
Attend the precepts Venus taught the muſe]
Take no repulſe—at firſt what though they fly,
O'ercome at laſt, reluctance will comply.
The vine in time full ripen'd cluſters bears,
And circling time brings back the rolling ſpheres;
In time ſoft rains through marble ſap their way,
And time taught man to tame fierce beaſts of prey.
Nor aw'd by conſcience meanly dread to ſwear;
Love oaths, unratify'd, wild tempeſts bear!
Baniſh then ſcruples, if you'd gain a heart
Swear, ſwear by Pallas' locks, Diana's dart;
By all that's moſt rever'd,—if they require:
Oaths bind not eager love, thank Heaven's good Sire!
Nor be too ſlow; your ſlowneſs you'll deplore;
Time poſts; and oh! Youth's raptures ſoon are o'er;

* Theſe verſes are taken from a tranſlation in verſe of the Elegies of Tibullus, and part of the Elegies of Propertius, by the author of theſe letters, which has not yet been publiſhed. The Engliſh tranſlation of the Elegy of Tibullus, is from Dr. Grainger, the lines between brackets excepted, which have been added to preſerve the connection, and keep cloſer to the French, which is rather an imitation than a tranſlation.

Nor

Nor foreſts bloom, and purple earth looks gay;
Bleak winter blows and all her charms decay:
How ſoon the ſteed to age's ſtiffneſs yields,
So late a victor in the Olympic fields!
I've ſeen the aged oft lament their fate,
That ſenſeleſs they had learnt to live too late.
Ye partial gods, and can the ſnake renew,
His youthful vigour and his burniſh'd hue?
But youth and beauty paſt, is art in vain
To bring the coy deſerters back again.
Yield prompt compliance to the maid's deſires;
A prompt compliance fans the lovers fires;
Go pleaſed where'er ſhe goes, tho' long the way,
Tho' the fierce dog-ſtar dart his ſultry ray;
Tho' painted Iris gird the bluiſh ſky,
And ſure portends that rattling ſtorms are nigh:
Or if the fair one pant for ſylvan fame,
Gay drag the meſhes, and provoke the game;
Nay, ſhould ſhe chuſe to riſk the driving gale;
Ply, ply an oar, and agile hand the ſail:
No toil, tho' weak, tho' fearful, thou forbear;
No toils ſhould tire you, and no dangers ſcare:
Occaſion ſmiles, then ſnatch an ardent kiſs;
The coy may ſtruggle, but will grant the bliſs:
The bliſs obtained, the fictious ſtruggle paſt;
Unbid, they'll claſp you in their arms at laſt.
[Still other ſecrets and more certain art,
Will Venus to the ſuppliant ſwain impart;
The feeling modeſt bluſh, the downcaſt eye,
The ſtarting tear, the ever-ready ſigh,
Perſuaſive words the ardent wiſh to paint,
Or ſilence eloquent in ſad complaint;

Th'

Th' imploring glance, the melancholy air,
Theſe trifles ſeem, yet trifles win the fair]
But, ah! in ſuch degenerate days as theſe,
No more love's gentle wiles the beauteous pleaſe,
If poor, all gentle ſtratagems are vain!
The fair-ones languiſh now alone for gain!
O may diſhonour be the wretch's ſhare,
Who firſt with hateful gold ſeduced the fair!
Ye charming dames, prefer the tuneful choir,
Nor meanly barter heavenly charms for hire.
What cannot ſong? The purple locks that glow'd
On Niſus' head, harmonious ſong beſtow'd,
What cannot ſtrains? By tuneful ſtrains alone
Fair iv'ry, Pelops, on thy ſhoulders ſhone!
While ſtars with nightly radiance gild the pole,
Earth boaſts her oaks, or mighty waters roll,
The fair, whoſe beauties poets deign to praiſe,
Shall bloom uninjured in poetic lays.

GRAINGER.

LETTER LXXVI.

Rome.

THE following are a few of my remarks on the eccleſiaſtical ſtate, and the inhabitants of Rome.

At Rome, properly ſpeaking, there are but three claſſes of perſons: the pope, the clergy, and the people.

All the clergy are hurried away by one univerſal attraction, towards the ſupreme dignities, not excepting even the Tiara.

All who are not clergy, remain in their original ſtation: Princes, marquiſſes, advocates, farmers, artiſts, merchants, ſervants, and beggars; theſe are the people.

The nobility at Rome poſſeſs little more than the importance and ſplendour they derive from the antiquity of their families; they do not here, as in other countries, load the people with the acceſſary and enormous weight of claiming every office or employment in aſpiring to which they may rival each other, nor have they that inconceivable multitude of opportunities for oppreſſion.

All honour and power are united in the clergy; and it is from connections more or leſs intimate, with the more or leſs conſiderable members of

that body, that all ſecondary importance and ſubaltern authority flow.

The greateſt portion of wealth is poſſeſſed by them; the price of that heaven they formerly put up to ſale.

Of the ſix and thirty thouſand houſes, Rome is eſtimated to contain, twenty thouſand are poſſeſſed in mortmain. For a number of ages, mortmain has been continually inheriting, and having no heirs, muſt in the end acquire, that is to ſay, uſurp all property.

The territorial wealth is very inconſiderable in the eccleſiaſtical ſtate, and certainly would not ſuffice to maintain its inhabitants. But Rome has her bulls, her ceremonies, her ruins; ſhe has her name, which is the richeſt of all her ruins.

Rome therefore, is unable to export any part of her productions, or manufactures, to the general market of Europe; ſhe conſumes them: She can only pay Europe, in ſhort, with gold, for indulgences have no longer currency.

Not but this city, if agriculture and the arts were here more flouriſhing, might alſo become commercial, but theſe are in a moſt deplorable ſtate.

Take the following as a ſpecimen of the manner in which the culture of the little land, that

is

is cultivated in the environs of Rome, is conducted.

At the ſeaſons for tillage and harveſt, a number of perſons repair to a public place, near Rome, with one, two, or three hundred pair of oxen: the land owners then appear, hire a certain number of them, and ſend them to their eſtates, frequently at the diſtance of eight or ten miles. There in the courſe of a ſingle day, they finiſh all the labours of the ſeaſon. In one and the ſame day, they plow, ſow, and in the ſame manner, at the proper ſeaſon, reap and get in their harveſt in one day: theſe works of agriculture reſemble ſo many *coups de main*, to be performed in the country.

The ſoil, however is eager to produce. Very little art and labour would obtain every ſpecies of grain or fruit, from the ſalts of that earth, and the rays of that ſun, which now generate nothing but diſtempers.

The number of inhabitants at Rome is eſtimated at one hundred and ſeventy thouſand ſouls.

They reckon near ten thouſand mendicants or poor.

Menial ſervants are ſtill more numerous.

The ſecular or regular clergy may be eſtimated at a ſixth part of the whole.

Such is the ſtate of profeſſional celibacy, that upwards of five women are reckoned to one man: This may, perhaps, ſerve to enable us to judge of the libertiniſm of Rome.

The cultivation of the mind is here as much neglected as that of the earth, the mind therefore hardly produces any thing at Rome but juriſprudence, medicine, theology and ſonnets.

The beſt education of the girls is to have received none.

The multitude at Rome, poſſeſs little reaſon, a tolerable ſhare of wit, and a great deal of imagination: Years beget habits here, but do not beſtow experience.

I remark only the leading features.

LETTER LXXVII.

Rome.

(Continuation of the former.)

EVERY body knows that the tiara is placed on the pope's head by election.

There is not a ſovereign in Europe whoſe authority is leſs limited by the laws. His word admits of no contradiction. His commands form at the ſame time a civil law and a religious precept; head of the church and of the ſtate; his will is ſanctioned at once by the dread of the executioner and the devil.

But the pope's authority at Rome is far from poſſeſſing all its plenitude of power; it does not enjoy half of it.

The temporal power is limited to a very moderate revenue; it is only ſupported by a handful of ſoldiers, who form only a ridiculous repreſentation of military ſtate; a band of ſbirres, deſpiſed and deteſted by the people, and who conſequently are infamous; a ſhadow of police exerciſed by the curates; and very numerous tribunals, which conſequently have little weight.

Theſe reſources, which are to maintain the temporal power, already ſo feeble in themſelves, are ſtill further weakened by deficiencies and abuſes.

With respect to the administration of the finances, there is neither judgment or œconomy in the application of the public money, and scarcely any responsibility. The administration of the finances therefore is a scene of fraud and rapine.

As for the military power; the shadow of an army obeys the shadow of a commander. There is neither military spirit, nor discipline. The sbirres are privileged robbers, who wage war with robbers who are not privileged. Their chief is obliged to maintain a coach and two horses for the cardinal vicar. This single word contains a volume.

The tribunals are composed of prelates, who, in general, are ignorant of the laws, and employ themselves in various different ways. But they have secretaries.

The *Rotta*, however, which is a tribunal of appeal, is respectable. It is obliged to assign and publish immediately the motives for its sentences, but its decisions are not final; they may continually be set aside; a word from the pope is sufficient; and this word is to be obtained or purchased.

As for the penal power, the multitude of asylums, of which there are near seven hundred in Rome, the inability or the connivance of the sbirres, the power and protection of individuals, the little severity used in, and the want of a proper

per guard for, the gallies, reduce it to a mere bugbear.

I forgot to obſerve that every houſe, on which a cardinal has placed his arms, becomes a place of refuge for creditors againſt judical executions. Theſe aſylums are very numerous; ſome cardinals make a trafic of them. Impunity is a revenue at Rome.

The power derived from religion has preſerved rather more authority: but it has greatly ſuffered by three cauſes equally powerful, the multitude of indulgences, the facility of obtaining abſolutions, and habit.

From this picture of the government of Rome it ſhould ſeem as if Rome, as a political ſtate, muſt be on the brink of ruin; as a ſocial ſtate, be continually agitated by a thouſand diſorders; and as a civil ſtate become a prey to every kind of wretchedneſs: but true it is, however incredible, that Rome is, perhaps, as a political ſtate, the moſt ſecure; as a ſocial ſtate, the moſt peaceable; and as a civil ſtate, the leaſt wretched of almoſt any with which we are acquainted.

But how ſhall we explain this phenomenon? By the preponderance of the power of the moral or hidden cauſes which tend to peace, ſecurity and happineſs, over the power of the phyſical or apparent cauſes, which tend to diſſolution, diſorder and misfortune.

I will endeavour to explain this to-morrow.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Rome.

[Continuation of the former.]

THE eccleſiaſtical ſtate, without troops, without money, and almoſt without ſubjects; without the means of attack or defence, and ſurrounded by ſtates which caſt a longing eye on its poſſeſſions, ſhould ſeem a ready prey for the firſt invader.

But obſerve how moral cauſes ſeem to co-operate with each other to ſuſtain, or repair the edifice. Obſerve the jealouſy of thoſe neighbouring ſtates, which withholds them all from the attack, remark thoſe religious opinions, which furniſh Rome with ſoldiers, from every nation of the world; obſerve, laſtly, the political intereſt of the catholic princes watching over the preſervation of a deſpotiſm, on which every other depends, which by deriving all authority from heaven, ſpares them both troops and gold, which poſſeſſes, in ſhort, and lends or ſells to every ſovereign that maxim, which is alone worth armies; *authority proceeds from God.*

They are miſtaken who pretend that the ſpiritual power of the pope might be ſeparated from his temporal authority.

It

It is inconteſtible that it is the crown of the monarch which ſupports the tiara of the pontiff: to ſeparate them would be to deſtroy both.

Phyſical force is the neceſſary baſis of all the moral powers, which are themſelves alſo, to ſay the truth, no more than phyſical powers, only more complicated and hidden.

The temporal authority of the pope will probably never be loſt till no religion ſhall exiſt, but one free from ſuperſtition.

What a duration does this menace nevertheleſs aſſure to it, for it will be perhaps impoſſible for reaſon or philoſophy ever to purge the catholic religion of all ſuperſtition.

The natural weakneſs of the human mind, the invincible ignorance of the lower claſſes of ſociety, the power of habit, and the intereſt of various paſſions, will always prevent the chriſtian religion from attaining a ſtate of perfect purity, from elevating itſelf to heaven, whence it deſcended, and from returning to thoſe ſimple and ſublime ideas, to which vulgar minds can never riſe.

But, it will be ſaid, the eccleſiaſtical ſtate is at this day very feeble!—It has never been ſo ſtable as ſince it has been feeble. Henceforward it has nothing to fear, for it is no longer formidable.

LETTER LXXIX.

Rome.

[Continuation of the former.]

THE tranquillity which reigns at Rome may be eaſily explained.

Though the pope is in poſſeſſion of abſolute power, he is not much in the way of abuſing it; he is not born a prince; the crown is to him the gift of good fortune, an acceſſory of the tiara; one of the functions of the papacy, a depoſit rather than a property; and in general, he is old: beſides, that no man inſtantaneouſly acquires new wants, or habits, talents, or ideas: theſe can only be gained, with difficulty, and at a certain age.

Another powerful reaſon ſtill further reſtrains the popes, who might be tempted to become oppreſſors: to make themſelves reſpected as pontiffs, they muſt be beloved as kings.

The deſpotiſm of the popes conſiſts much more in not exerting their power, than in abuſing their authority.

Weakneſs is almoſt the only tyranny of the popes.

Now this can never occaſion much trouble; it gives the nation time to gain a new pontificate.

Nor

Nor have the higher clergy any intereſt in diſturbing the eſtabliſhed order.

The pope's authority, mild and light in itſelf, hardly weighs at all on them.

The perſuaſion, that it is ſacred, neceſſary, and in duration but momentary, likewiſe contributes greatly to its ſupport.

Ambition, in a word, and the hope of exerciſing ſome portion of this authority in the preſent moment, and of exerciſing it one day entirely, compleatly removes from it all its preſſure, leaving it all its weight.

And how is it poſſible the cardinals ſhould be tempted to limit the tiara? They are of no importance in the ſtate, with the pope, the clergy the ſovereign power, nor even with all Europe, from what they actually are, but, ſolely, from what they may be: they will never diminiſh, therefore the power at which they may arrive: they will never reſtrict the papal prerogative.

With reſpect to the people, an infinity of moral cauſes bends their obedience, like their faith, under the pontifical yoke. They have an abſolute maſter, but they have but one. His authority, they believe, derived from God; they change him often: the tiara beſides is too remote from them.

If the people, at Rome, live in peace, though neither kept in order by the police, nor reſtrained by

by juſtice, it is becauſe the abſence of the cauſes of diſorder there ſupplies the place of the uſual means of preſerving order.

Nothing is more rare, at Rome, than daring robberies, houſe-breaking, and popular commotions; but aſſaſſinations are frequent.

Theſe never occaſion either horror or diſturbance; the inhabitants of Rome cooly ſee them committed before their eyes, and relate them with the ſame indifference. The murderer is not looked upon as either wicked, dangerous, or infamous. No doubt, ſay they, he has had provocation.

The revenge of the ſtiletto is the duel of the populace.

It is looked upon as a part of the adminiſtration of juſtice left in the hands of the people. Beſides that, it ſeldom exceeds that vengeance which is moderated even by the dread of vengeance.

Vengeance conſtitutes the police of Rome.

It would certainly be no difficult matter, if the government were ſo diſpoſed, to take the ſtiletto from the people, by uniting to the juſtice of the laws, this ſtray-branch of criminal juſtice; it would ſuffice to ſuppreſs the aſylums, to keep a ſtrict watch over the gallies, and no longer to wreſt from dying men, a few doubtful words of pardon; for here aſſaſſination with the dagger is ſo much conſidered as a private injury, that the forgiveneſs

forgiveneſs of the aſſaſſinated perſon abſolutely diſarms the law.

But would the people gain by this reformation?

The ſtiletto, it is true, makes ſome victims among the people, but it prevents oppreſſions, which would make many more. It accelerates ſome deaths, but it diminiſhes the number of miſfortunes.

A great man who can oppreſs, and a mean man who can revenge himſelf, are nearly on equal terms.

I am far from approving, however, the uſe of the ſtiletto; I only give, what ſeems to me, the beſt excuſe for what cannot be denied to be bad.

I return to the rarity of robberies.

The number of phyſical wants, which are the cauſes of robberies, is much leſs conſiderable here than in moſt other places.

The earth and induſtry enrich the Romans but little; but ſatiated and clad with the fecundity and warmth of the climate, they ſtand in little need of induſtry and the earth.

Mendicity, that degeneration of poverty, the precarious ſtate of which, in every other country, is the ordinary ſource of robberies, has not that inconvenience at Rome; here it is a certain profeſſion. There is not a beggar but is fed by his mendicity, or to whom it does not furniſh, not

not only at present, but the security of a future subsistence.

A man, a woman, or a child have only to hang out a few rags in the streets of Rome, or expose a sore, they instantly procure victuals. The pity of the Romans never reasons; and what does a mendicant require more? Degraded either by misery, infirmities, or idleness, animal life suffices for him; when he enjoys that he is happy——as his dog.

There are more beggars at Rome than any where; they swarm on all sides; pilgrimages leave there a great number.

Every place there is open to them; they are permitted to seek every where for charity, to pursue it to all places; they enter the coffee-houses, and go out of them like domestic animals. Delicacy suffers and murmurs at this; but humanity remonstrates, they are men.

Another reason which prevents the frequency of private or public robberies, is the absence of luxury, and especially of the most contagious species of it, that shameless luxury, that dazzles and excites the emulation of vanity.

Less superfluity is necessary at Rome than in other cities.

Wealth affords but little aid here to ambitious projects, which must all pass through the ecclesiastical state, and there necessarily remain.

Besides,

Beſides, every body here is known; there is leſs hope therefore of impoſing on others by oſtentation, leſs need conſequently of ſuch oſtentation, and conſequently leſs incitement to crimes.

Superfluity has been the cauſe of the commiſſion of more crimes than neceſſity.

At Rome therefore, miſery, indolence, ambition, and the deſire of women do not excite to rob.

I ſay, the deſire of the ſex; for the climate and the manners of the country furniſh women enough here, even for caprice.

Private debauchery is ſo great, that public debauchery is a ſtranger; it is unneceſſary: thus, in certain countries, poverty is ſo general that there are no beggars.

Robberies however are committed, but they rather proceed from the temptation of the moment, than from a premeditated plan.

It is evident, that murders will ſeldom attend robberies at Rome; the motives for robbing, as we have ſeen, are neither active nor numerous, and the puniſhments are not ſevere.

Let us now aſk, why a bad adminiſtration of juſtice, and the political œconomy of the ſtate, never weary out the patience of the people?

We muſt diſtinguiſh the law-diſputes of the populace, and the inferior citizens, from the

the judiciary conteſts of perſons of higher condition.

The former turn generally on minutiæ, and the true ſtate of the caſe immediately appearing, obtain, for the moſt part, deciſions, which are either tolerably equitable, or of which the injuſtice is ſo ſubtle, as to eſcape the eyes of the vulgar.

As for other diſputes, their deciſion intereſts but very few; beſides that the equity or iniquity of theſe judgments may eaſily remain concealed in the complication of intereſts and forms, or in the difficulty of the caſe.

The only part of the whole political adminiſtration that really affects the people, and which they immediately feel, is the price of neceſſaries. When theſe grow dear the people murmur. But what then does the government? It liſtens; and if the murmur does not become an outrageous clamour, continues its courſe, only taking care not to pour in *the laſt drop*, which alone makes the veſſels of iniquity overflow, as well as all others.

Do the people begin to clamour, the government lowers the price; but diminiſhes the meaſure, and the people of Rome are content.

Such are the people of Rome; the people of every nation; *the people*.

The

The former, however, are more patient, because the people of other countries hope only in futurity; but the Roman people, in to-morrow. A pope is always to them a dying king.

The greateſt fault therefore the popes can commit againſt the Romans, is to live too long, to retard the drawing of a lottery in which every one has tickets, and which contains prizes for every one. The cardinals have tickets of pope; the prelates, tickets of cardinals; the abbés, tickets of prelates; the nobility, tickets of favour: certain perſons, tickets of employments; merchants, tickets of ſales; artizans, tickets of work; beggars, tickets of alms; and, every body, tickets of changes, ſhews, and feſtivals.—What is the cauſe of this joy, this madneſs, this intoxication from one end of Rome to the other? Has Rome gained a victory? Yes; a pope is dead!

LETTER LXXX.

Rome.

[Continuation of the former.]

BUT how is it poſſible that this people can be happy, under the yoke of an abſolute authority, under the influence of ſo many ſecondary powers, under the continual preſſure of poverty, and a prey to the numerous defects and vices of a deteſtable ſpecies of government.

That they ſhould obey is not ſurprizing; habit, patience, hope, and religion have at Rome placed a great diſtance between oppreſſion and revolt.

But how ſtrange that this people ſhould obey chearfully!

You have ſeen that the power of the pope cannot lie very heavy on the people; and that of the great is ſtill leſs oppreſſive.

Throughout all the intercourſe of the great with the great, and of the great with their inferiors, there reigns a certain eaſe, politeneſs, and univerſal flattery; this proceeds from the opportunities fortune here enjoys of exerciſing all her caprices, and this generally, in ſecret and in ſilence, by the means of valets, monks, ſecretaries, or women. Nobody therefore is perfectly acquainted

acquainted with whom he has to do, the conſequence of the individual with whom he treats, the influence of the paſſer by whom he ſalutes. To-morrow, perhaps, that poor prieſt will be a prelate; that other poor devil, the valet or ſecretary of ſome man in place. In this ſtate of doubt, every body is civil to every body; and from this uncertainty, they continually laviſh mutual good wiſhes, ſmiles of protection, and friendly ſqueezes of the hand.

The Romans have a wonderful facility of changing faces, or rather, they have no occaſion to change them; the beſt maſks in the world are the Italian viſages; their pantomime however *outrés* every thing, geſtures, words, and looks; ſo that making it too expreſſive, they render it inſignificant. The Italians, indeed, in their dealings with each other never give any credit to the countenance, the language, not even the accent; they believe only in the event.

Would you wiſh to know the behaviour of a cardinal when he viſits another, eſpecially when the latter is in place?—On entering the firſt antichamber, where the ſervants are, he makes a bow; in the ſecond, where the valets de chambre ſit, he ſmiles; in the third, where the cardinal's gentlemen ſtay, he takes them by the hand; in the fourth, where he finds the introducer, he

bows, he ſmiles, he takes him by the hand, and chats with him; at length, he enters the apartment of his colleague: in appearance, you ſee two friends embracing each other, but they are, in fact, two rivals, who would cut each other's throat.

This neceſſary policy of mutual civility affords a protection to the lower claſſes of ſociety againſt thoſe oppreſſions, from which the laws themſelves do not defend them.

At Rome, in a word, the mediocrity of fortunes brings individuals and conditions nearer to each other; almoſt every head touches another; deſpotiſm muſt be very adroit, therefore, to ſtrike only one.

LETTER LXXXI.

Rome.

[Continuation of the former.]

LET us now conclude our explanation of the happy condition of the people of Rome, founded, as we have juſt ſeen, on an apparently political ſlavery, but on a very ſubſtantial liberty.

None of their phyſical wants have any ſuperfluity; but they are all ſupplied with what is neceſſary, and that which is neceſſary is very trifling.

Hunger is not violent, one daily repaſt ſuffices; and fruits, vegetables, ſome fiſh, and a little meat, ſuffice for this one repaſt.

Thirſt demands and conſumes very little wine, but a great quantity of lemons and of ice.

As for clothing, the climate and the faſhion reduce this to a mere covering: every body not naked is clothed.

The wants of the ſexes find aliment in cicisbeiſm, facility of gratification in the manners, and ſufficient indulgence in the religion of the country.

There is one particular want, perhaps the moſt imperious of all, not comprized in the liſt of human wants, which plays the greateſt part in life, and which, notwithſtanding, has been hi-

therto but little the object of legiſlation, or even of philoſophy: it is the neceſſity man experiences of exhauſting his activity, that is to ſay, of expending the ſuperfluity of life, which ſtill remains to him, after the gratification of his firſt neceſſities.

It is an undoubted fact, that this ſuperfluity of exiſtence, if I may uſe the expreſſion, compreſſed in us by conſtraint, or the want of exerciſe, never fails to produce that uneaſy ſenſation, which the French call *Ennui*, or liſtleſsneſs, and which becomes a dreadful torment.

To prevent or combat this painful feeling, to eſcape from his liſtleſsneſs, civilized man makes various efforts, he invents and cultivates a multitude of arts, and labours for his improvement, or ſinks into depravity. To ſhake off this he ſets the world in commotion, and furniſhes materials for hiſtory.

But this want is more or leſs imperious according to the different degrees of civilization, and under different temperatures.

At Rome, for inſtance, the climate moderates it greatly, as it does other wants.

Beſides that political circumſtances, far from nouriſhing, developing, and augmenting it, as in other nations, concur, on the contrary, with the climate ſtill further in reſtraining it.

You

You ſee, in fact, that European policy is gradually withdrawing itſelf from the eccleſiaſtical ſtate, like the ſea retiring from its ſhores.

This ſtate ſtill remains, indeed, a part of Europe; but it can hardly be ſaid to be any longer in its ſociety; it no longer figures on the globe. It has no longer any part either in its general movement, or in its habitual intercourſe, nor in the frequent ſhocks of thoſe political hurricanes, which maintain, irritate, and develope the ſenſibility of nations.

The want therefore of filling up the meaſure of activity, diminiſhed among the Romans, by theſe two cauſes, does not require that ſpace for its exerciſe and gratification neceſſary to it in other places; it does not ſtand in need of the extenſive and varied fields of philoſophy, literature and politics.

The inconſiderable portion of this ſuperfluity that remains to them, after the gratification of the moſt preſſing demands of nature is expended in ſleep, in love, in frivolities, and in theological diſputes and proceſſions.

From dinner they paſs to ſleep, which laſts till ſix in the evening; they then do nothing, or are employed in trifles which amount to nothing. Night arrives; all buſineſs is ſuſpended, all the ſhops are ſhut up; men, women, and girls, every body takes flight till three in the morning; they repair

repair to the public walks, to the *Corso*; to conversation in coteries; to collations in taverns: Even the moſt ſerious characters give themſelves up to relaxation and amuſement till the next day.

Every evening is a public feſtival, at which love, and that too not of the moſt refined ſort, preſides. The ſenſes ſpeak to the ſenſes, and they ſoon make themſelves underſtood; ſometimes, indeed, vanity addreſſes vanity; but rarely do the heart and the imagination, appeal to the imagination and the heart.

Intrigues are ſo numerous at Rome, that nothing can be called an intrigue.

You do not find here, either in the manners of private or of public men, that morality, that decorum which diſtinguiſh the French manners.

The morally beautiful is abſolutely unknown. What good there is, you are indebted for it merely to inſtinct, good ſenſe, and cuſtom. But it is to attain this moral beauty of every ſpecies that ſenſibility is moſt tormented. Hence ariſe all exertions of the underſtanding, all emulation of the ſoul, and ſcruples of conſcience; to attain this do we labour with ſo much trouble and refinement, our writings, diſcourſe, and paſſions, and all our public and private life.

Nothing of all this is to be found at Rome.

Life,

Life, with the greateſt part of individuals here, knows only age and childhood, the other ſeaſons are wanting.

Two circumſtances contribute eſpecially to the happineſs of the Romans. Religion, by its abſolutions, always throws a veil over the paſt, and, by its promiſes, gives a favourable colouring to the future. The common people are thoſe who fear the leaſt, and hope the moſt. They poſſeſs at once the blindeſt and moſt commodious religion. Let them but be preſent regularly at their religious ceremonies, that is to ſay, ſacred theatrical exhibitions, and pronounce habitually certain words, and they have no doubt of heaven.

They have no occaſion to endeavour to refine their ſentiments and ideas, and ſtruggle all their lives with paſſion. The temperature of their religion is as mild as that of their ſky.

The Roman poſſeſſing but a moderate degree of ſenſibility, and that always of a very indeterminate nature, is very rarely unhappy, and never greatly ſo.

Not but that his ſenſibility may be carried to the greateſt extremes, like that of women; his weakneſs even renders him ſuſceptible of ſuch; but to give durability to his ſuffering, all the ſprings that have forced him to that point muſt remain conſtantly in tenſion.

You

You know what happened at Rome two thousand years ago, when the ambition of subduing the world loſt its power. Every thing relaxed at once; in a ſhort time, the empire of the univerſe was diſſolved. The world ſaw the laſt emperors and the popes!

Ancient Rome was only artificial. Modern Rome is the Rome of Nature.

Rome is now ſuch as its climate and ſoil deſigned, ſuch as theſe ever muſt make it when left at liberty to exert their influence.

Never will the modern Romans poſſeſs that degree of underſtanding and imagination, reſulting from the tenſion of the fibres, which, in manners and the arts, is the ſource of the energetic, the impaſſioned, and the ſublime. They will never riſe to ſuch a height, but confine their attainments ſolely to the abundant, the eaſy, and the fluent.

They will no more poſſeſs true genius, which in general, is the effect, if I may ſo ſay, of irritation. But ſhould they ever attain it, it will be but by accident.

But let us not deceive ourſelves: that which renders a people illuſtrious, in the eyes of other nations, does not alway conſtitute their happineſs.

It is with nations as with individuals, who are almoſt always miſerable, from theſe very qualities,

ties, which give them their ſplendour and render them objects of envy.

To conclude: the Romans greatly reſemble thoſe moderate, peaceable and obſcure men, whom nobody is tempted to envy, who are neither amiable, nor uſeful, whom you would be ſorry to reſemble, with whom you would not wiſh to live; but who nevertheleſs are happy.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Rome.

LET not thoſe too ſuſceptible ſouls, who dread every thing that may recall the ideas of love, ever enter the church di Yittoria at Rome; they would there ſee the ſtatue of St. Thereſa by Bernini.

Thereſa is ſeen lying half inclined, expoſing her whole body . . . . . her hair, her features, her hands and feet eſpecially are languiſhing . . . . .

I feel within myſelf, if I may ſo ſay, a kind of mental bluſh; let us quit the ſubject.

And they call this church, the church of *Victory!*

If the peace of your ſoul has been diſturbed by any paſſion, repair to the fountain of Moſes, and contemplate thoſe two lions, which are lying down, while two ſtreams of water guſh from their yawning mouths.

The attitude of repoſe, in which theſe noble animals are repreſented will calm you.

That is indeed the repoſe of a powerful being! the whole exiſtence of that animal is perfectly at reſt. That paw, folded in before him, appears to have loſt its claws! it ſeems totally diſarmed.

But

But what art, what genius, have animated into lions, theſe two blocks of black marble?

Art knows how to repreſent reſt; but it is uſually that of death: this is the repoſe of life.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Rome.

I HAVE ſaid, in one of my preceding letters, that the curates or pariſh prieſts, are here one of the inſtruments of government.

There are ninety of theſe curates. Their functions render them in fact commiſſaries of the police.

On the complaint of a curate, you are ſeized and impriſoned; I ſpeak of the lower ranks of people; for perſons a little above the common claſs know how to defend themſelves; it is here, as every where elſe.

The common people have in their favour truth and the *ſtiletto*, with which they can and actually do keep in awe the too deſpotic curates. I have ſeen one of theſe, who, for fear of the dagger, dares not ſtir abroad.

The

The following is an example of the civil and religious despotism which these curates may exercise.

All the catholics are obliged to communicate at Easter. Under what penalty? Why of not communicating; that is, under pain of excommunication!

Some time after Easter, the curates draw up a list of all the refractory parishioners, which they deliver in to government; and on *St. Bartholomew's day*, all the lists are published, with a decree of excommunication fulminated by the pope.

A curate was exclaiming before me against the scandal of such a practice. "As for myself," added he, "I never transmit any list; but if any "one of my parishioners neglects his duty, after "warning him in private, and summoning him "at the church gates, I send him to prison; he "must necessarily, then communicate; I kept "one of them six weeks in prison last year, and "he at last communicated."

This curate then related to me a religious anecdote worthy of remark. Two years ago the pope ordered a general mission in Rome, with a plentiful store of indulgences. It was for a thanksgiving for an extraordinary harvest. The number of non-communicants was so great that year, that the pope prudently forbade the publi-

cation

cation of the lists, and excommunicated no one. He dreaded the scandal so great a number might occasion, and was afraid of increasing it by making it known.

But why, said I to the curate, do you suffer all these gross superstitions which dishonour divine worship here, and expose it to the contempt and ridicule of other countries? "To make a little "religion go down with it," answered he.

So then, said I to him, you act like Moliere, who wrote his *Medecin malgré lui* to pass off his *Misanthrope*. Our good curate burst into a laugh, and replied: "These people are incapable of re- "garding any thing but what is an object of their "senses, a pure religion would not be substantial "enough for them: they must touch it, they must "handle it, they must see it; it must be mingled "with superstition."

I then remonstrated to him on the extreme indulgence shewn to libertinism and debauchery. "If we are," said he, "so easy with respect to "love, it is for the interest even of religion; "were we more severe on that article, christi- "anity itself would be abandoned. We have "more than once made experiments of rigour "which met with very bad success."

You are still a pagan, replied I, you sacrifice to the sun.

—"True,"

—"True," ſaid he, "to the ſun, and to ce-
"libacy. Forced celibacy is ſo conſiderable here,
"that we cannot avoid ſhewing it a kind of re-
"ſpect; it would be dangerous to drive it to
"deſpair."

I was a witneſs yeſterday evening of a ſingular ſcene of devotion: I ſaw a prodigious number of people, mounting on their knees, the ſteps of the *Ara Cœli*; each muttering ſome prayers, one to gain a prize in the lottery, another to obtain a huſband, and a third to move the heart of a miſtreſs; for ſuch, our good prieſt aſſured me, are the objects of theſe fervent petitions. I could not refrain from laughing aloud. "Why, what is
"there in that," ſaid the curate? "While thus
"employed, theſe people are doing no miſchief,
"and religion ſubſiſts."—As does alſo your in-come, my reverend friend, replied I.

LETTER LXXXV.

Rome.

ON the ceiling of the palace Roſpigliosi there is a fine allegorical painting of the riſing of Aurora, by Guido.

Ye beauties, who never riſe early enough to ſee Aurora, lend an ear.

Whilſt night ſtill envelopes the vaſt ocean, which is enlightened however, at intervals, by the foam of the tumultuous waves: Aurora, young, beautiful, clad in veils of every colour, the ingenious and brilliant emblems of the clouds attendant on her, and holding flowers in both her hands, appears ſuddenly in the ſky reddening by degrees around her. She advances, caſting a tender glance behind her, at the ſun, who, with an eye, equally tender, looks at her, as he follows: for Aurora and the ſun never can overtake each other; they ſcarcely exchange a glance, for a moment, in fine weather. In the mean time, four ſpirited courſers, bound lightly over the azure waves which take fire, and bear along the vermil car. The youngeſt daughters of Aurora, the firſt hours, ſo reſembling their mother, and ſo like to each other, ſmiling, join their hands round the car, whilſt, on the wing,

between the goddeſs and her horſes, Love bears the flambeau of the ſun: Love ſhakes it over the univerſe; and the glory of the day appears.

What a pity that time ſhould be continually defacing this delightful picture! Aurora is becoming paler every day; her roſy fingers are no more; ſhe will be reduced, ere long, to announce the days of winter.

But though this painting be beautiful, it is not without its blemiſhes. Aurora has too ſerious an air; ſhe is not ſlender enough; the tears which ſtand trembling on the edges of her eye-lids, are not ſufficiently amorous. She ſhould be gliding through the air, and ſhe is walking. Why theſe flowers bound up in a noſegay? All theſe roſes in her hand are by no means neceſſary; not a ſingle one eſcapes her.

La Fontaine had indeed ſeen Aurora, when he thus deſcribed a young beauty:

La tête ſur un bras, et ſon bras ſur la nue;
Laiſſant tomber des fleurs, et ne les ſement pas.

Do we not here diſcover both the picture of Aurora and the genius of la Fontaine?

LETTER LXXXVI.

Rome.

TO-DAY I have left ſtatues, paintings, palaces, and obeliſks, to give ſome reſt to my admiration in the gardens of the Villa Borgheſe.

Three hours have I paſſed with Nature in theſe gardens.

I have juſt ſeen a charming herd of deer, ſtraying like myſelf, in this incloſure. At ſight of me they ſtopped ſhort; they all turned their beautiful heads together, and then ſuddenly, reſuming their ſpeed, ſhewed me a thouſand delicate and rapid feet, which ſeemed, if I may ſo venture to expreſs myſelf, to take their flight over the unbending ſtalks of flowers and blades of graſs.

Let us aſcend that eminence. How admirable the proſpect! Before me I have the Campania of Rome.

How is it poſſible not to be delighted with beholding, in this vaſt picture, the union of every ſpecies of cultivation, the contraſt of all the various ſhades of colours; that multitude of intermingled caſtles and cottages; the whole ſpring which is finiſhing, and the whole ſummer which is commencing its career; thoſe back

grounds which unite the land and ſky; thoſe proſpects ſo fugitive as to vary inceſſantly at every view; that bluiſh vapour which veils the declivity of the mountains; that dazzling ſnow which ſparkles on their ſummits; and amidſt all theſe objects, the pines, poplars, and cypreſſes, which rear their heads amid ruined tombs and aqueducts!

But I am ſtill more pleaſed with this retired thicket, where I am now ſeated; alone, and ſenſible to all the charms of ſolitude; with paper and pen near me; the pureſt ſky over my head; on each ſide at once the gayeſt and the gloomieſt plants; whilſt from amid theſe verdant groupes, the ſuperb porphyry riſing boldly up in columns bears, on its brilliant purple ſummit, ſtatues of the brighteſt marble.

But I perceive a colonnade. Let us riſe and walk.

Theſe are antique ſtatues of Venus, Apollo, and a Faun; and thou who concealeſt thyſelf among the myrtles, how is it poſſible to miſtake thee, O Love!

Here too are funeral inſcriptions, engraved on marble tablets fitted into the wall:

To a father and a mother who loved me.
To my child.
To a ſiſter who was dear to me.

Charming

Charming retirement! How well are we concealed here in the very bosom of Nature!

But what is this ſoft and pleaſing ſound which inſenſibly pervades the ſurrounding ſilence? It is the enchanting concert of the evening: nightingales are warbling their laſt accents, doves cooing their laſt kiſſes, birds flying before the night that threatens them, the zephyrs quitting the trembling flower bells, which they had opened in the day, and theſe are accompanied by the murmurs of all theſe waters which either flow in rivulets, or ſpout up, or fall upon the lawns and marbles in this immenſe garden.

Why cannot I ſee all my children appear before me at this moment; ſee them all running, followed by their amiable mother, beautiful in her virtues and her children, and filling all my heart at once with their chearful ſhouts of happineſs and joy!

How delighted ſhould I be to ſee *Emanuel*, *Auguſtus*, *Adrian*, *Fanny*, *Adela*, *Eleonora* diſperſing themſelves among theſe groves, ſtriving to trample down theſe graſs plots, hiding themſelves in all theſe ſhades of the evening, and, in their wanton ſports, on the moſs and flowers, ſupplying the place of the zephyrs and the butterflies!

I would lead Charles to the ſtatues of Brutus, Cato and Cicero, beneath the ſhade of thoſe laurels, and there endeavour to inflame his young

mind, by talking to him before these marbles, of the heroic deeds of those great men.

Reverie alas, too pleasing! They are three hundred leagues from me, we are still separated by many months!.....

But already the night advances: there remains but one ray of day on the summit of that obelisk; it is expiring on the brow of that Venus.

Adieu, thou celebrated villa; Let others describe thy architecture, thy marbles, thy alabasters, thy bronzes, thy paintings, thy magnificence, and thy luxurious ornaments: I will only speak of thy birds, thy lawns, thy doves, thy herds of deer, but above all, the peace and silence of thy solitary gardens.

Amiable peace, dwell also in my heart, as you will remain within these precincts; be my companion amid the passions of mankind, amid the evils they endure, and the miseries they occasion: Chase far from me that secret chagrin and disquietude which must almost inevitably torment him, who has maturely reflected on men and things, on life and death.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Rome.

IF I have not yet ſaid any thing of the church of St. Peter, it is becauſe no language can poſſibly furniſh expreſſions to ſpeak of it as it deſerves.

The ſquare which is before this church is one of the handſomeſt in Europe.

In the middle of an immenſe enclofure, ſurrounded by a vaſt portico, which ſupports on four hundred majeſtic columns, two hundred coloſſal ſtatues; between two ſuperb baſons, blackened with bronze and time, whoſe waters, perpetually in motion, ſpout up, ſparkle, fall down again and murmur night and day, a magnificent obeliſk pompouſly rears its head.

This obeliſk is of granite, and hewn in Egypt: it was erected here by Sextus V.

It is not aſtoniſhing that St. Peter's ſhould have become ſo prodigious an edifice. It was projected by the vanity of Julius II, who deſired that his tomb ſhould be a temple; undertaken by the genius of Leo X, who was ambitious of forming one perfect work from the maſterly productions of all the fine arts; and at the end of ſeveral

centuries,

centuries, at length, finiſhed by the character of Sextus V, who wiſhed to finiſh every thing.

This is one of the moſt extenſive edifices the world has ſeen. It divides the vatican mount into two parts; it covers the circus of Nero, on which it is founded; and cloſes up, between Rome and the world, the celebrated triumphal way.

It is impoſſible to give an idea of the ſenſations which fill the ſoul, on entering, for the firſt time, the church of St. Peter; at finding ourſelves on that extenſive pavement, amidſt enormous pillars, before theſe columns of bronze; at the ſight of all thoſe paintings, of all thoſe ſtatues, of all thoſe mauſolea, of all thoſe altars, and under that dome——within that vaſt circumference, in a word, where the pride of the moſt powerful pontiffs, and the ambition of all the fine arts, have unceaſingly been adding for many centuries, ornaments of granite, gold, marble, bronze and canvas, increaſing its grandeur, and magnificence and inſuring its duration.

It is, no doubt, poſſible to pile up to a greater height, and on a more ample ſuperficies, a greater number of ſtones; but from ſo many coloſſal parts to compoſe an edifice which ſhall appear only grand, from ſo many rich and brilliant materials to erect a building which ſhall appear only magnificent, and from ſo many parts to form one

ſingle

ſingle whole; muſt be acknowledged a maſter-piece of art, and this is, in part, the work of Michael Angelo!

The church of St. Peter contains the labour of eighteen whole years of the life of Michael Angelo.

But what faults there are, ſay they, in this edifice! None; to the feelings of the mind, at leaſt, or even to the eye; they muſt be ſought for by the compaſs, and diſcovered by reaſoning.

Would you then take a rule to meaſure the grandeur of this temple! All the time I was in it I thought only on God—on eternity. In inſpiring ſuch conceptions conſiſts its true grandeur.

It is impoſſible here to entertain ordinary ſentiments or vulgar ideas.

What a theatre for the eloquence of religion! I could wiſh that one day, amidſt all the ſplendor of religious pomp, in the depth of this profound ſilence, the voice of a Boſſuet might thunder on a ſudden, rolling from tomb to tomb, re-echoed by all theſe vaulted roofs, and denouncing to an audience of kings, the ſovereign word of the almighty King of Kings, demanding an account, from the awakened conſciences of thoſe pale and trembling monarchs, for all the blood and all the tears flowing, at this very moment, at their nod, over the ſurface of the earth.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Rome.

I HAVE yet one word more to ſay reſpecting the Roman women; for in the hiſtory of civilized nations, the chapter of women is divided into three ſections; beauty, gallantry, and dreſs; and I have not yet ſpoken of the dreſs of the Roman women.

The Roman women, like the Genoeſe, and Italian women in general, are ſtill in a ſtate of the groſſeſt ignorance in an art ſo extenſive and important as that of dreſs; in the art of adapting ornament to dreſs, and both to the ſhape, features, complexion, age, and the different hours of the morning or evening; in the art of ſoftening by gradations, of adjuſting by ſhades, of availing themſelves of contraſts; in that art, in ſhort, ſo ſcientific and ſo coſtly, of compleatly equipping a woman for vanity, coquetry or faſhion.

But I feel that ſuch an accuſation, which tends ſo eſſentially to injure the reputation of the Roman women throughout France, and particularly at Paris, requires proofs. I ſhall produce them in a few words.

Shall

Shall I tell it? Will it be believed? All the women at Rome, not excepting the charming Roſalinda, yes, all the women at Rome wear *perukes*. It is a ſacrifice made to indolence by their coquetry. Accuſtomed to lye down every day, after dinner, till ſix in the evening, to place a ſecond night in the middle of the day, they have found it too troubleſome to build up the edifice of a head-dreſs twice in the ſame day, and therefore calmly reſign their locks to the ſciſſars.

The Roman ladies are in the habit of putting on white paint, on the days they wear full dreſs. But, if the Italian lady wiſhes to be a lily, the French lady would be a roſe. What! has not Nature made them women? They muſt have gauze, flowers and frizzled heads! Yet Nature has given them hair.——Rouge! Yet has ſhe adorned them with the bluſh of modeſty—White! though ſhe has given them tenderneſs?

This affectation in dreſs, this ingratitude of the woman toward Nature, is very ancient. Propertius reproached Cynthia with it two thouſand years ago. Let Propertius finiſh my cenſure; his charming verſes may poſſibly make more converts than my proſe.

A CINTHIE.

Sur ſon affectation à ſe parer.

POURQUOI donc, depuis peu, ſous un tiſſu plus fin,
Sous un lin moins jaloux, voit-on briller ton ſein ?
Pourquoi tous ces parfums ? cette treſſe élégante ?
L'or qui luit ſur l'azur de ta robe ondoyante ?
Enfin, pourquoi ce fard ? chaque ornement, hélas !
Te dérobe une grace et te coûte un appas.
Va, crois-moi ; ta beauté pare aſſez ta figure.
L'Amour, qui va tout nud, n'aime pas la parure.
Aucun art dans les champs ; dans les champs tout eſt beau.
Le lierre a-t-il beſoin qu'on l'uniſſe à l'ormeau ?
Au gré de nos pinceaux, la roſe rougit-elle ?
Vois les jeux, vois les bonds de cette eau qui ruiſſelle.
L'arboſier, pour fleurir, demande les déſerts ;
Le pin ſuit la nature, en montant dans les airs ;
Et l'oiſeau des forêts, dont la voix nous enchante,
N'a point étudié ces doux airs qu'il nous chante.
Cinthie, oh ! ſans atours, ſans diamans, ſans or,
Phœbé plut à Pollux, Elaïre à Caſtor :
Idas, lorſqu' à Phœbus il diſputoit Marpeſſe,
Diſputoit la beauté, mais non pas la richeſſe ;
Et Pélops, que charmoit la belle Ænomaüs,
Aimoit un front de vierge et des traits ingénus.
Ces beautés ſéduiſoient, ſans ſonger à ſéduire :
On les voyoit paroître ; on les voyoit ſourire :
Point d'art ; nul ornement : ſeulement la pudeur
A leurs ſimples attraits ajoutoit ſa rougeur.
Laiſſe donc-là ton luxe, ô maîtreſſe adorée !
Plaît-elle à ſon amant ? une Belle eſt parée.

TO CYNTHIA,

On her too great affectation of ornament.

DEAR Cynthia whence of late this ſtudious care,
As faſhion bids, to braid thy flowing hair;
With coſtly veils to ſhade thy ſnowy breaſt,
And load with gorgeous fringe the ſumptuous veſt?
Why theſe perfumes that ſcent the ambient air?
Alas! all art muſt render thee leſs fair.
Each ornament from that celeſtial face,
Detracts a charm, and baniſhes a grace;
Who on the violet can ſweets beſtow?
Or needs the roſe with borrow'd colours glow?
Great Nature's beauties ever reach the heart,
And ſpurn the trivial aids of needleſs art.
No art directs the vernal bloom to blow,
No art aſſiſts the murmuring ſtreams to flow,
And the ſweet ſongſters of the vocal grove,
By art unaided ſwell their throats to love.
Phœbe and Elaira charmed of old
Fair Helen's brothers, not with gems or gold;
Idas with Phœbus for Marpeſſa vied,
But for her beauties, not her wealth, he ſighed.
When godlike Pelops Hippodamia won,
He panted for her virgin charms alone,
With native grace theſe nymphs inflam'd the heart,
Unſkill'd in ornament, devoid of art.
In the ſweet bluſh of modeſty alone,
And ſmiles of innocence attir'd, they ſhone.
Then, needleſs artifice, dear maid, forbear,
What charms the lover beſt adorns the fair.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Rome.

I PROPOSE ſetting out to-morrow for Naples, but I ſhall return to take my farewell of Rome.

I can no longer, however, defer ſaying a word of the cardinal de Bernis, and then of the pope: for it is in that order they are named here.

Cardinal de Bernis has been every where in his proper place, and almoſt always fortunate; on Parnaſſus with the Muſes; at court with kings; at the toilet with the Graces; at the vatican with the popes; in his palace Albano with himſelf.

He has always poſſeſſed, in his underſtanding and his heart, the preciſe talents, and virtues neceſſary to him.

His houſe is open to all travellers, from all parts of the world: he keeps, as he ſays himſelf, the tavern of France at the croſs-roads of Europe. You ſeldom or ever meet with cardinals but at his table. Theſe cardinals carry their avarice ſo far as even to pardon him his magnificence.

I had heard it ſaid, that you gave him pain by reminding him of his verſes: this may have been true,

true, before he was a cardinal. For my own part I can bear witneſs that he neither did that injuſtice to the Muſes nor poſterity. I have heard the cardinal de Bernis ſpeak of the author of the *Four Seaſons*, and of the abbé de Bernis with a very good grace, and even with gratitude.

The cardinal de Bernis receives his viſitor with the moſt graceful eaſe, and poſſeſſes the moſt polished manners. He relates much, but rapidly; and never imagines himſelf the author of the happy turns of wit he repeats.

It is pretended that his wit is rather on the decline, or at leaſt that it has loſt its colour; I am not of that opinion: I think he only avails himſelf, ſometimes, of the privilege annexed to the merited reputation of poſſeſſing wit; and that he diſpenſes with the trouble, the vanity, or ridiculouſneſs of diſplaying it; ſomething like thoſe bravoes, who, after they have given proof of their courage, frequently refuſe to fight.

He appears to have no prejudices, and makes no pretenſions. His birth, his ſucceſſes, his hat, ſeem to be conſidered by him as merely the favours of fortune.

It is difficult to be more beloved at Rome, tho' ſingularly eſteemed. Every body who approaches him retires contented; he is ſo juſt! Every creature around him is happy; he is ſo good!

As to the pope, he goes every day to kiſs the feet of St. Peter; he has been in perſon at Vienna, to plead, at the knees of the emperor, the cauſe of the monks; he is draining the pontine marſhes; he is enriching the muſeum of Clement XIV. he is reforming the criminal legiſlation; his nephew, though his nephew, has loſt a lawſuit of the utmoſt importance; jealous of governing of himſelf, jealous above every thing that it ſhould be thought he governs ſo, he has juſt taken, for his firſt miniſter, a man of the firſt merit. Such is Pius VI.

This pope is ſo handſome, that the people always ſee him with complacency. A fine countenance is no indifferent advantage for ſovereigns. Their perſons reign

LETTER XC.

Rome.

I AM juſt come from the church of the convent of St. Onuphrius.—And what have you been doing at St. Onuphrius? Viewing glory in all its non-entity, fortune in all its caprice, genius in all its wretchedneſs; that is to ſay, contemplating the aſhes of that immortal poet, whom Nature impelled to compoſe verſes at ſeven years old, to finiſh his *Jeruſalem Delivered* at thirty, and to love even to the tomb: who, after paſſing the greateſt part of his life at court, in exile, or in irons, treated, alternately, as a man of genius, or as a madman, ſaw himſelf, of a ſudden, towards the end of his days, called, as if by a caprice of fortune, to have his grey hairs crowned at the capitol, but who, by another caprice of fortune, was buried the very day before this his intended coronation, in the convent of St. Onuphrius.

The following inſcription is worthy of *Taſſo*.

TORQUATI TASSI
OSSA HIC JACENT.

Here lie the bones of Taſſo.

The concluſion does honour to the monks who raiſed this monument,

HOC NE NESCIUS ESSET HOSPES,
FRATRES HUJUS ECCLESIÆ POSUERUNT.

That none might be ignorant where Taſſo lies,
The brethern of this convent erected this memorial.

They knew then the value of a great man!

It has been pretended, that Taſſo became infane; but never had he any other infanity than an exceſſive ſenſibility, and a ſuperior genius. At all times there have exiſted among the great, and among ordinary men, envious ſlanderers, who, that they may not witneſs the admiration and reſpect due to great men, dare to give the name of madneſs to ſenſibility, and to call genius, phrenzy.

Imagination can ſcarcely conceive a greater degree of miſery than that to which fortune reduced Taſſo. That hand which had traced the portraits of Armida, Erminia, Clorinda, Godfrey and Tancred, wrote by ſtealth in the depth of a dungeon, and loaded with irons: "*It is not enough to be exiled, baniſhed, nay even impriſoned; to be delivered over to diſeaſe, ſolitude and ſilence; but they have even forbidden me to write.*" How affecting is this complaint of Taſſo!—How dreadful ſuch barbarous rigour!—Taſſo was prohibited from writing!

Vulgar men; ſuch was the fate of Taſſo! Can you not then pardon genius?

LETTER XCI.

Rome.

I SHALL now proceed to ſay a word on the condition of the Jews at Rome, which is ſtill more miſerable here than in other parts of chriſtendom.

They are in number about ſeven thouſand, and are only allowed to inhabit one particular quarter of the city, in which every night they are ſhut up.

Theſe wretches are condemned, once a week, to hear a ſermon, in which a miſſionary loads them with inſults; and, for the ſlighteſt inattention, a ſbirre, beſtows on them a caning.

Every Jew who is not preſent at this ſermon muſt pay a fine.

If a Jew has ever ſuffered the words, "*I will turn Chriſtian*," to eſcape his lips, he is inſtantly ſent, for two years, to be inſtructed by the prieſt; and, ſhould he, afterward ſhew ever ſo much regret, ſo much the worſe for him; he muſt remain his time.

It may be well imagined that the condition of the Jews at Rome is truly wretched; their ſituation borders immediately on converſion, on the one hand, and death on the other.

How ſtrange the reflection! The Jews are perſecuted to force them to embrace Chriſtianity, to extend the religion of Chriſt; yet, if the perſecution ſucceeded, Chriſtianity would be deſtroyed. The faith of the Chriſtian requires the incredulity of the Jew.

It is aſked; When will the Jews be converted to Chriſtianity? I aſk: When will Chriſtians be converted to toleration?

When, O ye who call yourſelves Chriſtians, will you ceaſe to ſubſtitute your capricious rigours in the place of divine juſtice.

Ye, who amid your misfortunes are perpetually complaining of fate, of heaven, of men and kings, think on the Jews.

LETTER XCII.

Rome.

RELIGIOUS ceremonies are very frequent at Rome; but they are totally unintereſting: they are without dignity, propriety, or magnificence.

That of the proceſſion of the *Fête Dieu* owes its only ſplendour to the pope and to the people.

All the monks, all the curates, all the prelates, all the cardinals, all the penitents, and all the collegiate bodies are now in Saint Peter's, and the proceſſion is arranging. Whilſt this is ordering, I walk in the church, and am carried about with the crowd. What noiſe! What confuſion! occaſioned by the floods of people who are perpetually pouring in, and the floods perpetually ruſhing out; by devotees, who preſſing around the feet of St. Peter, are contending for the happineſs of kiſſing them; by perſons, of every ſex and age, kneeling before confeſſionals filled with monks, and receiving abſolution for venial ſins, diſpenſed at the end of a long ſwitch, which the monks ſhake over their heads; by young men and girls, wandering from tomb to tomb, wantoning with each other, and talking of love. Here I ſee

Engliſhmen, gravely taking the dimenſions of the pillars; Frenchmen, ſkipping about and jeſting; Germans, aſtoniſhed to find on the bronze gates of the firſt church in the world, the moſt laſcivious pictures. On the other ſide of the church I perceive a row of Abbés bending their bodies to the earth, and flattering the cardinals, who, as they paſs, aſſume ſtate, and act the patron; and a number of mendicants, who to impoſe on pity, or fatigue delicacy, are ſhocking every eye with nudities and ſores. In the interim, the ſignal for the march is given: Behold now a numerous train of dirty penitents who file off, and make room for dirty monks, dirty curates, and a thouſand dirty wretches of the populace, clad in dirty ſurplices, bearing each of them a flambeau, and exciting every where as they paſs, by their groteſque accoutrements, an univerſal laugh. At length, behold the prelates, the cardinals, and the pope. At the bottom of the ſtaircaſe of one of the galleries, the pope finds his military attendants, who receive him and the holy ſacrament that is waiting for him. The union of the two powers now immediately takes place, to the ſound of trumpets; the pope and the ſovereign are intermingled; and the crown and the tiara united on the ſame head; the pontiff king then mounts on a throne, and ſeats himſelf with the hoſt before him; yet by his poſture, and the manner

manner in which his ornaments are arranged, appears to be on his knees; while a dozen robuſt men concealed under the eſtrade, bear him along. The pope advances thus, truly majeſtic and venerable, holding the ſacrament in his hands, his eyes lifted towards heaven and overflowing with pious tears: whilſt a general murmur runs amongſt the people, who whiſper—*How handſome the pope is!*—All his military attendants follow on foot and horſeback.—The proceſſion has returned into the church—A thouſand torches are ranged along the whole extent of the nave and round the high altar; the pope deſcends, croſſes the church, mounts, and, depoſiting the hoſt, falls upon his knees, riſes up, gives his benediction,—and all is ended.

A proceſſion of this ſort in France has a better appearance: It at leaſt makes ſome impreſſion from the ſerioufneſs and attention of thoſe preſent, or thoſe who perform a part in it; here, in the whole crowd of prelates and cardinals, you ſcarcely meet with a few countenances which really inſpire religion. This is, becauſe opinion, among this people, raiſes up no model of ideal perfection, which imagination, reaſon and ſentiment may ſtudy, and on which the different ſexes, ranks, and claſſes may form their manners, conduct, and language.

What a contraſt between the religious feſtivals of modern Rome, compared with thoſe of the ancient

ancient Romans, in which priests, crowned with laurels, priestesses with garlands of myrtle, young virgins decked with flowers, augurs, flamens, vestals, a band of virtuous and venerable old men, the flower of the Roman youth, the conquerors of the world, in long flowing robes, glittering with gold and purple, followed the sacred statues in ivory or gold, of Juno, Cybele, Ceres and Jupiter, which surrounded by the trophies and spoils of Asia, and borne on cars drawn by leopards and by lions, descended majestically from the capitol, and followed by the crowd of people, the soverigns of Rome, among which kings themselves were confounded, advanced to the sound of clarions and cymbals, through the streets of the capital of the universe, under triumphal arches, before the statues of their great men, and the palaces of the Cæsars, either to the field of Mars, the Forum, or the Pantheon, and thus advancing, amidst all the splendour, all the magnificence, and all the religion of Rome, seemed to be the gods themselves, of whom they were the images, descending in person from Olympus to the earth, and alighting among men.

LETTER XCII.

Rome.

I AM not fond of allegorical paintings, unleſs the veil be tranſparent, and the ornaments few in number *. Truth ſhould be ſo concealed, as the more effectually to draw attention. She may ſometimes have recourſe to ornament, but as a modeſt virgin, not as a courtizan or a coquette, ſolely to apprize or attract, but by no means to ſeduce the eye.

I have juſt ſeen two pictures in which theſe rules are obſerved.

In the firſt we ſee an old man, with his head muffled up in a black bonnet, and a ſad and gloomy countenance, counting his money on a table: on his right, a man arrived at maturity, his brow covered with laurels, is reading and meditating with a ſerious air: on his left, a young man in a hat ornamented with feathers, ſmiles as he is playing the guittar; whilſt before them, by a window, an infant, with his head bare, gracefully

* This idea has been happily rendered by Monſieur le Mierre, to whom poetry is indebted for ſo many ingenious and elegant verſes!

"*L'Allégoric habite un palais diaphane.*"

Allegory dwells in a tranſparent palace.

ſmiling,

ſmiling, half opens a cage, and calls the birds as they fly by him.

Who can miſtake, in theſe ſymbols, the four ages of the life of man?

The ſecond picture, which ſerves as a companion to the former, repreſents a little girl, ſeated on the ground, and playing with a very ſerious air, with a doll that ſhe is undreſſing; cloſe by her ſtands a young beauty, viewing herſelf with complacency in a mirror, and adjuſting her toilet; by her ſide, a middle aged woman with her head and the whole of her perſon modeſtly attired, ſeated with her frame before her, is attentively, but without hurry, buſied in embroidering; a little further, half extended in a large arm chair, and near the chimney, an old woman, with a crabbed countenance, a pair of ſpectacles, and a book upon her knee, is coughing and grumbling.

How is it poſſible not to perceive in this the four ages of the life of woman?

LETTER XCIV.

Naples

SEE Naples, ſay the Neapolitans, *and then die*, but I ſay, *ſee Naples and then live.*

Before you reach Naples, and at eighteen miles diſtance at ſea, you diſcover the iſle of Caprea.—What a monſter was Tiberius!

Two chains of hills ſurround this arm of the ſea, and ſeem to join Caprea purpoſely to cloſe up the paſſage and prevent the entrance of veſſels.

Each of theſe hills is equally favoured by Nature and the Arts; on one ſide we have Portici Herculaneum, Pompeia, and an infinity of country houſes; and oppoſite a moſt beautiful ride, and the fine quay of Kiaia, the villa Reale, and a multitude of palaces.

On one ſide of this amphitheatre of hills, it is true, Veſuvius towers and ſhews his ſmoaky ſummit; but the laurel on the tomb of Virgil rears its verdant head on the other.

That caſtle which advances in the middle of the ſea, thoſe palaces which border it, thoſe hills that over-top it, Veſuvius whoſe fires inflame it, thoſe barks which plough it, the iſle of Caprea which terminates it, the glorious ſun,

ſun, in fine, who makes his daily journey from one ſhore to the other — all together form a ſcenery, a ſituation, an enchantment, which it is impoſſible to paint.

I arrive at Naples, and already it occurs to me, that it was at Naples Virgil compoſed his Georgics; that delicate and ſenſible minds comparing it to a beautiful virgin, called it *Parthenope*; I recollect too, that they beſtowed on it the ſurname of *the Idle*; alas! What is to be done at Naples, but to live and enjoy life?

LETTER XCV.

Naples.

THE caſtle Capo-di-Monte merits leſs its celebrity than its name.

I know not what king of Naples forms the project of erecting a caſtle on the top of the mountain againſt which Naples is built. The workmen dig, they convey ſtones, they hew, they build, they cover in. When this is done, they perceive that all this vaſt edifice reſts entirely on a quarry; and, to ſupport it, they are obliged to have recourſe to prodigious additional labours. At length, the building being able to ſtand erect, the diſcovery is made that there is no water in the environs; no practicable road for carriages; that the caſtle is far from every thing, and—it is abandoned. But before they quit it, they throw a number of books into the apartments; they faſten to the wall a few hundred pictures; a collection of medals are aſſorted in a hall; and the caſtle is transformed into a muſeum. You laugh, my countrymen, but have you finiſhed *the Louvre?*

The caſtle Capo-di-Monte would hardly be worth the trouble ſtrangers are obliged to take

to

to obtain permiſſion to ſee it, but for the Danae of Titian, and a few pictures by Corregio.

Danae indeed is beautiful; but Titian always preſents us with the ſame women, now under the name of Venus, then under that of Danae, and ſometimes under another title. Had Titian then only ſeen one woman, or had he loved only one?

Be that as it may, this painter ſeems to me to have been the only one hitherto who has truly painted human nature; others have only deſigned it, more or leſs, indifferently, and coloured their drawings.

Nor is it the imagination alone which diſcovers human nature, in the pictures of Titian; it is the eye itſelf: and to make this diſcovery it is not neceſſary for the eye to be aided by memory or habit, for it feels conviction of the truth. The imitation is ſo exact it is impoſſible it ſhould be illuſion.

Had that learned pencil, which has ſucceeded in creating human nature, as other artiſts have in repreſenting ſky, water, or flowers, been ſubſervient to an imagination of more ſenſibility, what pictures would it not have produced?

But Titian pourtrayed the body much more happily than the ſoul. He was but little verſed in the language of the paſſions, and knew but little how to ſpeak it.

Nature

Nature had reſerved this gift for the incompatable Corregio. How profoundly did Corregio, eſpecially, expreſs tenderneſs! Over that amiable affection was it, if I may ſo ſay, that he diffuſed all the others; it conſtituted, as it were, his general ground. You would ſay, that all the perſonages he introduced into his pictures, either were in love or had been lovers.

How much in earneſt is that laughing child! with what truth has he drawn that girl ſmiling! the cheeks and mouth of this charming girl (obſerve them well) are in their full bloom.

Do you not perceive in thoſe brows at reſt, a tenderneſs of ſoul, and an amorous diſpoſition in thoſe features in motion?

I could wiſh to kiſs that pretty child, and take him on my knees.

The heart is melted with I know not what enchantment, with a kind of delicious complacency at ſight of the pictures of Corregio; on quitting them you muſe on all the objects that are dear to you.

Other painters have worked from imagination, from reaſon, from memory; they laboured from the head; but Corregio from the heart. He did not compoſe; he expreſſed. To paint, with him, was to love.

Never ſhall I forget his charming picture of St. Catharine, the Virgin, and the infant Jeſus.

Is it poſſible to forget that delightful maid! With what tender, but reſpectful complacency does ſhe implore the divine infant! You perceive that ſhe is praying, only for the pleaſure ſhe finds in praying; becauſe to pray is to love. She is, indeed, voluntarily on her knees! It is, indeed, her heart that joins her hands! The infant ſmiling, looks up to his mother, who herſelf is looking at the child, and ſmiling at him. Is it poſſible to paint, in any language theſe ſmiles?

By the ſide of this piece, are battles, conflagrations, and orgies! Theſe the eye paſſes over with diſdain; it can only ſtop at the Magdalen of Guido, or the Rachel of Albani.

How beautiful, how heavenly are theſe countenances! What virginity is viſible on the lips and brow of the youthful Rachel! It would be dangerous for innocence too long to contemplate this portrait of innocence.

Beſide it, you ſee a Cupid by Guido, who is naked, aſleep, and moſt lovely; and cloſe to him, according to a practice of the ancients, a death's head and roſes.

I ſaw likewiſe, with pleaſure, ſeveral pictures of Schidoni, a pupil of Corregio. This painter has exhibited, in almoſt all his works, the ſpirit of his maſter, and in ſome of them, his ſoul.

That charming picture of Charity, by Schidoni, very near approaches Corregio.

What

What grace, what benevolence in the young woman who is distributing pieces of bread to those poor children! What joy and what attention in the children!

I do not like that Venus of Carracci; I do not like his death of Tancred; I do not like his Armida, or his Rinaldo. Carracci treats these subjects as an historian, when he should have treated them as a poet.

In vain does he place Venus amidst all the Loves; not one of them accompanies her.

How material is all this! There are subjects which to render them happily should scarcely be thought; they should be only the dream of the poet.

There is a collection of manuscripts, several of which are worthy, not of being read, but of being seen; one, especially, containing the service of the Virgin, written on vellum, and ornamented with miniature copies of the pictures of the greatest masters. It is the work of one Clovio. Nothing can be more perfect than the vignettes. Those strawberries and roses, though three hundred years old, still invite to pluck them: a child would attempt to catch those butterflies.

This Arabic manuscript is curious; it is written on the leaves of trees.

I never ſaw a block of chryſtal of ſo prodigious a ſize. It ſparkles with the pureſt and richeſt fires of the ſun.

I remarked ſeveral inſtruments of different arts in uſe at Otaheite, particularly a flûte, on which the Otaheiteans play with their noſe.

The collection of medals, in copper and gold, is conſiderable. It is ſaid to equal that of Florence. It ſerves to confirm our imagination, or rather our reaſon, which finds more and more difficulty every day, in believing in the Greeks and Romans.

I took a pleaſure in examining theſe medals, and in imagining between them, the years by which they are ſeparated. Theſe medals are like ſo many little points in time, and a kind of reſting places for the memory.

One of them is particularly intereſting: it ſhews us the famous Mithridates, to whom Nature had given ſo prodigious a body.

Nor is the collection of cameos of leſs value. Theſe cameos are perfect miniatures. But how could the hand of man ever poſſibly attain ſuch a degree of minuteneſs?—On the ſmalleſt of theſe cameos is a head of Alexander.

I ran over likewiſe with pleaſure an intereſting collection, in ſixteen volumes in folio, of the deſigns of the greateſt painters, and of ſketches, and

and rough draughts of their pictures. It is pleaſing to ſee, and to examine theſe early ſhoots of the productions of genius.

LETTER XCVI.

Naples.

I YESTERDAY took a delightful ride.

I firſt went on pilgrimage to the tomb of Virgil, on the mountain of Pauſilippo.

I found it falling to ruin, and buried amongſt the weeds which are compleating its deſtruction.

A laurel however is growing in the midſt of them.

I entered the tomb, and ſeated myſelf on ſome flowers; I repeated the eclogue, entitled *Gallus*; I read the beginning of the fourth book of the Eneid; I pronounced the names of Dido and Lycoris; I cut a branch from the laurel; and then deſcended, full of thoſe ſentiments with which ſuch a place muſt neceſſarily inſpire every ſoul, awake to Nature, Love, and Virgil.

Continuing my ride, I paſſed through the grotto of Pauſilippo, that is to ſay, a road of five hundred toiſes in length, extremely high,

and very wide, dug through the mountain, to shorten the road from Naples to Puzzoli. What a prodigious effort of labour and perseverance! This road is paved with lava, and is the work of the Romans.

On coming out of the grotto, I proceeded through fields full of lofty poplars, united to each other by vines, which hang suspended to their branches, under which three or four different crops are reaped by turns in the same year.

On a sudden an enormous mountain opens its sides, and amidst eminences black with chesnuts and gloomy trees, I find myself in an enchanting valley.

Here are the sulphureous baths of St. Germain; there the ruins of antique castles; further on, the celebrated *Grotto del Cane*; on every side, alleys formed in woods of an immense extent and depth; and in the middle of the valley, in the mouth of an extinct volcano, the lake Agnano, one half of which is bordered with a double row of lofty poplars; lake Agnano, which rolls the purest waves, and which is continually peopled and ploughed by thousands of aquatic birds.

I first entered the hot baths of St Germain.

In a house, built for the purpose, sulphureous vapours, more or less powerful, rise up from the earth in different places. The patient remains amidst these vapours, a longer or shorter time, according

according to the nature and degree of the disorder. It is thus the dry bath is taken. It was with difficulty I could breathe in some of the chambers. The soles of my feet were burnt by the vapour. The walls are covered with sulphur.

A few paces from these stoves, you find the Grotto del Cane; it is an excavation in the rock, which may contain three persons.

My guide had brought a dog with him. Scarcely had he entered the grotto, before the poor creature tried to make his escape; but his master took him by his legs and laid him on his side. Within the space of a second, the vapour that exhales here from the earth, began to act upon the animal; he swelled, fell into convulsions, lost all motion, and was expiring. His master dragged him out of the grotto, and, on exposing him to the air, he soon found his legs and ran away.

The experiment of the pistol did not succeed; when fired, at two inches from the earth, it went off; at that distance, in general, it makes no explosion.

On coming out of the grotto I left my conductor, and made the tour of the lake alone on foot. I seated myself on its banks, I fixed my eyes on its waves, and was absorbed in meditation.

I sensibly felt the contrast of this happy calm, of this melodious murmur, of the insensible un-

dulations of the waters of the lake, with the waves and roaring of the ſea, which I had juſt quitted.

What delight I took in this delicious valley! The ſky was perfectly beautiful, and its azure ſoftened by the ſilver tints of a few flying clouds. I enjoyed ſeeing them paſs over my head. How lovely the union of the colours of theſe waters, that ſky, thoſe mountains, and the lively rays of the ſetting ſun, which were ſparkling on the horizon.

I ſhall ever ſay to hearts of ſenſibility and melancholy who may viſit Naples—"Fail not to go and ſeat yourſelves on the banks of the lake Agnano."

LETTER XCVII.

Portici.

EVERY traveller ſhould viſit Portici, not for the king's palace, which has nothing very remarkable in it either in point of architecture, or external ornaments; but for its pictureſque ſituation.

Portici is ſeated on the ancient Herculaneum, amidſt lawns and flowers, between Veſuvius, ſmoaking over its head, and the ſea boiling at its feet.

Herculaneum, Veſuvius and the ſea, all threaten to ſwallow up Portici; Veſuvius in its lava; the ſea in its waves; and Herculaneum among its ruins.

Portici deſerves alſo to be ſeen for ſome marble ſtatues which decorate its periſtyle; eſpecially for the equeſtrian ſtatues of the two Balbuſes, monuments of gratitude or flattery; for ſtatues have been proſtituted in every age. Not that I am ſo much an enthuſiaſt, as many amateurs of that of the younger Balbus; he is naturally enough repreſented on horſeback; but his figure is ignoble, he has the carriage of a peaſant; and the horſe, which is of marble, appears to be of marble.

The

The objects moſt worthy of curioſity are two cabinets, the one of antique paintings, and the other of vaſes, inſtruments and ſtatues, equally antique.

A whole volume would not deſcribe every thing intereſting in the latter of theſe cabinets *.

Every thing it contains, in fact, is either invented with ingenuity, elegant in the workmanſhip, or formed of precious materials, and is beſides antique and Roman.

The Romans beſtowed remarkable pains on the ornaments of their lamps; they are all adorned with figures of men and animals, in the repreſentation of which, taſte has delighted to exert itſelf, and imagination had its full ſcope.

Amongſt others, I remarked the following: at the extremity of a table of bronze, riſes the trunk of an old tree; it has already loſt its leaves, and its branches are on the point of falling; to all theſe branches are negligently attached by ſlight chains, which ſuſpend them at different heights and intervals, ſeven or eight ſmall lamps of bronze, all varied in their ſize and forms, and chaſed with the greateſt art and admirable elegance.

* The Chevalier de Non, formerly *Chargé des affaires* of France at Naples, has alſo made a very valuable collection of antique vaſes. Every body is acquainted with the taſte, talents, and knowledge of that lover of the arts.

This

This elegance and art are not less worthy of admiration in their chandeliers, their tripods, and *lectisternia*; more particularly in a tripod, formed by three satyrs, bearing on their shoulders a large bason; these figures breathe; this is truly *casting life in brass*.

We find here almost all our instruments of agriculture and surgery. Necessity has dictated nearly the same arts and the same laws over the whole earth.

This collection of instruments of surgery, agriculture, cookery, music, war, and religion, presented together to the imagination and the eye, form a very whimsical picture.

The shape of the vases, and particularly of the cups, is inviting: you wish to drink out of them.

I sat down in a curule chair.

I had never before seen any of those *lacrymatories*, those little phials, in which were collected the tears that were shed over the tombs. They would not now be made so large; it is perhaps better to make none at all. The Romans had carried every thing to excess; Nature was too circumscribed for them; they tried to escape from it in every direction. The idea of the conquest of the world, which was the first of Roman ideas, had given the *ton* to all the rest; all their other

ideas

ideas muſt neceſſarily be exaggerated, to accord with that.

Who would not be ſurprized, in viſiting the ruins of Herculaneum, to finds eggs in perfect preſervation, as well as bread, corn, oil, and wine; and chafing-diſhes with their coals and cinders.

The mind is delighted and aſtoniſhed that any thing ſo periſhable ſhould have eſcaped during ſo many ages as have elapſed ſince the deſtruction of Herculaneum.

We feel a pleaſure in contemplating a grain of corn, which has triumphed over time and ſhared in the eternity of the brazen ſtatue.

But nothing perhaps can appear more aſtoniſhing than the burnt manuſcripts, which preſerve, in that ſtate, the ideas intruſted to them. The fire ſtopt at them, and left juſt as much matter as was neceſſary to their exiſtence. But how is it poſſible to draw them hence, or to reſtore that connexion which has been interrupted by the fire?

The method has been diſcovered; but it requires a more than imaginable degree of patience, extreme dexterity, and the labour of many years. Each bed of aſhes is gradually unrolled, with infinite ſlowneſs and precaution; and by degrees, as they unrol it, a ſheet of paper, thin as air, follows after, lays hold of it and adhers to it; it thus receives one line and then another,

and

and ſometimes, at the end of a month, has got poſſeſſion of a page.

What care is neceſſary to prevent all thoſe aſhes, when they are ſtirred, from mingling together, and to preſerve the proper places of theſe ſymbols of thought, which conſtitute their whole exiſtence!

The part of theſe manuſcripts which is preſerved, is that which has been burnt; the reſt, which was not touched by the fire, has periſhed.

They have ſucceeded in reſtoring a Greek manuſcript on muſic. The operation, poſſibly, would have been leſs tedious but that it depended on the government.

The buſts and ſtatues in bronze are for the moſt part in the beſt taſte, and of the fineſt workmanſhip. Nothing is comparable, in particular, to a ſleeping fawn. He is really aſleep.

I admired alſo two young wreſtlers; they are quite naked, and going to begin the conflict; you feel for them, for you forget that they are of bronze. I was tempted to addreſs them in the following verſe of M. Roucher:

Pour des combats plus doux, l'Amour forma vos charmes.
For ſofter combats Love has form'd your charms.

All the apartments of the cabinet are paved with fragments of Moſaic, found in Herculaneum.

But

But I muſt not omit one of the greateſt curioſities in this celebrated cabinet: it conſiſts in the fragments of a cement of cinders, which in one of the eruptions of Veſuvius, ſurprized a woman, and totally enveloped her. This cement compreſſed and hardened by time around her body, has become a compleat mould of it, and in the pieces here preſerved we ſee a perfect impreſſion of the different parts to which it adhered. One repreſents half of her boſom, which is of exquiſite beauty; another a ſhoulder, a third a portion of her ſhape, and all concur in revealing to us that this woman was young, that ſhe was tall and well made, and even that ſhe had eſcaped in her ſhift, for ſome pieces of the linen are ſtill adhering to the aſhes.

LETTER XCVIII.

Salerno.

THE road from Pompeia to Salerno is delightful.

We begin the journey on a lava, which flowed ſome years ago from the ſummit of Veſuvius to the ſea.

We afterwards find nothing on every ſide, particularly from a ſmall town called *La Cave*, but alleys of trees continually winding through an enchanting country.

How verdant are thoſe hills! How well are they cultivated! How delightful the houſes ſcattered here and there! The traveller cannot help believing that this is the abode of happineſs, at leaſt during the ſummer. He wiſhes every where to ſtop. A thouſand rivulets lie hid and murmur in theſe mountains; a thouſand rivulets diſplay themſelves and murmur in theſe vallies; nothing is heard but the gentle rippling of theſe numerous ſtreams, and the wild notes of the birds. At noon we breathe the freſhneſs of the evening; the ſummer only paſſes here.

But already I perceive Salerno.

To whom does that beautiful houſe, ſituated on the top of yonder hill, belong? To monks.

And

And that on the declivity? To monks. And that other at the foot of yon eminence? To monks. —The monks then poſſeſs all Salerno?

There are ten convents of monks, five pariſhes, one biſhopric, two ſeminaries, a chapter, and ten thouſand inhabitants at Salerno: there are ſo many convents in the town, that there is not a ſingle veſſel in the harbour.

Wretched city, devoured by white, black, grey, and red inſects; by caterpillars of every colour! Every houſe ſwarms with them. The time will come when the Italians, in rubbing off their ruſt, will ſhake off alſo theſe vermin.

Salerno affords no curious monument; only the cathedral has a portico, the columns of which attract admiration.

In the church are ſome baſſo relievos, one of them repreſents the death of Adonis: and near it is a dying Chriſt.

The walls, around the altar, are loaded with votive offerings, and members of the human body, repreſented in wax, each of which once ſuffered under ſome grevious diſorder, from which it has been relieved by the *offering*. You would ſay, that there muſt formerly have been a flouriſhing manufactory of miracles at this place.

The rage of having running footmen has reached from Naples to Salerno. I ſaw two wretched

running

running footmen preceding a wretched carriage, harneſſed to two half-ſtarved horſes, dragging along two beggarly gentlemen.

Miſery, bedaubed with luxury is frightful.

LETTER XCIX.

Pæſtum.

On the Pediment of a Temple.

NO; I am not at Pæſtum, in a city of the Sybarites!

Never did the Sybarites chooſe for their habitation ſo horrible a deſert; never did they build a city, in the midſt of weeds, on a parched ſoil, on a ſpot where the little water to be met with is ſtagnant and dirty.

Lead me to one of thoſe groves of roſes, which ſtill bloom in the poetry of Virgil *.

Shew me ſome baths of alabaſter; ſome palaces of marble; ſhew me on all ſides voluptuouſneſs, elegance and love, and you will indeed make me believe I am at Pæſtum.

It is true, nevertheleſs, that it was the Sybarites who built theſe three temples, in one of

* Biferique roſaria Paſti.

which

which I write this letter, ſeated on the ruins of a pediment which has withſtood the ravages of two thouſand years.

How ſtrange! Sybarites and works that have endured two thouſand years!

How could Sybarites imagine and erect ſo prodigious a number of columns of ſuch vile materials, of ſuch uncouth workmanſhip, of ſo heavy a maſs, and ſuch a ſameneſs of form?

It is not the character of Grecian columns to cruſh the earth; they lightly mounted into the air; theſe, on the contrary, weigh ponderouſly on the earth; they fall. The Grecian columns had an elegant and ſlender ſhape, around which the eye continually glided; theſe have a wide and clumſy form, around which it is impoſſible for the eye to turn: our pencils and our graving tools, which flatter every monument, have endeavoured in vain to beautify them.

I am of the opinion of thoſe who think that theſe temples were the earlieſt eſſays of the Grecian architecture, and not its maſter-pieces. The Greeks, when they erected theſe pillars, were ſearching for the column.

It muſt be admitted, however, that notwithſtanding their ruſticity, theſe temples do poſſeſs beauties; they preſent at leaſt ſimplicity, unity, and a whole, which conſtitute the firſt of beauties; the

the imagination may ſupply almoſt all the others, but it never can ſupply theſe.

It is impoſſible to viſit theſe places without emotion. I proceed acroſs deſert fields, along a frightful road, far from all human traces, at the foot of rugged mountains, on ſhores where there is nothing but the ſea; and ſuddenly I behold a temple, then a ſecond, then a third: I make my way through graſs and weeds, I mount on the ſucle of a column, or on the ruins of a pediment; a cloud of ravens take their flight; cows low in the bottom of a ſanctuary; the adder, baſking between the column and the weeds, hiſſes and makes his eſcape; a young ſhepherd, however, careleſsly leaning on an ancient cornice, ſtands ſerenading with his reedy pipe the vaſt ſilence of this deſert.

You may judge of the ſavage ſituation of this place: not forty years ago, a ſportſman purſuing a wild boar, fell in with theſe ruins. He diſcovered them *.

At preſent, Pæſtum is inhabited, a I may ſay, only by Engliſh, French, and Ruſſian travellers; and not by Neapolitans.

* Other accounts ſay, it was the pupil of a painter; the fact however is, that they were really diſcovered but thirty or forty years ago. T.

The proprietor of the ground has not paid much attention to this discovery; he is a prince, and has left these temples to destruction.

How much do I regret to be so soon obliged to quit this spot; to be obliged already to conclude this letter! But the heat is excessive; and there is no where any shelter. I could wish, however, thoroughly to collect and carry off in my heart all the sensations I have just experienced.—Why cannot I be still left to treasure up in this solitude, in this desert, amid these ruins, something of that melancholy feeling that enchants me.—Yes, I love to retire two thousand years back into past ages, in the midst of a Grecian city, and among the Sybarites.

LETTER C.

Naples.

I ARRIVED yesterday from Salerno, where I had slept, on my return from Pæstum.

I performed the whole of this journey with prodigious rapidity, in one of those cabriolets, or calessos, which are to be found in such numbers at Naples. It was drawn by a single horse, and I travelled a hundred and twenty miles in two days and a half.

I stopped at Portici to see the cabinet of antique paintings, and the theatre of Herculaneum.

An eruption of Vesuvius covered Herculaneum, not only with cinders, like Pompeia, but with very thick beds of lava. Herculaneum remained buried for sixteen centuries. Chance, which, with genius, has alone the privilege of tearing off the veils from Nature and from Time, made the discovery.

To see the theatre of Herculaneum, you must descend under a damp vault, by torch light, and wander, a long time, among the galleries, the boxes, and staircases of a circular amphitheatre of an immense circumference.

As you pass on it is impossible not to admire the solidity and mass of this grand monument,

built to reſiſt the ravages of thouſands of ages, but not thoſe of Veſuvius.

After a great many windings you arrive in front of the ſtage; at each corner of which is a pedeſtal with this inſcription:

Claudio et Papirio Conſulibus Herculanenſes poſuere poſt mortem.

This is exactly our inſcription, *A Louis XIV. après ſa mort: To Louis XIV. after his death.*

The cabinet of antique paintings, procured from the ruins of Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Stabia, is highly intereſting. Theſe paintings however, ſome of which are in freſco, others in oil, and ſeveral of them incruſted in marble, are placed either in an unfavourable light, or out of the reach of the eye, ſo as to eſcape our admiration.

The animals are repreſented with aſtoniſhing truth and beauty, and the fruits and flowers appear as if juſt gathered.

The ornaments are really ornaments: for they hardly appear to be ſo. We ſhould rather take them, for the moſt part, for ſports of the taſte of Raphael; and ſome of them for whims of a Chineſe imagination.

I remarked a little car drawn by two bees, a butterfly is on the coachman's ſeat, and holding the reins with his little legs.

I obſerved

I obſerved another drawn by a parrot and guided by a graſshopper.

A third laden with a ewer entwined with roſes, is carried by two little ſyrens.

The pencil has moſt happily realiſed theſe pretty dreams.

The large pictures alſo are in general of Grecian compoſition, that is to ſay, very ſimple, but of infinite delicacy.—Such as a centaur ſubdued by love.—A nymph plucking a flower.—A naked and handſome bacchanalian nymph, lying on a ſea monſter and offering it drink. A Dryad ſurprized in ſleep, and embraced by a faun.—A dancer, who is diſplaying on a rope all the vigour and addreſs of the body of man——A handſome dancing girl, who under the moſt tranſparent veil, is exhibiting all the grace, and all the voluptuous ſuppleneſs of the female form.—Old Silenus, lifting up in his arms a little boy, who is ſtretching out his hands towards a bunch of grapes, preſented to him over the old man's head by a charming girl.—A young man, whilſt a youthful beauty ſpeaks to him with a ſmile, anſwering her ſmile and words with an amorous glance.

Each of theſe pictures, you perceive, conſiſts but of one thought, as each ode of Anacreon contains only one ſentiment.

LETTER CI.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF VESUVIUS,
by the light of an eruption at midnight.

I HAVE written these few lines on the summit of Vesuvius, by the light of an eruption. They are a sort of medal I have struck, to authenticate my journey; to remind such of my children as may one day come to view the same wonderful conflagration, of this moment of their father's life, and to embellish in their eyes, with this reflection, so magnificent a picture.

On my arrival about six in the evening at Resina, a little village beyond Portici, I left the carriage that had brought me, and mounted on a mule, while three sturdy fellows accompanied me, provided with a number of torches.

I began by ascending between two fields covered with poplars, mulberry and fig-trees, interwoven with pliant and flourishing vines, which sometimes support themselves by, and hang suspended from those trees, at others mount up, and bear themselves by their own vigour in the air.

As I passed on, the house of Pergolese was pointed out to me, whither he retired to soothe that melancholy at once so happy and so fatal, to which,

which, at the age of twenty-seven, he owed his immortal *Stabiæ*, and his death.

After traversing, for an hour, a number of beautiful orchards, I arrived at an immense lava. Vesuvius vomited it forth, in an eruption, about sixty years ago.

All Naples trembled; but after threatening that city for a moment, it stopped its progress.

Though stopped and extinguished, it has still a menacing and fearful appearance.

The borders of this lava, like the banks of the Seine, are clad with turf and flowers, and shaded here and there with young shrubs, which are constantly bedewed, if I may so say, and nourished by fertile ashes.

After pursuing for some time a very rugged path, I found myself on frightful rocks, in the middle of moving cinders.

There the earth is no longer trodden by the feet of animals; but those of man, who has discovered almost all the boundaries of Nature, and often overstepped them, still venture thither.

I was obliged to climb with the utmost difficulty through heaps of scoriæ, which crumbled beneath my feet.

I paused a moment to look around.

Before me, the shades of the night and clouds thickening with the smoke of the volcano, were floating around the mountain: behind me, the sun sinking beyond the hill was illuminating

with

with his expiring rays, the coaſt of Pauſilippo, Naples, and the ſea; whilſt the moon was riſing over the iſland of Caprea; ſo that I beheld at the ſame inſtant the waves of the ſea ſparkling with the reflection of the ſun, the moon, and Mount Veſuvius. How glorious a picture!

After contemplating this obſcurity and that ſplendor, theſe horrible, ſterile, and abandoned ſcenes, and that face of Nature ſo gay, animated and teeming, the empire of death and that of life, I threw myſelf amongſt the clouds, and continued to aſcend.——At length I reached the Crater.

This then is that formidable volcano which has been burning for ſo many ages, which has overwhelmed ſo many cities, which has conſumed nations, which every hour menaces that vaſt country, and that luxurious Naples, where at this moment they are laughing, dancing and ſinging, and not ſo much as thinking of its ravages. What a light ſhines around this Crater! What a burning furnace in the midſt! But the horrible abyſs thunders, and already, with a tremendous craſh, vomits into the air, through a thick cloud of cinders, an immenſe ſheet of fire. Millions of ſparks and thouſands of ſtones which are diſtinguiſhed by the blackneſs of their colour, hiſs with the rapidity of their exploſion, fall, and return back into the rumbling gulph, or roll upon the

mountain; there is one juſt fallen only a hundred paces from me. On a ſudden the abyſs cloſes; and then, as ſuddenly, again opening its yawning mouth, vomits forth another fiery torrent: in the mean while, the lava riſes to the edges of the Crater; it ſwells, it boils, runs over, and ploughs up, in long ſtreams of fire, the black ſides of the mountain.

I was really in extacy while viewing at once this deſert! this height! this night, and the vulcano actually burning before my eyes.

I could have wiſhed to paſs the night beſide theſe fires, and ſee the ſun, at his return, extinguiſh them with the ſplendor of his dazzling rays.

But the wind, which blew with impetuoſity, had already frozen me, and I deſcended with regret. It coſt ſome pains to take the laſt look at ſuch a ſcene!

Adieu, Veſuvius; adieu, thou lava, and ye flames which illuminate and crown this profound abyſs! Adieu, thou mountain, at once ſo formidable and ſo little dreaded! If thou art one day to drown beneath thy aſhes theſe caſtles, thoſe villages, and yonder city, let it not at leaſt be at the moment when my children ſhall be there.

My guides had lighted their torches. I deſcended, or rather rolled, ſinking half-leg deep in aſhes: I rolled ſo faſt (for it is impoſſible to do

Men live there at a ſmall expence; they live on little, and a long time.

They live at little expence; the heat of the climate has a ſingular tendency to blunt the appetite, and if it whets the thirſt, it multiplies at the ſame time the means of ſatisfying it; the Apennines quench the thirſt of the Neapolitans with their ſnows; the ſea nouriſhes them with its fiſh and various kinds of ſhell-fiſh; the aſhes of Veſuvius with fruits and corn; the climate clothes them.

They live on little, for there is no labour, and much ſleep.

They are long lived; for temperance and repoſe lengthen life at Naples in a remarkable manner. Life wears out much quicker in France, where it is continually fatigued by labour, paſſions, and wretchedneſs. Beſides, that diſtempers are very rare here; for the relaxation, occaſioned by the heat, prevents chronical diſorders; and the perſpiration, proceeding likewiſe from the climate, cures acute ones, and beſides almoſt every where, there are natural hot-baths, and ſcarcely any where, phyſicians.

Human vegetation therefore poſſeſſes all its fecundity, all its vigour, and natural durability at Naples. Hence the number of inhabitants in that city is prodigious. It is impoſſible not to perceive it. Every where you have to puſh through

through the crowd; every where you are afraid of treading on a child; the ſquares, the ſtreets, the ſhops, the houſes ſeem to overflow with inhabitants.

This ſtream of people conſtantly running, if I may ſo ſay, through the town, is continually croſſed by a multitude of little caleſſos, which do not go, but fly.

Yet very few accidents happen in the ſtreets.

The motion and hurry of the *Rue St. Honoré* at Paris, is by no means to be compared to that of the *Strada di Toledo* at Naples.

When you go in the evening into the *Strada di Toledo*, the multitude of flambeaux borne by the multitude of running footmen, before the multitude of carriages, gives you the idea of a grand funeral proceſſion.

LETTER CIII.

Naples.

[Gentle alteration of the former.]

THE climate here [illegible] has its full influence; the *sun reigns* without control, and produces an universal relaxation in every constitution and every part of life, whether civil, polit[illegible]cal or natural.

[illegible]bour.

Nothing is done here, which cannot be done without a certain degree of tension in the nerves; as there are voices which never can attain the octave.

Religion is nothing but superstition, but in other respects is exceedingly commodious. To say you have religion, is to have it. One quarter of the people dispense with going to mass. They rarely kneel in the churches, and never go there but when there are illuminations and music, or when there are operas in the churches. Every body is allowed to talk, to harangue, and declaim loudly against all religions, nay even against the Catholic religion. Religion goes as far as superstition, but does not reach fanaticism; for fanatism is an act of vigour. The torch of religion gives light here, but does not burn.

The

The whole sex seem to be in trade at Naples; fathers, mothers, husbands, brothers, monks, all make an open traffic of them.

Men cheat each other at Naples with singular address, but always laughing.

The whole commerce of life amongst the Neapolitans, is a game to determine who possesses most art and cunning. Elsewhere, men fight to decide who is the strongest.

They openly avow here that they have cheated, and make a boast of it; as in other countries players acknowledge and boast of their winnings.

This prodigiously retards the progress of all sorts of business; they here reflect with caution at every step, like chess-players at every move. Very little business therefore is transacted here. Promises are only words, nothing binds but writing, and every writing conceals a law-suit.

Chicanery too, is a passion, they love it as a sort of game; they go to law to pass away their time and cheat.

There is no morality in their ideas, nor even in their sentiments. Probity appears to the Neapolitans a bubble of the understanding; frankness, a vivacity of constitution: with them, understanding consists in endeavouring to deceive; ability, in succeeding; the virtues are mere non-entities; and, vices the offspring of the climate.

Their

Their ſenſibility is mechanical. At the ſight of a man aſſaſſinated and his aſſaſſin, pity begins with the former, but is ſoon transferred to the latter.

Vengeance here is conſidered as a natural right; it is the only paſſion they are acquainted with. Indolence excludes avarice. Love is but a want; a woman, a mere piece of furniture; and a lover, the firſt man who pays for her.

They do not love their children, but their little ones; and they make this love go a great way.

Debauchery does not furniſh, yearly, in the whole extent of the kingdom, more than one thouſand foundlings.

Married men, who have not been able to get children, very often purchaſe foundlings, which are ſold them at the hoſpital. They begin by making play-things of them, then ſlaves, and finally their heirs. Filial tenderneſs is only a habit; friendſhip, no more than the hope of advantage; and gratitude, but a name.

The little they do work here, is to enable them to do without working. To do nothing here conſtitutes happineſs.

The coffee-houſes, ſhops, walks, and public places are full from morning till noon of all ſorts of people, monks, abbés, and officers, who yawn

over

over the newspapers, and look at those who pass by.

Unable to excite in themselves any sensations by reflexion, the Neapolitans require this excitement from every object.

You must absolutely make them feel, as you make children walk.

At noon they go to dinner, very few of them, as we say, *lay the cloth*. After vanity has well secured the doors, they eat a morsel in a corner. When they have filled their bellies they lie down quite naked; and an hour before night get up, put on their cloaths, and return to the coffee-house, or perhaps get into a carriage to take a turn.

This is the time when the swarm of running footmen issue forth, and fill the town. It is the profession of fifteen thousand persons here to run before a carriage, and of fifteen thousand more to go behind it.

The ride is to the *Mole*, the *Riviera*, or along the coast of Bresilica; never out of Naples nor on foot—A gentleman would not dare to appear in the streets, in the evening, on foot; it would be an indelible disgrace.

They stay at the opera, in their carriages, at the tavern, or the gaming house, till five in the morning.

You never diſcover on their countenances, either joy, pleaſure, or content; nor, to ſay the truth, do you diſcover much diſquietude.

The ſovereign good, as I have obſerved, is to do nothing during the day, and to breathe at night. In the evening the fever of the heat intermits, and that is ſufficient for their exiſtence.

Few perſons here know how to enjoy nature, which is admirable; they do not poſſeſs vigour. Nature here has no lovers. The whole people here are ſatiated with the enjoyment of her beauties. The moſt numerous part of them only work as much as is neceſſary, not to die of hunger. Theſe people are called *Lazzaroni.*

The Lazzaroni are not a ſeparate claſs; there are Lazzaroni in every profeſſion: it is ſimply the name given to all ſluggards. If they do work leſs, however, it is becauſe they have leſs need to work for a ſubſiſtence; with them it is not vice but temperance. After all, what man on earth is there who works except that he may work no more.

When a Lazzaroni has gained, in a few hours, enough to live upon for ſome days, he reſts himſelf, he walks about, or goes to bathe; he lives.

The women are very ugly at Naples. Female beauty is a flower that demands a moiſt air, and temperate

temperate climate. All thoſe happy lines and features which Nature ſeems to have ſelected to form true beauty, fade away here very rapidly, attacked at once by climate, the manners of the country, and education.

Theſe ſame influences, however, while they deprive the women of beauty, ſeem to have tranſferred it to the men: they are in general handſome.

LETTER CIV.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

THE fine arts are no longer known at Naples, if you except muſic; for the voice has more attention paid to it than ever in a great many conſervatories; it is cultivated with the utmoſt emulation. The laws, ſeveral bulls of the pope, and Nature have in vain prohibited men from puſhing the voice of man, by caſtration to the E in alt: but that ſound is here ſo well paid for! thoſe who have the good fortune to be able to produce it, are ſo honoured! Farinelli governed the Spains.

Naples ſtill poſſeſſes great men; they are caſtrati.

The mechanical arts are in their infancy.

The mechanical arts are here deſtitute of the commoneſt inſtruments in uſe at this day, in the reſt of Europe. Here they are a week in finiſhing a job, which would ſcarcely take up an hour in France.

Commerce, the military ſervice, and a great part of the arts and agriculture are in the hands of foreigners.

The

The natives are beginning, however, of late to take a part in them. At this moment they are expecting the first veſſel that ever attempted to go and take a lading of ſugar and indigo directly in our ports. The captain of this veſſel will be a ſecond Columbus of Naples.

This year has ſeen the firſt Neapolitan Gazette.

But how is it poſſible for a ſmall ſtate to ſubſiſt, overloaded with its inhabitants, innumerable beggars, ſervants, and ſecular and regular clergy, a military force of more than twenty thouſand men, a crowd of nobles, and an army of thirty thouſand lawyers.

The ſea, the climate, and the ſoil reſolve this problem; the climate by diminiſhing all their wants; the ſea by furniſhing them on all ſides with various ſpecies of fiſh and ſhell fiſh; and the ſoil by producing four different crops.

To turn up the earth, or rather the aſhes; is ſufficient tillage. Theſe cinders are teeming at the foot of Veſuvius; they would be ſtill more fruitful were they but properly aſſiſted by culture.

This ought to be the work of government; but it is by no means ſo diſpoſed. So far from counteracting the effeminacy of the Neapolitans, it favours it.

The climate in this country undoubtedly ſtrongly invites and urges the human ſpecies to indolence; but not with ſo much violence as to

prevent moral and political influences from restraining and repelling it to exertion.

Legislative means might be found to give a proper tension to the mind.

By education, and baths, it might be practicable, as the ancient Romans did, to neutralize, if I may use the figure, the excess of heat. But there is not one single public bath at Naples.

Talents are not rare at Naples: the climate, as well as its physical situation, are favourable to genius. This sea, this soil, that sun, a smile of favour from Augustus, and the reading of Homer, produced the Eneid.

But at this day, out of a hundred persons not more than two know how to read. There are whole provinces in which there is not a single schoolmaster.

The little literature cultivated among a small number of individuals, is confined to a few translations of French authors. The French now furnish fashions for the women, and opinions for the men, in Italy. All our great writers are known, translated, and compiled.

I found the celebrated work of M. Necker, well known, esteemed, and continually talked of by every person who was willing and capable to take the trouble of thinking. M. Necker is proclaimed here, as he will be by posterity, *the founder of the provincial assemblies in France.*

At

At Naples, Paris is the ſubject of every converſation. The French are the Greeks, and the Engliſh the Romans of the modern world. Diſtance, imagination, and, above all, the natural reſtleſſneſs of the human mind, give us many advantages.

But all I have been juſt ſaying is confined to a very narrow ſphere.

Let us ſay one word more on the condition of the people.

Poverty makes no beggars at Naples; no ſoldiers; and few foundlings: It is there ſo eaſy to live; to live, at leaſt, as Nature dictates.

Poverty commits here very few daring robberies, and very few murders.

Petty ſtealing is conſidered rather as a trick than a theft. When the people ſee any thing of this kind, they laugh, and never attempt to prevent it.

Vengeance alone aſſaſſinates.

Debauchery is more the reſult of idleneſs than of voluptuouſneſs. There are a great number of common women, but they have nothing that diſtinguiſhes them; they are mingled with their ſex.

Debauchery is attended with fewer crimes and misfortunes, at Naples, than in any other city; with fewer than at Paris. The reaſon is, becauſe it is neither a profeſſion nor an art at Naples.

At Naples nothing is yet refined, nothing vitiated, and nothing brought to perfection. Vices, virtues, every thing are yet in a rude ſtate, and proceed, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, rough from the human heart.

Naples does not yet ſeek to attract the eyes either of Europe, or of poſterity.

LETTER CV.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

THE government in this kingdom is of ſuch a kind that it is frequently rather to be conſidered as an additional diſorder than a reſtraint on or remedy of diſorders.

The ſovereign authority is ſtill in a great meaſure unſettled, and diſputed between the king, the pope and the barons, but eſpecially between the barons and the king.

The conteſt of the little individual forces of the barons againſt the preponderance of the regal power, is not yet decided.

But that day is not far diſtant. It is the general fate of all powers, as ſoon as one becomes pre-

predominant, to attract within its vortex, and at length ſwallow up all the others. The hiſtory of all civilized ſocieties is but the illuſtration of this truth. To produce this effect, indeed, more or leſs time is requiſite, according to the nature of the primitive elements of each ſociety; and according to its forces have been more or leſs divided in its origin; for all ſocieties, through all the varied forms of democracy, ariſtocracy, or monarchy, verge more or leſs rapidly to deſpotiſm, as all rivers, whether their paſſage lie through valleys, hills or mountains, bend their courſe invariably to the ſea.

The barons ſtill retain the power of impriſoning their vaſſals, by an order of which theſe words are a clauſe: *for reaſons known to ourſelves.* They may ſtill put their vaſſals to death, if they pleaſe, with impunity.

In Sicily, eſpecially, the barons are tyrants; not above a twelvemonth ago, the clergy openly laid in their ſermons, that the barons were the real ſovereigns; and publicly prayed for them when they celebrated maſs.

The Marquis de Carracioli, the preſent viceroy, is labouring courageouſly and ſucceſsfully, but not without danger, to tranſfer the remainder of the power of the barons to the ſovereign authority.

Had

Had the government poſſeſſed more firmneſs, or more addreſs, this would have been already done.

The monarch, when he thinks proper, will diſarm the barons, with ribbons, penſions, and employments, and that without *Richelieux*: the barons come of themſelves to court. But to effect this, the people muſt be ruined.

But were the authority of the monarch to become ſupreme, would that render it more abſolute? No; for it is deſpotic.

The king, without a doubt, is already in poſſeſſion of an almoſt unlimited power to oppreſs or to deſtroy; for he has troops, and his ſubjects are cowards; but he is able to effect ſcarcely any thing for the purpoſe of protecting and creating.

I ſhall give only one proof of the puſillanimity of the Neapolitans. One of their viceroys was fond of ſhooting, and, to the misfortune of the inhabitants of the little iſle of Procida, ſome pheaſants came into that iſland. Immediately a martial law was iſſued, ordering a general maſſacre of all the cats, which accordingly took place. The rats ſoon multiplied in ſuch a manner that they attacked the children in their cradles, and gnawed off the ears and noſes of theſe unhappy victims. What did the fathers and mothers do? The mothers wept;—and the huſbands—made lamentable complaints. Such was the cowardice

of

of these men! Fortunately the viceroy died; and in the isle of Procida it was no longer horrible to be a mother.

M. de .... who seems to have travelled only to flatter, has said that the viceroy was moved with the tears and complaints of the inhabitants.

This is not true: they prayed to God (that was their expression) to soften the heart of the viceroy. What cowards! Why did they not harden their own! or rather, why had they not hearts more feeling for the sufferings of their children!

Why do nations complain when their servility even exceeds the tyranny of their princes?

LETTER XCVI.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

I HAVE already ſaid that the king, as yet, has but little power either to protect or create.

And in fact, what can a monarch do with very moderate revenues, with an ignorant people, with a nation whoſe ſubmiſſion is rather the habit of crouching to a maſter, than the conviction of the neceſſity of obeying a head.

The ſubmiſſion of ſuch a people, being only the habit of ſuffering a maſter, is likewiſe the habit of ſuffering only ſuch and ſuch things from that maſter: it ceaſes when he attempts to innovate.

Beſides, that this ſubmiſſion of the people being leſs a depreſſion than an effeminacy, the king muſt take care how he diſturbs it.

Public opinion here ſerves neither as a check to evil, nor ſeconds what is laudable; there exiſts therefore no public opinion at Naples. Authority reſtrains only with the bayonet, pays only with money, and confines its puniſhments to the body.

The

The climate, in a word, prevents all tension in the organs, all energy in the desires, all succession in the ideas. What room then is there for creation or improvement?

Hence a great many changes have been in vain attempted in the general administration: The instruments made use of, are the first to impede the reform. Despotism may easily procure guards and soldiers, but not servants.

Every thing that authority has been able to do, hitherto, in the way of offices and employments, it has done: it has nominally created them. There is not a better organized government in the world than Naples;—in the court almanack.

Naples has yet no constitution, and, perhaps, never will have any. Both its political and civil administration exist only in execution; they are both mere consequences of the climate, of fortune, and position.

The sun renders a king, perhaps even a despot, necessary at Naples.

Naples has always yielded to force from whatever quarter it proceeded; but only while that force was present, and in immediate action.

I heard the king congratulated on the state of public affairs, when they were such as I have described. What a misfortune is it for princes, said I, when they prefer an obedience of necessity to an obedience of judgment and choice; when no

no political body limits the ſovereign authority, and retains it, if I may uſe the figure, within its orbit: princes are not fond of reſiſtance; yet it is impoſſible that any thing ſhould afford ſupport which does not exiſt.

If the ſoveteign authority be feeble here, for the purpoſes of good, it is very potent for the perpetration of evil; it exiles, it diſpoſſeſſes, it impoſes taxes at diſcretion. What do I ſay? Impoſts here are only contributions; they are exacted.

Authority hardly ever allows here the termination of law-ſuits; for whoever can do every thing, never will do any thing.

One circumſtance, however, moderates the violence of deſpotiſm, and that is the contrariety of orders; in the midſt of which the ſubject finds an opportunity to breathe. By ſpeaking too much, the king makes himſelf no longer heard, and by perpetually commanding, prevents his commands from being executed.

All the miniſters are engaged in perpetual diſputes; each of them makes uſe of the king by turns; ſometimes they lend him to each other.

LETTER CVII.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

WITH ſuch a people, ſuch means and ſuch miniſters, the adminiſtration cannot but be corrupt.

With reſpect to foreign affairs, I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that the policy of this cabinet is conſtantly fluctuating between Auſtria and Spain; it however principally inclines to the ſide of Auſtria.

Do you wiſh to know the eſtimation and reſpect in which France is held at the court of Naples? You may infer it from the following anecdote:

The king and queen have been juſt making a tour in Tuſcany; they embarked for Leghorn; ſome prints were to be hung up in the king's apartments, and what prints, think you, were made choice of? Some which repreſented the advantages gained by the *Engliſh*, in the laſt war, over Spain and France.....

The adminiſtration of finances here, as in many other countries, conſiſts in plundering the provinces, and robbing the public treaſury.

The officers of the revenue are in league with the ſmugglers.

As

As for the navy, large ships here are useless, but M. Acton, who is at the head of that department, wishes, like the Marechal de Castries in France, to be able to say to the English, *our navy*; and the money of the treasury flows into the sea.

They are now busy in building an eighty gun ship, which is nearly finished; the harbour to receive her is likewise begun.

The war department is in a ruinous condition.

At Naples we find a court, an opera, and an army.—What luxury!

But at least commerce may be attended to and under good regulations? I have every kind of vice to maintain, said the Abbé G....., publicly, I must therefore find a great deal of money.—The Abbé G..... is at the head of the commercial department.

LETTER CVIII.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

OF all the parts of adminiſtration, the moſt vicious, unqueſtionably, is that of juſtice.

There are too few here of that claſs which is too numerous in France; ſuperior magiſtrates.

The whole number of theſe is twenty-one.

They form five chambers, each compoſed of four members, in which the chief ſucceſſively preſides.

Beſides theſe, there is a firſt tribunal, called the *Vicarſhip*, and a ſupreme one, called the chamber royal.

The other courts are tribunals of the barons.

The greater part of the proceſſes are obliged to paſs through ſix gradations of judiciary deciſion before they reach the throne, which often ſends them back to make the round of the ſame tribunals.

The magiſtrates publicly ſell juſtice: and no wonder, it is the court that creates them, it is the king who pays them, they are few in number; they are taken from the claſs of advocates, where they were accuſtomed to great gains; and another,

and ſtill more powerful reaſon is, that corrupt magiſtrates are more convenient for the miniſters.

No where is the ſovereign magiſtracy more generous, honourable, or incorrupt than it is in France: no where is it more ſenſible of its dignity.

But how great is the venality of every department of juſtice in France! ſaid to me a Neapolitan advocate.—Wo be to thoſe republics, replied I, where the magiſtrates muſt be taken from among the rich; and wo be to the monarchies where they may be taken from amongſt the needy; with plebeian officers and poor magiſtrates, the monarch moſt certainly would ſoon become a deſpot, and that deſpot a tyrant *.

I have been preſent at ſeveral trials. Five judges are ſeated round a table, in a narrow kind of hall; while the advocates are clamouring on each ſide.

During this time, the judges amuſe themſelves alternately with the fan, the handkerchief and noſegay, which are lying before each of them.

When the advocates have ended the pleadings, one of the judges ſums up the proceedings with a loud voice; but the others do not liſten; for it is merely matter of form.

* It is unneceſſary, perhaps, to remind the Engliſh reader that this reaſoning is applicable only to *pure* monarchies, and evidently refers to the preſent ſituation of affairs in France. T.

As soon as this is finished the hall is cleared, and the report of the proceedings is repeated; the judges are now attentive, and afterwards pronounce their decision, which they take the less pains to weigh maturely, as it will undergo possibly ten revisals.

These wretched judges are under the orders of the ministers; they dance attendance in all their antichambers, and pass their lives in giving an account of their decisions: they are indeed truly contemptible.

They do not form a body among themselves; but this is all the good there is in the constitution of the tribunals. The judges are usually of the most advanced age, as in other countries they are too often children. Three of the five counsellors of the chamber royal, are at present eighty years of age: one of them is ninety-four.

Their age is necessarily an impediment to the expediting of business; the multitude of forms too is another obstacle; but nothing is more injurious than the uncertainty of a procedure founded solely on a doubtful jurisprudence, and the arbitrary orders of the king.

Lawyers and retainers to the law consequently multiply. In the kingdom of Naples alone, exclusive of Sicily, that is to say, among about four millions of persons, they reckon near thirty thousand advocates and attornies.

Some of these gain two thousand guineas a year, not by their knowledge and integrity, but by their talent for intrigue, and their access to the judges.

The writings I have seen from the bar at Naples, are learned but filled with bombast. No eloquence is to be expected here, for there is no virtue; and no virtue, for there is no liberty. This is not the French bar.

Law-suits are innumerable, and often last for ages: they end generally, like conflagrations, by consuming the parties.

All the younger branches of the nobility apply to the bar: Every noble family stands in need of a champion who understands chicanery to defend or prosecute its suits.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the tumult and confusion that reigns every morning in the halls of the vicarship. All the retainers to the law, without exception, counsellors, registers, attornies, and advocates, have offices there. It is the den of chicanery.

The advocates of the first order, who are in number four hundred, possess a distinguished superiority. I have seen their brethren, as well as their clients, take their hands and kiss them.

These advocates have a censor put over them, who receives and proscribes their writings at discretion. It cannot but appear extremely singular

that

that the government of an order, expreſsly inſtituted to defend the citizens againſt oppreſſion, ſhould be deſpotic; but this deſpotiſm, it muſt be confeſſed, is not ſevere. An advocate was bold enough to uſe the following expreſſion in a printed memorial; "*Alas! who does not know that our king is a mere puppet, incapable to will or act of himſelf?*" Yet not the leaſt objection was made to this memorial.

Nor is criminal juſtice better adminiſtered.

Impunity may be purchaſed.

Impriſonments are frequent, and conſequently too often wanton: but whether it proceeds from corruption, from indolence, the national ſpirit, or all theſe cauſes combined, puniſhments are very rare, and hardly ever capital. It is eſtimated that four or five thouſand aſſaſſinations are annually committed in this kingdom, yet only two or three capital executions take place in a year.

But, in return, impriſonment is a dreadful puniſhment. No perſon thrown into the priſons on any accuſation gets out under four years; three-fourths of thoſe confined in them periſh, and juſtice ſentences the remainder, whom the length of the proceedings and the horrors of the dungeon have not deſtroyed, to the gallies.

The law requires the confeſſion of the criminal to authorize a capital condemnation; but until he has confeſſed, he is ſhut up in a dungeon,

where he is totally deprived of light, and even of ſtraw; the unhappy wretch is obliged to ſleep upon the ſtones, and live only on bread and water, if that can be called living.

I had one of theſe tombs opened. At the ſame moment three or four ſpectres, with long beards, hollow eyes, with pale and wan viſages, and emaciated bodies, half-naked and dazzled with a ray of light, by which I could ſcarcely ſee, ſtarted forward on the threſhold. I drew back with horror—a peſtilential vapour iſſued forth. They had been buried there upwards of ten years.—I was almoſt ready to cry out to them, *Are you alive?*

One of them advancing with a furious air, exclaimed, "No; I did not murder my father." He had murdered his father, but had not confeſſed it.

As ſoon as a wretch is condemned to die, he is ſhut up three days ſucceſſively, before the execution, in a ſubterraneous chapel, between penitents and a confeſſor, in preſence, if I may uſe the expreſſion, of his death; how dreadfully long muſt theſe three days appear. What a puniſhment! For the bittereſt part of the pain of death is to expect it *.

* This reflection ſeems to condemn the *reſpite* for a month granted by the late ordinances in France, in caſes of capital executions; but reſpecting as we do, the intentions and the opinion of government upon the ſubject, we refer to experience or the event, merely ſubmitting our apprehenſions to its conſideration.

The

The hoſpital is one of the apartments of the priſon: that likewiſe is a tomb.

We muſt do juſtice however to the laws of Naples in one reſpect; they allow counſel to the accuſed: he is a magiſtrate, and ſtiled the advocate of the poor; but he has only acceſs to the proceedings, and is permitted no communication with the priſoner; nor is he choſen by him. In no country is criminal juſtice perfectly generous. What do I ſay? Too often in its rage againſt the accuſed, the law, which puniſhes the murder, commits murder. It is greatly to be wiſhed, that this were every where reformed. What tyrants are bad laws! and, above all, bad criminal laws!

LETTER CIX.

Naples.

[Continuation of the former.]

I HAVE not yet ſaid any thing of the government of Sicily, the laws, manners, and adminiſtration of which are extremely different.

This beautiful part of the dominions of the king of Naples, inhabited by not leſs than a million of men, in whoſe favour Nature has laviſhed thoſe treaſures, which formerly ſupported the Romans, which gave to Athens, to Rome, and the world ſo many great works in all the fine arts, has been abandoned for centuries to viceroys and Etna.

A court intrigue, however, ſent thither, ſome time ago, the Marquis de Carracioli in the capacity of viceroy. This nobleman attacks all abuſes with the ſword, but they only ſhoot up again with increaſed vigour; he ought to have recourſe to time and patience; but he is in haſte to reap the fruits of his government; his vice-royalty is expiring.

The Sicilians are conſidered as foreigners at Naples, and at the court as enemies.

The government imagines, that to oppreſs is to govern them; and that they muſt be treated

as

as taxes, in order to render them faithful subjects.

Sicily is, in fact, considered by the miniſtry, as a troubleſome excreſcence; the court ſees nothing but Naples. Large capitals at the foot of thrones, are like mountains that hide the provinces.

But how is it, that with ſo little police, with ſo wretched a legiſlation, and ſuch a corrupt adminiſtration, the political machine ſtill continues in motion at Naples?

Human nature does not commit evil for the ſake of evil, but to procure good; now, in this kingdom, good coſts leſs exil than in other countries: a negative happineſs ſuffices in warm climates, in temperate on the contrary, poſitive happineſs is neceſſary: in warm countries not to ſuffer conſtitutes the whole of well being; in temperate climates the enjoyment of pleaſure is alſo eſſential: and nothing is more certain than that ſerious crimes in general are produced not by the effort of avoiding ſuffering, but by the deſire of procuring pleaſure.

This it is which, in a great meaſure, preſerves the tranquillity of this kingdom, notwithſtanding its want of police and regularity of government.

Climate ſupplies the deficiency of police at Naples, as the ſtiletto does at Rome, and ſpies at Paris.

The

The king, who is goodneſs itſelf, has lately applied with much attention to the art of governing well.

The queen is ſaid to poſſeſs as much underſtanding as ſhe does graces; and ſhe has many graces.

If theſe ſovereigns have committed faults at the beginning of their reign, they are but too pardonable, abandoned as they were, from the age of fifteen, to youth, and to the throne; they came out of the hands of old Spaniſh miniſters, who taught them to ſport with the crown, and not to wear it; who concealed from them the true intereſt of their kingdom.

LETTER CX.

Naples.

I SHALL throw together in this letter ſeveral detached objects.

How could I omit, for inſtance, the twelve prophets painted by Spagnolet, on the dome of the church of the Carthuſians, or rather whom he has placed there; ſo compleat is the illuſion.

What beautiful airs of heads! I ſeem actually to behold the prophets.

Theſe pictures are the maſter-pieces of that great painter, and of the art itſelf. The pencil of Spagnolet, 'tis true, is harſh and gloomy; but it is extremely vigorous; it manifeſtly aims like that of Caravaggi, to terrify and aſtoniſh the eye by contraſts, rather than to move and flatter it by ſhades and gradations; it laviſhes light and ſhade.

The convent of the Carthuſians, ſo wealthy in other reſpects, would be ſufficiently rich did it only poſſeſs theſe twelve pictures. The government ſeems to be of the ſame opinion; for from time to time this convent is laid under contribution.

Why boaſt ſo much this picture of Solimenes, repreſenting Heliodorus driven from the temple?

It

It is immenſe, for it occupies the whole breadth of the nave of the church of *Gieuſa novo*. But what confuſion in the compoſition! It has neither, choice, effect, or intereſt: what is there but figures and colouring?

What an epitaph have they dared to inſcribe on the tomb of Sannazarius, who paſſed his life on Parnaſſus, in courts and camps, and breathed his laſt in a convent; who compoſed in verſes, borrowed from Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus, a poem on the conception of the Virgin, and ſome amorous pieces, ſtill mentioned with praiſes because no longer read!

Da ſacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni
*Sincerus * muſâ, proximus ut tumulo.*

What? he, Sannazarius, as near Virgil by his tomb, as by his poem!

See what the rage of wit, and the affectation of antitheſis produces. What truths they ſacrifice! What monſters they engender! They bring into compariſon, Sannazarius and Virgil.

I ſhould proceed to ſpeak of the catacombs of Naples, had I not already given an account of thoſe of Rome. The impreſſion they make on the mind is all they have to recommend them.

* The name of Sannazarius.

Theſe

These places will ever be agreeable to melancholy imaginations, which love to approach death, and become familiar with gloomy shades.

I can say nothing of the annual miracle of Naples, the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius; it is not performed at this season; it would be too natural; I shall only observe, that this miracle has fallen of late into discredit; and, it is said, will soon be entirely discontinued. Very probably, the whole universe will soon pay attention to only one miracle——the universe!

LETTER CXI.

Naples.

THE weather was dreadful, yesterday, the whole day: I was unable to go out.

Do not expect therefore any particular remarks on Naples, or its environs; but to make amends, as far as I am able, accept the following elegy of Tibullus, which I finished yesterday.

It is a sort of hymn, written by that poet for the *Cerealia* or festival of Ceres *.

FETES CEREALES.

Pasteurs, faites silence; écoutez, tous, mes chants.
Le voici, l'heureux jour, où chaque dieu des champs
Attend, pour se montrer à nos travaux propice,
Le tribut annuel d'un pieux sacrifice.
Viens, Bacchus; viens, Cérès; venez tous deux, parés,
Bacchus, de pampres verds; Cérès, d'épis dorés.
Laboureur, que le soc, en ce jour tutélaire,
Oisif dans tes sillons, fasse grace à la terre:
Que, libre en son étable, à l'abri des chaleurs,
Repose, en ruminant, le bœuf orné de fleurs:
Et toi-même, ô bergère! en l'honneur de la fête,
Que le fuseau roulant, que l'aiguille s'arrête.

* Tibull. lib. 2. eleg. 1.

Soyons

Soyons tout à Cérès : mais, loin d'elle, en ce jour,
Quiconque aura veillé dans les bras de l'Amour..
Cérès veut un cœur chaste ; elle veut des mains pures :
Cérès ne permet point de profanes parures.
Cependant, vers l'autel, où brille un feu sacré,
D'enfans ceints de festons, l'agneau marche entouré.
Nous voici, dieux des champs ! dieux ! voilà nos domaines !
Détournez les fléaux qui menacent nos plaines.
Que le froid aquilon, que l'Auster pluvieux,
N'offensent point le vigne et ses bourgeons frileux,
Ne la contraignent point à s'épuiser en larmes :
Que la jeune Pomone ose étaler ses charmes.
Daigne aîder, ô Cérès ! ce tuyau foible encor,
A porter le poids mûr de ta couronne d'or :
Que ton pied triomphant tûe une herbe ennemie.
Oh ! puisse encor, le soir, au bord de la prairie,
La houlette indulgent, et le chien complaisant,
Ne point hâter les pas de l'agneau languissant !
Nos vœux sont exaucés ! Au sein de la génisse,
La fibre prophétique annonce un ciel propice.
Je vous rends grace, ô dieux ! nos guerêts sont sauvés !
Amis, qu'à longs ruisseaux le vin coule, et buvez.
Le soir d'un jour de fête, un buveur qui chancelle,
N'offense point des dieux la bonté paternelle.
Buvez donc, buvez tous. Moi, je vais, dans mes vers,
Bénir les dieux des champs de leurs présens divers.
Chacun d'eux, à l'envi, de sa main fortunée,
Enrichit ou para le cercle de l'année.
Phœbus préside aux jours, Phœbé préside aux nuits :
Si Flore a soin des fleurs, Pomone a soin des fruits ;
Palès règne aux vallons, et Cérès dans les plaines :
Bacchus aime à mûrir les grappes déjà pleines :
Chaque Faune a ses bois, chaque Nymphe a ses eaux :
Un dieu léger, s'enfuit sur les légers ruisseaux.

Oui,

Oui, l'homme doit aux dieux tous les biens de la vie ;
Il leur doit de vingt arts la rivale industrie :
L'osier, avec le chaume, en cabanne tressé ;
Le fer, en soc tranchant, dans la terre enfoncé ;
Le tremblant charriot, qui, sur son axe, crie ;
Et mille autres bienfaits que l'univers publie.
Déjà, de nos ayeux, le chêne nourricier,
N'offre plus qu'au vil porc un mets vil et grossier :
Un arbre, d'un autre arbre, adopte la famille :
Où croissoit le chardon, la rose s'ouvre et brille.
Tout prospère ; tout rit. A travers le vallon,
L'eau court, en murmurant, abreuver le gazon.
L'été, lorsque son frère a perdu sa couronne,
Livre au fer recourbé des champs d'or qu'il moissonne :
Puis, des feux du soleil, le raisin tout brillant,
Promet au vendangeur un nectar pétillant.
Bacchus paroît : soudain, enlacé de lis,
Par des jeux, par la danse, égayant sa folie,
Le pâtre immole un bouc, qui lui-même, jadis,
Avoit servi de pâture aux crédules brebis.
Pomone ensuite arrive, et riante et vermeille,
Aux pieds du sombre hiver épanche sa corbeille.
D'abord le laboureur, en traçant un sillon,
Pour charmer ses travaux, fredonna, quelque son :
Bientôt, en temps réglés, la voix, avec aisance,
Modula des sons doux, frappa l'air en cadence :
Enfin, par sept tuyaux, qu'interrogent les doigts,
Le roseau fit entendre une seconde voix.
O jours heureux ! l'enfant, de couronnes rustiques,
L'enfant orne le front de ses Lares antiques :
L'enfant, dans la prairie, en gardant les agneaux,
Façonna la houlette et coupa les pipeaux ;
Tandis qu'à ses côtés la bergère innocente
Soulagea la brebis de sa toison pesante.

Alors,

Alors, tout s'empreſſe pour ſervir nos beſoins :
Le ſexe eut des travaux ; et l'enfance, des ſoins.
Du haut de la quenouille, alors, la laine humide,
Deſcendant lentement ſous le doigt qui la guide,
Arrive, en fil léger, au fuſeau qui l'attend ;
Le fuſeau la raſſemble, et s'enfuit en roulant.
C'eſt alors, nous dit-on, que l'Amour prit naiſſance,
Au milieu des troupeaux, il paſſa ſon enfance.
Un jour, il eſſaya (qu'il l'apprit aiſément !)
A tendre l'arc léger qu'il tend inceſſamment.
D'abord, au fond des bois, ſa flèche encor peu ſûre
Pourſuit les cerfs errans qu'il frappe à l'aventure :
Mais, voulant s'illuſtrer par de plus nobles coups,
Il quitta les forêts et vint vivre avec nous.
Il viſe à tout moment au cœur léger des belles :
Ses traits les plus aigus, il les lance aux cruelles :
Et, s'il voit un héros que Mars n'a pu bleſſer,
D'un dard, enfant terrible, il aime à le percer.
C'eſt par ſon ordre encor, que la jeune Glicère,
Trompant furtivement le ſommeil de ſa mère,
D'un pied hardi d'amour, et de peur incertain,
Vers ſon amant, dans l'ombre, étudie un chemin :
Et qu'enfin le vieillard, au ſeuil d'une maîtreſſe,
Balbutie, en pleurant, ſa dernière tendreſſe.
Malheur à ceux qu'Amour voit, d'un œil irrité !
Heureux celui qu'Amour, d'un ſourire, a flatté !
Accours donc, dieu puiſſant ! prends place à cette table,
Sans traits et ſans flambeau, ſans cet arc redoutable :
Nû, mais encore armé. Paſteurs, priez-le tous ;
Tout haut, pour vos troupeaux, et puis, tout bas, pour vous :
Pour vous auſſi, tout haut ; car la flûte réſonne,
Et la foule, en tumulte, autour de vous, bourdonne.
Danſez, chantez, buvez ; hâtez-vous ; Phœbé luit :
Des aſtres amoureux le chœur brillant la ſuit :

Et déja le ſommeil, les yeux clos, en ſilence,
Sur un ſonge appuyé, d'un pied douteux, s'avance.

THE FESTIVAL OF CERES.

ATTEND! and favour! as our fires ordain;
The fields we luſtrate, and the riſing grain:
Come, Bacchus, and thy horns with grapes ſurround;
Come, Ceres, with thy wheaten garland crown'd;
This hallow'd day ſuſpend each ſwain his toil,
Reſt let the plough, and reſt th' uncultur'd ſoil;
Unyoke the ſteer, his racks heap high with hay,
And deck with wreaths his honeſt front to day;
Be all your thoughts to this grand work apply'd!
And lay, ye thrifty fair, your wool aſide.
Hence I command you mortals from the rite,
Who ſpent in amorous blandiſhment the night,
The vernal powers in chaſtity delight.
But come ye pure, in ſpotleſs garbs array'd!
For you the ſolemn feſtival is made:
Come follow thrice the victim round the lands;
In running water purify your hands!
See to the flames the willing victim come!
Ye ſwains with olive crown'd, be dumb! be dumb!
From ills, O ſylvan gods, our limits ſhield;
To day we purge the farmer and the field;
O let no weeds deſtroy the riſing grain;
By no fell prowler be the lambkin ſlain;
So ſhall the hind dread penury no more,
But gaily ſmiling o'er his plenteous ſtore,
With liberal hand ſhall larger billets bring,
Heap the broad hearth, and hail the genial ſpring:
His numerous bond-ſlaves all in goodly rows,
With wicker huts your altars ſhall incloſe;

That

That done, they'll cheerly laugh, and dance, and play,
And praiſe your goodneſs in their uncouth lay.
The gods aſſent! ſee! ſee! thoſe entrails ſhow,
That heav'n approves of what is done below!
Now quaff Falernian, let my Chian wine,
Pour'd from the caſk in maſſy goblets ſhine!
Drink deep, my friends; all, all, be madly gay,
'Twere irreligion not to reel to day!
Health to Meſſala, every peaſant toaſt,
And not a letter of his name be loſt.
O come, my friend, whom Gallic triumphs grace,
Thou nobleſt ſplendor of an ancient race;
Thou whom the arts all emulouſly crown,
Sword of the ſtate, and honour of the gown;
My theme is gratitude, inſpire my lays!
O be my genius! while I ſtrive to praiſe,
The rural deities, the rural plain,
The uſe of foodful corn they taught the ſwain.
They taught man firſt the ſocial hut to raiſe,
And thatch it o'er with turf, or leafy ſprays;
They firſt to tame the furious bull eſſay'd,
And on rude wheels the rolling carriage laid.
Man left his ſavage ways; the garden glow'd;
Fruits not their own admiring trees beſtow'd,
While through the thirſty ground meandring runnels flow'd,
There bees of ſweets deſpoil the breathing ſpring,
And to their cells the dulcet plunder bring.
The ploughman firſt to ſooth the toils of day,
Chanted in meaſur'd feet his ſylvan lay:
And ſeed-time o'er, he firſt in blythſome vein,
Pip'd to his houſhold gods the hymning ſtrain.
Then firſt the preſs with purple wine o'er-ran,
And cooling water made it fit for man.

The village-lad firſt made a wreath of flowers,
To deck in ſpring the tutelary powers:
Bleſt be the country, yearly there the plain,
Yields, when the dog-ſtar burns, the golden grain.
Thence too thy chorus, Bacchus, firſt began,
The painted clown firſt laid the tragic plan.
A goat, the leader of the ſhaggy throng,
The village ſent it, recompenc'd the ſong;
There too the ſheep his woolly treaſure wears;
There too the ſwain his woolly treaſure ſhears;
This to the thrifty dame long work ſupplies,
The diſtaff hence, and baſket took their riſe.
Hence too the various labours of the loom,
Thy praiſe, Minerva, and Arachne's doom!
'Mid mountain herds Love firſt drew vital air,
Unknown to man, and man had nought to fear.
'Gainſt herds his bow th' unſkilful archer drew;
Ah, my pierced heart, an archer now too true!
Now herds my roam untouch'd, 'tis Cupid's joy,
The brave to vanquiſh, and to fix the coy.
The youth whoſe heart the ſoft emotion feels,
Nor ſighs for wealth, nor waits at grandeur's heels;
Age fir'd by love, is touch'd by ſhame no more,
But blabs its follies at the fair one's door!
Led by ſoft Love, the tender trembling fair,
Steals to her ſwain, and cheats ſuſpicion's care;
With out-ſtretch'd arms ſhe wins her darkling way,
And tiptoe liſtens that no noiſe betray!

Ah, wretched thoſe, on whom dread Cupid frowns!
How happy they, whoſe mutual choice he crowns!
Will Love partake the banquet of the day?
O come ——but throw thy burning ſhafts away.

Ye

Ye ſwains begin to mighty Love the ſong,
Your ſongs, ye ſwains, to might Love belong!
Breathe out aloud your wiſhes for my fold,
Your own ſoft vows in whiſpers may be told.
But hark, loud mirth and muſic fire the crowd!
Ye now may venture to requeſt aloud.
Purſue your ſports; night mounts her curtain'd wane;
The dancing ſtars compoſe her filial train;
Black muffled ſleep ſteals on with ſilent pace,
And dreams flit laſt, imagination's race!

GRAINGER.

LETTER CXII.

Naples.

I HAVE ſeen, in the church of Saint Januarius, the tomb of the unhappy Andrew II. king of Naples, betrothed, at ſeven years old, to Jane the firſt, and who, at eighteen, in the midſt of his court, and the very day before his coronation, fell a victim to the perfidy of his young wife, whoſe crime was ſuggeſted by love, hazarded by youth, excuſed by beauty, legitimated by policy, and juſtified, for money, by a pope; but which neither Nature, nor conſcience, nor Louis II. king of Hungary, ever pardoned; that generous Louis, who flew from the extremities of Germany, with a black ſtandard in his hand, to avenge his brother; and, for forty years unceaſingly

purſued, or menaced, or watched this guilty queen, who, at length, grey with wretchedneſs and remorſe, fell beneath the ſword of vengeance, and loſt at once her life and that crown which ſhe had ſtained with the blood of the firſt of her four huſbands.

This unfortunate Andrew II. was aſſaſſinated at Averſo, and thrown out of a window. His nurſe ſought after and diſcovered his dead body three days after, and by the aſſiſtance of a canon of the church of St. Januarius, conveyed it, at night into the church, where the generous prieſt, after bedewing it with loyal tears, buried it clandeſtinely, and afterwards erected this memorable monument at his own expence.

Since I have mentioned Jane the firſt, and her huſband's tomb, it may not be improper to ſay ſomething of Jane the ſecond, and of the tomb of her lover, which is to be ſeen in the church of *San Giovanni*; I mean John Carracioli, whoſe fate was not very diſſimilar to that of the celebrated earl of Eſſex. Like Eſſex, John Carracioli, while ſtill young, had the misfortune to pleaſe an aged queen, and to wiſh to indemnify himſelf, by the gratification of ambition, for the importunities of ſuch a connexion. Like him, he truſted too much to the violent paſſion of a woman, and greivouſly inſulted a queen, thinking that he only quarrelled with a miſtreſs; like him, he

ſtained

ſtained the ſcaffold with his blood, ſhed by the command of that miſtreſs, who unfortunately was capable of proceeding to every extremity. Jane, on her ſide, as well as Elizabeth, died, ſhortly after the death of her lover, conſumed by her paſſion and regret for the death of her murdered lover, who was preſent night and day to her diſtempered imagination.

On quitting theſe tombs (it was then evening) I took a walk along the coaſt of Pauſilippo, by the ſea ſhore, and paſſed by an ancient palace of queen Jane, abandoned to the waves that bathe its walls, and to time which is deſtroying it. There I ſtopped; and ſeating myſelf on a ſtone liſtened, by the light of the moon, to the roaring of the billows which ſpent their force at my feet. I cannot expreſs to you the profound and pleaſing melancholy which there took poſſeſſion of my ſoul, at the recollection of theſe tombs, of theſe royal and bloody amours, at the tragical name of Jane, at the ſight of that ancient and deſerted palace, at this Elyſian moonlight, at the freſhneſs of the evening, and the daſhing of thoſe waves which broke around me, while the ruins of the caſtle re-echoed their hollow murmurs. Tears fell involuntarily from my eyes.

LETTER CXIII.

Pompeia.

I AM filled with aſtoniſhment in walking from houſe to houſe, from temple to temple, from ſtreet to ſtreet, in a city built two thouſand years ago, inhabited by the Romans, dug out by a king of Naples, and in perfect preſervation; I ſpeak of Pompeia.

The inhabitants of this city were aſleep, when ſuddenly an impetuous wind aroſe, and detaching a portion of the cinders which covered the ſummit of Veſuvius, hurried them in whirlwinds through the air over Pompeia, and within a quarter of an hour entirely overwhelmed it, together with Herculaneum, Sorento, a multitude of towns and villages, thouſands of men and women, and the elder Pliny.

What a dreadful awakening for the inhabitants! How muſt they have curſed Veſuvius, its aſhes, and its lava! Imprudent men! Why did you build Pompeia at the foot of Veſuvius, on its lava, and on its aſhes?

In fact, mankind reſemble ants, which, after an accident has deſtroyed one of their hillocks, ſet about repairing it the next moment.

Pom-

Pompeia was covered with ashes. The descendents of those very men who perished under those ashes, planted vineyards, mulberry, fig, and poplar trees on them; the roofs of this city were become fields and orchards. One day, while some peasants were digging, the spade penetrated a little deeper than usual; something was found to resist: it was a city: it was Pompeia.

The king of Naples ordered the search to be continued; but whether from bad management or the indifference of the employers, or whether it be that the air does in fact attack and destroy these ruins as soon as they are touched, in thirty years, they have only been able to clear one-third of the city.

On coming at Pompeia, the first object that presents itself is the quarter of the soldiers.

Figure to yourself an oblong square of buildings, containing a multitude of seperate apartments, with a front supported by a portico, which is continued round the building.

These columns, which are but slight, are fluted and painted red; they produce a pretty effect.

I entered several of the rooms, and found in one of them a mill, with which the soldiers ground their corn for bread; in another, an oil-mill, in which they crushed the olives. The first resembles our coffee-mills; the second is formed

of

of two mill-ſtones, which were moved by the hand, in a vaſt mortar, round an iron center.

In another of theſe rooms I ſaw chains ſtill faſtened to the leg of a criminal; in a ſecond heaps of human bones; and in a third, a golden necklace.

On leaving the ſoldiers quarter, my guide led me into the city.

How, do you call this a ſtreet!

This pavement will ſoon want mending.

Theſe ruts, worn by the waggons, in rolling over theſe huge maſſes of lava, will overturn the carriages.

I like theſe footways before the houſes, on each ſide of the ſtreet.

What is become of all the inhabitants? We ſee nobody in the ſhops! not a creature in the ſtreets! all the houſes are open!

Let us begin by viſiting the houſes on the right.

This is not a private houſe; that prodigious number of chirurgical inſtruments prove this edifice muſt have had ſome relation to the art in which they are uſed. This was ſurely a ſchool for ſurgery.

Theſe houſes are very ſmall, they are exceedingly ill contrived, all the apartments are detached; but then, what neatneſs! what elegance! In each of them is an inner portico, a moſaic pavement,

pavement, a ſquare colonnade, and in the middle a ciſtern, to collect the water falling from the roof; in each of them are hot-baths, and ſtoves, and every where paintings in freſco, in the beſt taſte and on the moſt pleaſing grounds. Has Raphael been here to copy his arabeſques?

Let us paſs over to the other ſide of the ſtreet. Theſe houſes are three ſtories high; their foundation is on the lava, which has formed here a ſort of hill, on the declivity of which they are built. From above, in the third ſtory, the windows look into the ſtreet; and from the firſt ſtory, into a garden. Let us go down that ſtaircaſe. This colonnade around the garden is agreeable; you may walk there ſheltered from the ſun and rain.

But what do I perceive in that chamber. They are ten death's heads. The unfortunate wretches ſaved themſelves here, where they could not be ſaved. This is the head of a little child: its father and mother then are there!

Let us go up ſtairs again; the heart feels not at eaſe here.

Suppoſe we take a ſtep into this temple for a moment, ſince it is left open. What deity do I perceive in the bottom of that niche? It is the god of ſilence, who makes a ſign with his finger, to command ſilence, and points to the goddeſs Iſis in the further receſs of the *Sacrarium*.

In

In the front of the porch there are three altars. Here the victims were ſlaughtered, and the blood flowing along this gutter into the middle of that baſon, fell from thence upon the head of the prieſts. This little chamber, near the altar, was undoubtedly the ſacriſty. The prieſts purified themſelves in this bathing place. Let us now mount up to the ſanctuary; it is very narrow. How many columns are there? Six. They are very ſmall. This pediment is elegant. But why theſe two gates, at each corner of the altar? I conceive the uſe of them! It was by them that the impoſtors glided, between the altar and the wall, to make the divinity ſpeak.—You have then been ever impoſed on, credulous people! Come and ſee how they ſupped laſt night at your expence. The ſervice is not yet removed! they have been eating freſh eggs; they have been drinking excellent wine.

Here are ſome inſcriptions: *Popidi ambleati, Cornelia celſa.* This is a monument erected to the memory of thoſe who have been benefactors to Iſis, that is to ſay, to her prieſts; theſe prieſts called them *pious*, a ſingular ſynonyme for dupes.

On coming out of the temple of Iſis, I paſs before a ..... As I omit the word, you may gueſs my meaning.

The temple of *Priapus* is very near that of Iſis.

The

The ancients on this ſubject entertained very different opinions from us, and their manners conſequently were alſo different.

I cannot be far from the country-houſe of *Aufidius*; for there are the gates of the city. Here is the tomb of the family of *Diomedes*. Let us reſt a moment under theſe porticoes where the philoſophers uſed to ſit.

I am not miſtaken. The country-houſe of *Aufidius* is charming; the paintings in freſco are delicious. What an excellent effect have thoſe blue grounds! With what propriety, and conſequently with what taſte, are the figures diſtributed in the pannels! Flora herſelf has woven that garland. But who has painted this Venus? This Adonis? This youthful Narciſſus, in that bath? And here again, this charming Mercury? It is ſurely not a week ſince they were painted.

I like this portico round the garden! and this ſquare covered cellar round the portico. Do theſe *Amphoræ* contain the true Falernian? How many *conſulates* has this wine been kept?

But it is late. It was about this time the play began, let us go to the covered theatre; it is ſhut. Let us go to the uncovered theatre; that too is ſhut.

I know not how far I have ſucceeded in this attempt to give you an idea of Pompeia.

LETTER CXIV.

Naples.

WHAT pity that the government of the country ſhould be ſo ill adminiſtered!

This is an exclamation you cannot poſſibly ſuppreſs, on viewing it from the heights of its mountains, whether from the ſummit of Pauſilippo, the top of Veſuvius, the houſe of the Hieronymites at Renella, or the convent of the Carthuſians.

In this convent a very profound anſwer was made to a traveller, who, ſtruck with the magnificence of the proſpect, exclaimed in the preſence of a Carthuſian. "*Happineſs ſurely may be found here!*" "*Yes;*" replied the friar, "*by thoſe who paſs through the country.*"

I however prefer the view from Renella. What a landſcape! It is worthy of the pencil of the Vernets, the Roberts, the Delilles, the Rouchers, and the Saint Pierres: Rivers, vallies, foreſts, mountains, hills, volcanos and the ſea, the town where Taſſo drew his breath, the town where Virgil died.

Admirable union of the livelieſt and moſt beautiful colours, with which Nature paints the univerſe! Stars glittering with the pureſt gold, flowers animated with the brighteſt enamel, volcanos

canos burning with the moſt ardent flames, ſeas whoſe waves are of the deepeſt azure, heavens of the darkeſt blue, and the pureſt rays of yon moſt glorious ſun! Join to this picture, whatever is added or diminiſhed by the hours, when in their nimble flight they traverſe this delightful country; all thoſe ſhadows, thoſe illuminations, and, in a word, thoſe variegated ſhades, with which each of them, aſſuming in its turn the pencil of Nature, touches and modifies the ſcene. What coolneſs in the mornings! what brilliant noons! what ſtill and ſerene evenings! and what amorous nights!

LETTER CXV.

Naples.

TO MY SON.

IN my laſt letter but one to your mother, my dear Charles, I mentioned the death of the elder Pliny, that is to ſay, the firſt *Buffon*. I imagine this may have awakened your attention and curioſity, but without enabling you completely to gratify either. Were you a little more advanced in the ſtudy of the Latin language, I would invite you to gratify them yourſelf, by reading two letters of Pliny the younger, to Tacitus, on that fatal event. But as a tranſlation of theſe, my dear boy, would be beyond your powers, it is my duty to attempt one for you.

The following is an abridgement of Pliny's narrative.

Put firſt endeavour to impreſs your mind, my dear Charles, with a juſt ſenſe of the value of a letter in which the panegyriſt of Trajan, relates to the hiſtorian Tacitus, the death of the great philoſopher Pliny, who fell a victim at the beginning of the reign of Titus, to the firſt eruption of Veſuvius *.

* The firſt *known* eruption.

"You

" You ask of me the particulars of my uncle's " death, in order to transmit it, you say, with " all its circumstances, to posterity. I thank you " for your intention. Undoubtedly the eternal " remembrance of a calamity, by which my " uncle perished with nations, promised immor- " tality to his name; undoubtedly his works also " flattered him with the fame. But a line of " Tacitus ensures it. Happy the man to whom " the gods have granted to perform things worthy " of being written, or to write what is worthy of " being read. Happier still is he who at once " obtains from them both these favours. Such " was my uncle's good fortune. I willingly there- " fore obey your orders, which I should have " solicited.

" My uncle was at Misenum, where he com- " manded the fleet.

" On the 23d of August, at one in the after- " noon, as he was on his bed, employed in stu- " dying, after having, according to his custom, " slept a moment in the sun and drank a glass " of cold water, my mother went up into his " chamber. She informed him that a cloud of " an extraordinary shape and magnitude was " rising in the heavens. My uncle got up and " examined the prodigy; but without being " able to distinguish, on account of the distance, " that this cloud proceeded from Vesuvius. It

" reſembled a large pine-tree: it had its top, " and its branches. No doubt a wind proceed- " ing from the ſubterraneous cavities of the " mountain, drove it violently forward and ſup- " ported it in the air. It appeared ſometimes " white, ſometimes black, and at intervals of " various colours, according as it was more or " leſs loaded with ſtones or cinders.

" My uncle was aſtoniſhed; he thought ſuch " a phænomenon worthy of a nearer examina- " tion. He ordered a galley to be immediately " made ready, and invited me to follow him, but " I rather choſe to ſtay at home and continue my " ſtudies. My uncle therefore departed alone, " and embarked with his tablets in his hand.

" In the interim I continued at my ſtudies. I " went to the bath; I laid down, but I could " not ſleep. The earthquake, which for ſeveral " days had repeatedly ſhaken all the ſmall towns, " and even cities in the neighbourhood, was in- " creaſing every moment. I roſe to go and " awake my mother, and met her haſtily enter- " ing my apartment to awaken me.

" We deſcended into the court, and ſat down " there. Not to loſe time, I ſent for my Livy, " I read, meditated, and made extracts, as I " would have done in my chamber. Was this " firmneſs or was it imprudence? I know not

" now;

" now; but I was then very young!* At the " same instant one of my uncle's friends, just ar- " rived from Spain, came to visit him. He re- " proached my mother with her security, and " me, with my audacity. I did not so much " as lift my eyes from my book. The houſes " however were shaking in so violent a manner, " that we resolved to quit Miſenum. The people " followed us in consternation; for fear some- " times imitates prudence.

" As soon as we had got out of the town we " stopt. Here we found new prodigies and new " terrors. The shore, which was continually ex- " tending itself, and covered with fishes left dry " on it, was heaving every moment, and re- " pelling to a great distance the enraged sea " which fell back upon itself; whilst before us, " from the limits of the horizon, advanced a " black cloud loaded with dull fires, which were " incessantly rending it, and darting forth large " sheets of lightning.

" The friend of my uncle now recommenced " his importunities. Save yourselves, said he, " it is your uncle's will, if he be living; and his " wish, if he be dead.—We know not the fate " of my uncle, replied we, and shall we be con-

* He was then only eighteen.

" cerned about our own!—At theſe words the " Spaniard took his leave.

" At the ſame moment the cloud deſcended " and enveloped all the ſea, it was impoſſible any " longer to diſcern either the iſle of Caprea or the " promontory of Miſenum. Save yourſelf, my " dear ſon, cried my mother; ſave yourſelf, it " is your duty, for you can, and you are young: " but as for me, bulky as I am, and enfeebled " with years, provided I am not the cauſe of thy " death, I die contented.—Mother, there is no " ſafety for me but with you.—I took my mo- " ther by the hand, and drew her along.—O my " ſon, ſaid ſhe in tears, I delay thy flight.

" Already the aſhes began to fall; I turned my " head; a thick cloud was ruſhing precipitately " towards us.—Mother, ſaid I, let us quit the " high road; the crowd will ſtifle us in that " darkneſs which is purſuing us. Scarcely had " we left the high road before it was night, the " blackeſt night. Then nothing was to be heard " but the lamentations of women, the groans of " children, and the cries of men. We could " diſtinguiſh through the confuſed ſobs, and the " various accents of grief, the words: *my father!* " —*my ſon!*—*my wife!*—there was no knowing " each other but by the voice. One was lament- " ing his deſtiny; another the fate of his relations:

" ſome

" ſome were imploring the gods; others denying
" their exiſtence; many were invoking death to
" defend them from death. Some ſaid that they
" were now about to be buried with the world,
" in that concluding night which was to be
" eternal:—and amidſt all this, what dreadful
" reports! What imaginary terrors! Fear exag-
" gerated and believed every thing.

" In the mean time a glimmering penetrated
" the darkneſs; this was the conflagration which
" was approaching; but it ſtopped and extin-
" guiſhed; the night grew more intenſely dark,
" and the ſhower of cinders and ſtones more
" thick and heavy. We were obliged to riſe from
" time to time to ſhake our cloaths. Shall I ſay it?
" In the midſt of this ſcene of horror, not a ſingle
" complaint eſcaped me. I conſoled myſelf amid
" the fears of death, with the reflexion that the
" world was about to expire with me.

" At length this thick and black vapour gra-
" dually diſperſed and vaniſhed. The day re-
" vived and even the ſun appeared, but dull and
" yellowiſh, ſuch as he uſually ſhews himſelf in
" an eclipſe. What a ſpectacle now offered itſelf
" to our yet troubled and uncertain eyes! The
" whole country was buried beneath the aſhes, as
" in winter under the ſnow. The road was no long-
" er to be diſcerned. We fought for Miſenum, and
" again found it; we returned and took poſſeſſion;

" for we had in some measure abandoned it soon
" after we received news of my uncle. Alas! we
" had but too good reason to be uneasy for him.
" I have told you, that after quitting Mise-
" num, he went on board a galley. He directed
" his course towards Retina, and the other towns
" which were threatened. Every one was flying
" from it; he however entered it, and, amidst the
" general confusion, attentively observed the
" cloud; remarked all the phenomena, and dic-
" tated, as he observed. But already a cloud
" of thick and burning ashes beat down on his gal-
" ley; already were stones falling all around, and
" the shore covered with large pieces of the moun-
" tain. My uncle hesitated whether he should
" return from whence he came, or put out to sea.
" *Fortune favours courage*, (exclaimed he) *Let us*
" *turn towards Pomponianus*. Pomponianus was
" at Stabiæ. My uncle found him all trembling;
" embraced and encouraged him, and to comfort
" him by his security, asked for a bath, then sat
" down to table and supped cheerfully; or, at
" least, which does not shew less fortitude, with
" all the appearances of cheerfulness.
" In the mean time Vesuvius was taking fire
" on every side, amid the thick darkness. It is
" the villages which have been abandoned that
" are burning, said my uncle to the crowd about
" him, to endeavour to quiet them. He then

" went

" went to bed, and fell asleep. He was in the " profoundeſt ſleep, when the court of the houſe " began to fill with cinders; and all the paſ- " ſages were nearly cloſed up. They run to " him; and were obliged to awake him. He " riſes, joins Pomponianus, and deliberates with " him and his attendants, what is beſt to be done, " whether it would be ſafeſt to remain in the houſe " or fly into the country? If they remain, how " might it be poſſible to eſcape from the earth " which is opening beneath their feet, and if they " fly, from the ſtones which are falling every " where. They choſe the latter meaſure; the " multitude following the dictates of fear, my " uncle convinced by reaſon.

" They departed inſtantly therefore from the " town, and the only precaution they could take " was to cover their heads with pillows. The " day was reviving every where elſe; but there " it continued night; horrible night! the fire " from the cloud alone enlightened it. My uncle " wiſhed to gain the ſhore, notwithſtanding the " ſea was ſtill tremendous. He deſcended, drank " ſome water, had a ſheet ſpread, and lay down " on it. On a ſudden, violent flames, preceded " by a ſulphureous odour ſhot forth with a prodi- " gious brightneſs, and made every one take to " flight. My uncle, ſupported by two ſlaves,

" aroſe;

" aroſe; but ſuddenly, ſuffocated by the vapour, " he fell;—and Pliny was no more ....."

It is a remarkable circumſtance, my ſon, that ſome naturaliſts walking amid the flowers, on the ſummit of Veſuvius, the very day before this eruption, were diſcuſſing whether this mountain was a volcano.

What a narrative, my dear Charles; it diſplays to you at once, the *firſt known eruption of* Veſuvius, one of the moſt lamentable ſcenes, one of the moſt deplorable deaths, one of the moſt intrepid inſtances of a paſſion for knowledge, one of the fineſt wits of antiquity; and it might ſtill further teach you what is the tenderneſs of a mother, might you not learn that from your own.

LETTER CXVI. *and* LAST.

Naples.

I EMBARKED yeſterday, before day break, and went to viſit, with the ſun, the iſlands ſcattered over the bay of Naples.

I beheld the glorious orb of day mounting from the ſea, dividing the heavens and the waves; the heavens which ſeemed to riſe, and the waves opening out into their expanſe. You would imagine that the ſun had repoſed amid them during the night. I ſaw his beams dart on the ſummit of Pauſilippo; run along the promontory of Miſenum, ſparkle in the waves which bathe the iſles of Procita, Iſchia, and Niſida; then advancing toward the horizontal boundary where the ſky appears to unite with the ſea, tip with their mildeſt ſplendor Baiæ, Puzzoli, and the Gulph by which they are ſeparated; as alſo Monte Nuovo, formed by the eruption of a volcano in a ſingle night; Monte Barbaro, on which once ripened the Falernian grape; the Elyſian fields, the ruins of Cumæ, and the remains of ſeven cities, which anciently flouriſhed on theſe ſhores.

Stop thy courſe for a moment, glorious luminary! Suffer me to ſurvey theſe enchanting ſcenes which Nature ſeems to have created purpoſely to

ſolace

solace the Romans after the conquest of the world, or to make them forget their victories!

Here am I on the sea beach, beneath the second portico of the amphitheatre of Misenum. After visiting it I mount to the upper portico; and there I contemplate the encroachment of the sea, which during eight hundred years has been forcing its way into this amphitheatre. How many ages must it have required for Nature to perform her revolutions!

Coming down again, I walked with dry feet in that fishpond, so justly named the *Piscina admirabile;* in that vast reservoir, supported at equal distances, on so many enormous pillars, which by their height, solidity, number, and indestructible cement, by the immense roof and ruins they support, resemble the foundations of the Roman empire.

I passed by three rows of tombs, raised one above the other, and half open to the day from the ravages of time.

The bodies of the inhabitants of Misenum then were deposited on the shores of this bay, separated by a channel, from the rest of the sea of Naples, which, there destitute of all motion, is black, hideous, and fœtid, and, if I may so say, no longer alive, but *dead*.

Behold the Elysian fields, what silence! what tranquillity! what coolness! how delicious the melancholy

melancholy inſpired by the evening beneath theſe thick ſhades, and amid theſe ſolitary walks!

But yonder, at the diſtance of a hundred paces, are the infernal manſions. Admirable contraſt! How well is it deſcribed in the following verſes of Tibullus, which theſe places bring to my recollection *!

Dans l'éternelle nuit qui remplit ces lieux ſombres,
Gémit, empriſonné, le peuple errant des ombres.
La, tourne inceſſamment, pour punir Ixion,
La roue inexorable où l'attacha Junon.
La, de l'affreux Cerbère, acharné ſur ſa proie,
Epouvantablement la triple gueule aboie.
Syſiphe, en haletant, gravit, roidit ſes bras,
Et pouſſe au haut d'un mont un roc, qui roule en bas.
O fureur! ô ſupplice! ô vengeance inouie!
Entendez-vous crier l'infortuné Titie?
Son cœur rongé renaît ſous le bec du vautour;
Et Tantale? Il eſt là. Un lac qui dort autour,
L'eau s'offre au malheureux ſur le bord de ſa bouche;
Mais l'eau trompe Tantale, et fuit, dès qu'il la touche.
Tout mortel, en ces lieux, aborde avec horreur;
Pour moi, du tendre Amour, fidèle adorateur,
Je trouve, en deſcendant de la barque fatale,
Venus, qui m'attendoit ſur la rive infernale,
Qui me ſourit, m'appelle, et, me tendant la main,
Conduit mon ombre heureuſe à bois élifées.
Là, parmi les lilas, philomèle amoureuſe
Mêle aux voix des oiſeaux ſa voix mélodieuſe;
La, l'œillet et la roſe émaillant les vallons,
Boivent l'eau qui murmure et fuit ſous les gazons;

* See Tibul. lib. i. eleg. 3.

Le

Le jour y luit plus doux ; et le jeune Zéphire,
Epure, en l'embaumant, l'air frais qu'on y reſpire.
On n'y voit que des jeux, que d'aimables débats ;
Et l'amour, qui ſans ceſſe anime aux doux combats
Mille couples errants, mille bandes errantes.
De beaux adoleſcens et de filles charmantes.
Mais quel eſt, ô Vénus ! ce jeune favori,
Dont le front brille au loin, ceint d'un myrthe fleuri ;
Qui s'avance, à pas lents, en ſuivant le rivage ?
Eſt-ce un fils d'Apollon ? eſt-ce un héros ? un ſage ?
Le ciel eſt juſte, enfin : c'eſt un fidèle amant,
C'eſt un tendre mortel qui mourut en aimant.

To tortures doom'd, the wicked drag their chains,
By black lakes ſever'd from the bliſsful plains ;
Thoſe ſhould they paſs, impaſſable the gate
Where Cerb'rus howls, grim ſentinel of fate.
There ſnake-hair'd fiends with whips patrole around,
Rack'd anguiſh bellows, and the deeps reſound :
There he, who dar'd to tempt the queen of heav'n,
Upon an ever turning wheel is driv'n
The Danaids there, ſtill ſtrive huge caſks to fill,
But ſtrive in vain, the caſks elude their ſkill :
There Pelop's ſire, to quench his thirſty fires,
Still tries the flood and ſtill the flood retires ;
There vultures tear the bow'ls, and drink the gore,
Of Tityus, ſtretched enormous on the ſhore.
But love my ghoſt (for love I ſtill obey'd)
Will grateful uſher to th' elyſian ſhade :
There joy and ceaſeleſs revelry prevail ;
There ſoothing muſick floats on every gale ;
There painted warblers hop from ſpray to ſpray.
And, wildly pleaſing, ſwell the general lay :

There

There every hedge, untaught, with Caſſia blooms,
And ſcents the ambient air with rich perfumes:
There every mead a-various plenty yields;
There laviſh Flora paints the purple fields
With ceaſeleſs light a brighter Phœbus glows,
No ſickneſs tortures, and no ocean flows;
But youths aſſociate with the gentle fair,
And ſtung with pleaſure to the ſhade repair:
With them love wanders whereſoe'er they ſtray,
Provokes to rapture and inflames the play:
But chief, the conſtant few, by death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the ſhade.

GRAINGER.

Leaving the Elyſian fields, I went to viſit the ruins of the temples of Venus Genitrix, Diana, and Mercury, the remains of the baths of Nero, the ruins of a multitude of villas, ſulphureous baths for the benefit of health, hot baths to promote voluptuous enjoyments, and, above all, thoſe charming ſhores ſo fatal to modeſty and favourable to love, where the zephyrs, the ſea, the air, and every object detached the mind and heart from the yoke of more ſerious thoughts; where, amid voluptuous airs of effeminate inſtruments and voices, mingled with the breath of the zephyrs, and the ſong of birds, the accents of the warlike trumpet were heard, which in ever country of the world was wont to celebrate the victories of Rome, and animate her to new conqueſts; on thoſe ſhores, in fine, where generals, conſuls, emperors

emperors were buſied in the ſong or dance, or ſighing out their loves, whole nations wiped away their tears, and for a moment reſpired.

Yes, even in the midſt of theſe ruins, and in the ſtate in which theſe ſhores now are, I can conceive that when theſe temples were entire, the feſtivals and myſteries of Venus celebrated in them and ſacrifices offered on their altars to Mercury, when all theſe thermæ, ſtoves, baths, and places dedicated to health or pleaſure, were inceſſantly frequented; when all thoſe theatres were filled with the greateſt men of Rome and the faireſt of the Italian beauties; when this bay was covered with veſſels with purple ſails, floating ſtreamers, and maſts adorned with garlands and flowers, which were perpetually conveying thither or conducting back on a ſea ſtrewed with roſes, the gay and elegant youth of Italy; when in fine, at the hour of the ſun's deſcent from heaven upon the ſea, at that hour the moſt licentious of all the hours of the evening, when every thing here abandoned itſelf to voluptuouſneſs, as moſt ſuitable to the time and place; yes I can conceive, that it was then matter of reproach to Cicero, to have a country-ſeat at Baiæ; that Seneca, when travelling, dreaded ſleeping there even a ſingle night and that Propertius thought his Cynthia faithleſs the inſtant ſhe arrived there—For my own part, I ſtill feel the danger of this place, though ſo much

changed

changed by ages and volcanos, though deſerted, though covered with ruins, which hang over, fall and diſappear inceſſantly in the waves: it ſeems as if the air had retained ſomething of its ancient corruption, from which it is not yet purified: I feel my thoughts become effeminate at theſe proſpects, at this ſituation, at this vague and ſlender ſhade, which ſucceſſively extinguiſhes in the ſky, upon the ſea, on all the mountains, and on all the ſummits of the trees, the laſt glimmerings of day; my thoughts are eſpecially ſoftened by the ſilence which at intervals diffuſes itſelf over theſe ſhores, and from the boſom of which ariſes, by degrees, the delightful concert of the evening, conſiſting of the melancholy daſhing of oars which plow the diſtant waves, the bleating of the flocks upon the mountains, the waves expiring in murmurs at the foot of the rocks, the ſhaking of the leaves of trees by never ceaſing zephyrs, and the union in ſhort of all theſe evaneſcent ſounds widely ſcattered through the heavens and over the waters, and the earth, which at this moment form, if I may ſo ſpeak, the indiſtinct voice and melodious reſpiration of ſleeping nature!

Let us quit theſe dangerous ſhores and reimbark for Naples—The day after to-morrow we will return to Rome.

THE END.

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